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ADDRESSES, ESSAYS  
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O. W. JOHNSON

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Hiram Smith  
with compliments of your  
father's friend  
O. W. Johnson



ADDRESSES,  
ESSAYS • AND • MISCELLANIES,

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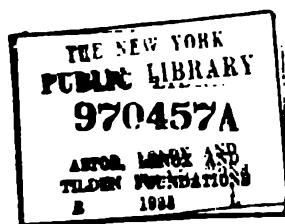
From 1840 to 1890.

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By OSCAR W. JOHNSON.

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FREDONIA, N. Y., 1890.



Copyright, 1890,  
BY  
OSCAR W. JOHNSON.

**TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN**

**THIS VOLUME**

**IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**



## PREFACE.

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This book contains some entire addresses and parts of others which have been delivered on various occasions from 1849 to 1890. There are also included a few editorial and miscellaneous articles, and memorials written at the death of friends who were dear to me. It commemorates many occasions in the local history of the county and community in which I live, where I have been permitted to express the sentiments of the public. Its general consideration of educational and social problems should at least call attention to the responsibilities and seriousness of life. This book is almost entirely composed of matter which has been before published in some form, and is not designed for the general reader, but for distribution among kindred and friends who may take some interest in it solely on my account. Whatever I have been able to do outside of the practice of law, which has been my life work, has been occasional and incidental. I feel, however, that no one in this age of excitement and development need apologize for having seriously considered some of the social problems that have agitated it and that will continue to affect the life of every individual.

OSCAR W. JOHNSON.

FREDONIA, N. Y., September 8th, 1890.

## CONTENTS.

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<b>The Nation's Birthday,</b>	-	-	-	7
<b>Andrew Jackson,</b>	-	-	-	11
<b>Aaron Burr,</b>	-	-	-	29
<b>The Study of Language,</b>	-	-	-	48
<b>Our Nation,</b>	-	-	-	58
<b>The Cause of Education,</b>	-	-	-	76
<b>Judge Zattu Cushing,</b>	-	-	-	98
<b>Our Duties to Society,</b>	-	-	-	122
<b>Indian Industry,</b>	-	-	-	135
<b>General U. S. Grant,</b>	-	-	-	146
<b>Is License Desirable ?</b>	-	-	-	157
<b>Universal Education,</b>	-	-	-	166
<b>Fredonia Academy Reunion,</b>	-	-	-	187
<b>First Presbyterian Church,</b>	-	-	-	198
<b>Fredonia Normal School Dedication,</b>	-	-	-	206
<b>The Nation's Centennial,</b>	-	-	-	211
<b>Fredonia Normal School Corner-Stone,</b>	-	-	-	227
<b>Educational Topics,</b>	-	-	-	238
<b>Extracts from General Lecture,</b>	-	-	-	238
<b>Honoring Teachers,</b>	-	-	-	247
<b>Intellectual Eminence,</b>	-	-	-	248
<b>The Growth of Science,</b>	-	-	-	253

Agricultural Speeches,	-	-	-	257
Extracts from Cherry Creek Address,	-			257
Tilling the Soil,	-	-	-	261
Chautauqua's Great Interests,		-		266
Nature's Gifts,	-	-	-	276
Wealth in Pine,	-	-	-	279
Recalling the Past,	-	-	-	280
The Annual Fair,	-	-	-	283
Fourth of July Orations,	-	-	-	286
Fredonia's Celebration in 1851,		-		286
The Growth of Freedom,		-	-	294
Various Extracts,	-	-	-	297
Editorial on "War,"	-	-	-	297
Heroism,	-	-	-	300
The Press,	-	-	-	302
Woman's Sphere,	-	-	-	304
The Struggle of Life,	-	-	-	306
Chautauqua's History,		-	-	311
Memorial Sketches,	-	-	-	317
Colonel J. Condit Smith,	-	-		317
Hon. Samuel B. Smith,	-	-	-	319
Mrs. Alice B. Smith,		-	-	322
Doctor M. S. Moore,	-	-	-	323
Doctor Benjamin Walworth,	-		-	326
Charles Edwin Benton,	-	-	-	327
Thomas P. Grosvenor,	-	-		330
Judge James Mullett,	-	-	-	332
Edward Stevens,	-	-	-	335
Frank Cushing,	-	-	-	337



## THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS AT GILBERTSVILLE, N. Y.,  
ON JULY 4TH, 1849.

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*Fellow Citizens :*

We have assembled to-day in this beautiful grove, this temple not made with hands, to show our gratitude for the blessings we enjoy as American citizens, to consider our duties and responsibilities, to rejoice over the glory of the past and the boundless promise of the future. Seventy-three years ago a solitary bell in Philadelphia joyfully proclaimed the birth of a nation. To-day thousands of bells from the temples of a continent, in tones as sweet as the song when the stars sang together, ring forth the joy of a free and happy people. The Declaration of Independence, to which we have just listened, is the most marked expression of human rights ever made by man. If when first proclaimed it was an abstraction, we may now say that by the blood of heroes and the wisdom of statesmen its spirit is embodied in the Constitution and laws which are the practical life of the Republic, the sun of our political system. It is pleasant for me to be here to-day, to meet again the companions of my childhood, to see the cheerful faces of so many venerable men and women whom I learned to respect in my childhood and who have contributed so largely to the prosperity of this community. My home now is in a region of beauty upon the

shore of the great lakes, but to me, this valley, these everlasting hills that watch over it, mingled with the memories and associations and hopes of life's morning, will be more dear than anything else the world can present. The founders of this community came into the unbroken wilderness, after the close of the Revolution. Richard Morris, the honored president of the day, has seen the whole development of this region. His father, General Jacob Morris, who was in the Revolution, the aid and companion of Washington, about sixty years ago in a boat with his little family passed up the Butternut Creek in sight of the place where we are now assembled, to take possession of land of which he had already procured the title. He brought machinery for a mill and the rude implements of agriculture. As he moved along in the solitude of nature, in the shadows of the wilderness, how would his heart have been cheered, could he have had a vision of the future, of the happy homes, the schoolhouses, the higher institutions of learning, the temples for religious worship, the mills and manufactories to be put in motion by the moving waters, the tens of thousands who were in the lives of his children to people this valley, make it fruitful and beautiful, and carry cultivation and verdure to the hill tops. Here also is Deacon Gilbert, the son of another pioneer who came here in his boyhood. He has been a leader in developing this region and his name will be associated with it forever. He may be called the founder of the Academy, which is to have its annual exhibition here this afternoon. Every such school is a mighty and enduring force thrown into the currents of the world's life. Who can estimate its influence? Certainly no one who cannot trace the results of light and purity upon souls through eternity.

We are honored to-day by the presence of six Revolutionary soldiers gathered from as many towns. They are all that are left to us. They are the living links between us and buried generations. They have come to give us their blessing, to share in our joy. They are listening for the roll-call to join

the great army of their associates marshalled on the plains of heaven. What eventful lives they have lived! Their youth was spent in the hard struggles of war. When that was over they came into the wilderness of Otsego. Here they struggled for bread, to build rude homes to shelter their children from the tempest, and schoolhouses and churches to prepare them for American citizenship. They have seen the county become the home of as intelligent, moral and happy a community as there is upon the face of the earth. They have seen the Republic increase from a population of three millions to twenty. In the Revolution, Cherry Valley, the scene of a horrible massacre by the Indians, was the western outskirt of American population. Now it extends to the Mississippi, and west of that we have acquired the domain for new States which will ultimately be the homes of hundreds of millions of free and happy people. The stars and stripes, the symbols of democracy, have recently been unfurled upon the golden shores of the Pacific. Freedom has taken the richest of the continents in which to make the controlling nationality of the world.

What a distinction to have been a soldier in the Revolution, to have borne a part in the greatest political and social revolution of history. Neither the soldier nor the statesman of that period comprehended the mighty work they were performing. They knew that they were resisting foreign tyranny, but of the great and prosperous Republic which was to grow up from the Union of States to be bound together by a Constitution the highest embodiment of human wisdom, to develop the best fruits of human life in millions of men from generation to generation, they had no conception. History had furnished no such example. The prosperity and power of the Republic is in the embodiment of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence in institutions and laws. They give opportunity, strengthen every arm, stimulate every brain, warm every heart, and this aggregate of individual power makes the mighty Republic. This is an occasion for joy. Were

ever men so favored as the soldiers of the Revolution to whom length of days has been given, to see the fruits of their suffering and toil, to hear the joyful acclaim of other generations, not only to have a vision of, but to have entered, the promised land. Some of Napoleon's soldiers are left. They have their memories of departed glory, of serried ranks that are broken, of the dead left upon a hundred battle-fields, but what fruit remains to the world from their achievements, who gather around them in their old age with faces beaming with joy, with hearts filled with the gratitude language is powerless to express? The young should not feel that there is not anything for them to do. The soldier only hews the way and gives the opportunity. Nations are not blotted out by war, or pestilence or famine, but from the social corruption engendered by prosperity. We may compare the social life of a nation to the great river fed from thousands of rivulets and streams which mingle together, as it rolls on, each contributing to the purity or impurity of its waters. The fountains of national life are the hearts of the people as they are formed by nature, by homes, by schools, by the opportunities and lessons of life. Each life whether good or bad is thrown into the scales of national destiny. Aside from the natural development of communities, men of every nationality are hastening to our shores to share our destiny, and whatever there is in them of good and evil goes into our national life. \* \* \* \* \*

In conclusion, let me say that when we in the order of nature shall have passed away, the sun will still shine upon this valley and these hills. They will yield their harvests to honest toil, and, if all Americans shall in peace sustain law and order and foster intelligence and virtue with as much zeal as the Revolutionary fathers upheld the flag with its thirteen stars upon the battle field, happy men and women and children will assemble here to the latest generations to rejoice in national prosperity and greatness.

## ANDREW JACKSON.

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AN ORATION DELIVERED AT DUNKIRK, N. Y.,  
ON JANUARY 8TH, 1861.

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### *Fellow Citizens :*

We have assembled upon the anniversary of one of the most glorious days in our national history, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the patriot, statesman and soldier, Andrew Jackson. Is there an American whose heart does not warm and swell with pride—a soldier whose arm does not grow strong when he hears that name which is enshrined in history with so many glorious associations? Do we not all wish, in this grave crisis in our national affairs, that we had at the helm Jackson's clear head, patriotic heart, iron will and strong arm? In the brief time which the proprieties of this occasion will allow me to address you, I shall not confine myself to a detail of Jackson's life, but shall endeavor to select from his career such incidents as illustrate his character, and to draw from his history some wholesome lessons worthy of consideration in our present national distractions. I shall also allude to the galaxy of patriots and statesmen who surrounded Jackson and helped him make his age illustrious. Great men come in groups in ages which require them—they reflect glory upon each other, and one can no more shine by his own light, than one star can illuminate the heavens.

•

Great men to the future become the representatives of the spirit and impulses of the times in which they live.

Jackson's parents emigrated from Ireland to South Carolina several years before his birth. One branch of his family was driven from Scotland into Ireland by religious persecution. He was of Scotch and Irish descent, and in his veins was mingled the blood of patriotic and heroic races. In the Revolution, at the age of thirteen, he joined the army with his two elder brothers. The elder was killed in the battle of Stone. Soon afterward Jackson and his other brother were taken prisoners, and, when a British officer ordered the child hero to black his boots, he indignantly refused and demanded the treatment due a prisoner of war. For this the officer aimed a blow at his head with his sword, which Jackson parried with his hand, receiving a wound the scar of which he carried through life. The officer then made the same demand of Jackson's brother, who also indignantly refused, for which he received a blow upon his head, from the effects of which he soon died.

Is it not probable that thirty years later, when Jackson saw the plains of New Orleans heaped with the dead and dying redcoats, that he thought of his murdered brother, and of the indignity heaped by British officers upon his childhood? Jackson, with ten or twelve others, formed a guard one night at the house of a captain who was on a visit to his family. Jackson, hearing the approach of a force outside, seized his rifle and marched out alone and demanded who they were, and receiving no answer fired upon them. He then retreated to the house and stationed himself at a window, where two of his companions were shot by his side, and all possibility of the escape of the inmates from overwhelming force seemed departed, when the tones of a bugle sounding a cavalry charge are heard, and the British force flee, thinking a company of cavalry were bearing down upon them. An old bugler happened to hear the firing, and, seizing his bugle, went forth, and if it had not been for its tones as they

echoed in the night air of Carolina eighty years ago, I should not be addressing you to-night upon the career of Andrew Jackson. Jackson's mother also was a victim in the Revolution. Early in the struggle she consecrated herself and her three orphan boys to the cause of her country. And after she had consigned two of them to the grave, she took her youngest son, Andrew, and went by a dangerous route two hundred miles to Charleston, and, appealing in person to the commanding officer, got permission to go with other heroic women on board of the prison ships, where a deadly contagion was sweeping off brave men, who had neither nurse nor physician. She soon fell a victim to the disease and her son was never able to find her grave. It is only such women who have the heart to feel and the will to do that God permits to be the mothers of the heroes of the world.

Thus at the close of the Revolution, Jackson was an orphan. Like Logan he knew of no human being in whose veins ran a drop of kindred blood. What a terrible and bitter struggle was his childhood; calculated to destroy a weak nature, but to nourish a strong one and to harden youth prematurely into manhood. Jackson's early associations were with the heroes of the Revolution. He sat at their feet and imbibed the spirit of patriotism. No one could have had a more vivid idea of the cost of national liberty than the suffering and the severing of every kindred tie burned into his youthful spirit. His mother had designed him for the ministry, and had given him early advantages to prepare him for this sacred mission, but it did not correspond with his disposition—he was inclined to force rather than persuasion, to be a man of deeds rather than words. Soon after the close of the Revolution he commenced the study of law, and at the age of nineteen he had character enough to receive the appointment of Solicitor for the Territory of Tennessee, and with no fortune but the horse he rode, he went to seek a home and fame in the almost unbroken wilderness. In his new home he soon became prominent by his generosity, his courage, his will, and his intuitive judg-

ment. The Territory like all new Territories was settled by desperate men and outlaws. Bullies were hired to assault him in the streets, to drive him from the performance of professional duties, but they all came off second best. He was soon called to the bench of the Supreme Court, and once descended from it to arrest with his own hand a desperate criminal, who had overawed the Sheriff and all he could summon to aid him by threatening to shoot the first man who approached him. He cowed before the fire of Jackson's eye and dropped his levelled pistol. Law under his energetic administration soon became supreme in its sway over the turbulent elements of a new society.

Let us consider the condition of the country in the youth of Jackson. The colonists had mostly been driven from various nations of Europe by oppression and religious persecution. They had come into the wilderness to enjoy civil and religious freedom, and to lay the foundations of a free empire for posterity. They had a terrible struggle with the savage for their firesides and altars, and, when they began to feel somewhat secure, England sought to reduce them to vassalage, to make the sacrifices and sufferings of their fathers for two centuries in the wilderness in vain. Then commenced the Revolution, and in that struggle the American people made such sacrifices and exhibited such patriotism, virtue and heroism as make the brightest page in human history. When they were left to themselves, they had a population of less than three millions, a desolated and impoverished country, thirteen independent colonies without any practical bond of union, without any sympathy from the despotisms which then overshadowed the rest of the world, and hemmed in on all sides by the dominion of Spain, France and England. The Articles of Confederation were soon found to be a rope of sand. A convention met at Philadelphia in 1787, to form a constitution and union, which should for weal or woe, make the destiny of the American family one and inseparable forever. As President of that convention sat George Washing-

ton, and as members were Hamilton, Langdon, Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Benjamin Franklin, Carroll, Madison, Rutledge, Pinckney and a long list of other patriots and sages. They did not meet to struggle for sectional advantages, to stand inexorably upon individual opinion, but to concede and compromise, and agree upon some basis which should be just to all, and which should preserve the blessings of liberty and good government to the countless millions which were in the future to crowd into our broad domain. Their great and catholic hearts rose above the petty passions of the hour, to do a great and sacred work for humanity.

Thirty millions of the most free, enlightened and happy people on the face of the earth are to-day enjoying the fruits of their labors. This generation under the impulse of passion and party spirit may tear down the pillars of the glorious fabric, they may break the Union into fragments, they may disregard the voice that issues from ten thousand graves where the fathers sleep, they may forget their posterity and their God, but they cannot dim or destroy the fame of the heroes and patriots of the past, any more than they can pluck the stars from heaven. The temple, even in its ruins, will appear majestic and hallowed to the future, and the last voice on earth will reiterate the bitter curse of ages upon the men of to-day, if they show themselves unworthy their inheritance and unfit to defend and preserve it by the same patriotic, fraternal and conciliatory spirit by which it was made.

Jackson was twenty years of age when the Constitution was formed, and he participated with all the patriotic of the land in the joyful feeling that they then had a Constitution ratified by the people and a united country upon an apparently imperishable basis, as it was only to bless and protect those it governed. The Constitution was formed, but it was in all its departments a complicated and untried experiment. The inauguration of the new system, the discussion and settlement of its construction, the grave questions of foreign and domestic policy which arose in the affairs of the most free, energetic

and growing people on the face of the earth, created a necessity for and formed the second generation of great American statesmen, among whom Jackson will forever stand conspicuous.

Having vindicated the supremacy of the law as Judge, Jackson resigned his position. He was soon elected to the United States Senate, and after a brief service resigned his seat in that august body. He found his enjoyment in domestic life and in cultivating his farm upon the beautiful banks of the Cumberland with the same energy which he displayed upon the battle field. He left his happy home only at the urgent call of his country. When the Creek Indians, driven to frenzy by the lofty eloquence of Tecumseh, commenced their fearful massacres upon our Southern frontiers, Jackson was called to command; and with about four thousand volunteers he carried on the most successful and destructive campaign in the annals of Indian warfare. He had to contend with mutiny in his own camp produced by starvation. A whole regiment resolved to go home and to fight no longer for a State which left them to starve in the wilderness. Jackson planted himself in front of them and, levelling his rifle, declared that he would shoot the first man who took an advance step, and the mutiny was quelled by the power of that indomitable will. I may mention, to show the readiness with which he seized every incident in the excitement of battle, that when his army was crossing a river carrying upon a litter General Coffee, who was supposed to be mortally wounded, the savages made a terrible attack upon the rear division and broke it to pieces. The gallant Coffee sprang from his litter upon his horse and rode along the line with the face of a dead man. Jackson, seeing him, shouted in a voice which rang over the whole field: "We shall whip them yet, my men; the dead have risen and come to aid us." These cheering words turned the tide of battle.

It was the great and heroic qualities he evinced in this campaign which secured to him the command at New Orleans

against a mightier and a haughtier foe. As this is the anniversary of the great battle of New Orleans, which was fought forty-six years ago to-day, and is the crowning achievement of Jackson's military life, it is proper that I should allude to that battle somewhat in detail. Jackson, in anticipation of the attack, went to the city about thirty days before the battle. He found everything in confusion. The city had been so recently ceded to us that it contained but a small American population. The Spaniards sympathized with the British. A majority of the Legislature wished to surrender and were holding treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Jackson proclaimed martial law, imprisoned a Judge who had released a traitor from the prison in which he had placed him, and drove the Legislature from the hall where they sat to thwart his plans. His country had told him to defend New Orleans at every hazard, and he was not going to be foiled by traitors. He said to the women who roamed the streets in terror: "The enemy shall never reach the city," and they believed his words as if they had been the decrees of destiny. He had but one thousand regular troops, but soon Carroll and Coffee with the Tennessee militia, his old companions in arms, were at his side. He knew now that he had a body of men who would be his companions in victory or in death. Patriotic citizens seized their arms and hastened to the camp. The idea of resistance with any means he had to the thirteen thousand veterans of the enemy would have seemed to any one else visionary and hopeless, but not so to him. When a committee from the Legislature came to inquire about his plans, he replied: "Tell your honorable body, if the hair on my head knew my plans, I would cut it off." Jackson chose his lines and began to work with terrible energy to strengthen them, using bales of cotton or anything that would stop a ball. A Frenchman came to the camp and complained that Jackson had taken his cotton; Jackson handed him a musket and told him to take his place in the ranks; if he had property there, he was the man to defend it. On the night of the

seventh of January, the British under cover of a dense fog constructed batteries and planted their heavy artillery within eight hundred yards of the American works. The sun on Sunday morning, the ever memorable eighth of January, rose bright and clear, and with its rising the ascent of rockets from the enemy's lines gave the signal for assault. In response, one long, loud, defiant shout, such as only comes from the hearts of freemen when they welcome the invaders of their soil "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," arose from our camp, then all was silent as death. The levee between the armies was only four hundred yards wide.

Lét us look a moment at these armies. On one side, we see ranged for assault nine thousand of the veterans of England, in columns seventy deep, men inured and disciplined to war in the bloodiest campaigns the world has ever known, flushed with their victories under Wellington, where they had chased the French eagles from the field, armed with every weapon of destruction, with their bayonets reflecting back the sunbeams, and their red uniforms, presenting as beautiful a spectacle as ever graced a battle field, or lent a charm to the work of death. In their rear was a reserve of three thousand men, ready for any emergency in the tide of battle. Look at the other side. Behind the dark entrenchments are only four thousand effective men, three thousand of them half-clad militia; a few hundred are there who have the will to fight but no arms. These men have seen no great battles, they have had their fights with the wild beast and the savage in the solitude of the wilderness, they have handled their trusty rifles from childhood, and know with what precision they carry death, they have large, brave American hearts, they stand beneath the stripes and stars upon the sacred soil of their own country; in their rear were the women and children they had sworn to defend with their blood. A little farther back were their own firesides and altars. In the little they knew about war they had learned nothing about retreating; they were ready to a man to die with "Old

Hickory" then and there. The British columns moved to the assault with double-quick step. The American artillery made terrible havoc in their serried ranks, but still they moved on, the living taking the place of the dead, until they reached the outer edge of the ditch surrounding the American camp. Now the word fire rang along our line, and at the first discharge whole companies sank to the earth. The three Generals first in command rushed to the front to rally their men, but were shot down. There was an incessant fire before which men could not stand and live. The army broke to pieces and fled and all efforts to lead them a second time into that murderous fire were unavailing. Two thousand dead and dying lay upon the field, while the American loss was six killed and seven wounded—a disparity of loss unparalleled in the annals of war.

Jackson was asked afterward what his plan was if he had been driven from the lines, and he replied, "I would have fired the city and fought the enemy amid the surrounding flames." Where the British had anticipated so much booty they would only have found flames and ashes and death. If the British army in the confusion of a burning city had met the hunters of Tennessee and old Kentucky, with their bowie knives in a hand-to-hand contest, they would have sworn that they had never seen any fighting in old Spain. Since that discomfited host embarked forty-six years ago no foreign invader has set foot upon our soil, and if we continue a united people will never again. The memories of such heroes as Jackson and Scott, of such valor as our citizen soldiers displayed at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, guard our shores better than turrets or battlements.

In 1828 Jackson was elected President; his marked characteristic was a devotion to the Union; he had fought for it in two wars, and realized better than men of our day can what it had cost; he looked with a patriot's pride to the splendid future which awaited it; his ambition was to have an honorable place in its history. When South Carolina raised the

standard of rebellion and adopted resolutions to nullify and resist by arms the execution of the revenue laws, Jackson met the crisis not only as a hero, but as a patriot and statesman. His proclamation at that time is a more honorable monument to his memory than all the trophies of a thousand battle fields. He put down the fell demon by the force and pathos of his words. His proclamation was not only a clear and conclusive demonstration of the treason of secession and of the strength of the constitutional bonds which hold the Union together, but a lofty appeal to the patriotism and loyalty of his native State, couched in such language as a father might use to his erring children. When he said, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," men knew that he meant something. All understood that it was the declaration of a man who held in his hand the sword of the Republic, who never faltered, who never uttered a falsehood, who never shrunk from any sacrifice or any foe in the path of duty. Resistance to him meant war to the knife, war to the bitter end, war until one party or the other was exterminated. Here we see the advantage of that character which is built up only by a pure, heroic and self-sacrificing life. That old, broken, gray-haired man, sitting in the chair of state, was mightier than armies. A coward might have uttered the same brave words, but they would have been powerless. All men knew that Jackson would fight to redeem his pledge to the last drop of his blood, to the last beat of his heart.

I may safely say that, if Jackson had been President in this crisis, the stars and stripes which waved over Fort Moultrie would never have been supplanted by the palmetto flag, though the dead had lain as thick around the fort as they did around his camp at New Orleans. In 1833 he sent Scott to that Fort, and he would have sent the gray-haired old veteran there again, and treason would have withered in the glance of his eye and shrunk from the blows of his mighty arm. Scott is not there, but the brave Major Anderson, a

kindred hero, who has found a warm place in the great American heart, is there. We feel that the honor of the Republic is safe in the hands of this gallant son of Kentucky. He has but sixty men, but we know that if the stars and stripes go down at Fort Sumter, it will be upon the dead bodies of sixty-one heroes. It will not happen while blood warms one heart or life lingers in a single arm; it will not happen until thousands of traitors have expiated their crimes by death. The rebellion was confined in 1833 to a small majority of a single State; it grew out of the operations of a single law. The crisis then was a mere speck compared with the dark cloud which hangs over us as we enter upon the year 1861. Again South Carolina rears the standard of revolt and disunion, but she is not alone. Fourteen States, having the same social institutions, sympathize with her more or less, so that, unless wise, firm, patriotic and conciliatory counsels prevail, there is danger that we may see one-half of the Union arrayed in arms against the other half, and claiming a separate destiny at the point of the bayonet. I say that there is danger of civil war, of a contest which shall shatter the Union into fragments, and which shall engender such hatreds, animosities and bitter memories of mutual wrongs, as will burn and rankle in the hearts of posterity for ages. I ask you all if the spirit of peace, and the fraternal feeling, and the comprehensive patriotism which animated our fathers when they formed the Union, can by any miracle arise from civil war in the bosom of a kindred race?

Let us hear and heed what Jackson says in his farewell address to the American people: "The Constitution can not be maintained, nor the Union preserved in opposition to public feeling by the mere exertion of the coercive power confided to the general government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people, in the security it gives to life, liberty, character and property, and in the fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several States bear to one another as members of one political family, mutually contrib-

uting to promote the happiness of each other. Hence the citizens of every State should studiously avoid everything calculated to wound the sensibility or offend the just pride of the people of other States ; and they should frown upon any proceedings within their own borders likely to disturb the tranquillity of their political brethren in other portions of the Union. The internal regulations of States must differ ; and this difference is increased by the varying principles upon which the colonies were originally planted, principles which had taken deep root in their social institutions before the Revolution. Every State while it does not interfere with the rights of other States, or of the Union, must be the sole judge of the measures proper to secure the safety of its citizens and to promote their happiness ; and all efforts upon the part of the people of other States to cast odium upon their institutions, or to disturb their rights of property, or to put in jeopardy their peace, are in direct opposition to the spirit in which the Union was formed, and must endanger its safety. Nothing but mischief can come from these improper assaults upon the feelings and rights of others. Rest assured that men found busy in this work of discord are not worthy of your confidence, and deserve your strongest reprobation." He further says : "Artful and designing men will always be found who are ready to foment these fatal divisions, and to inflame the natural jealousies of different sections of the country." Washington says : "There will be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken the sacred bonds of the Union."

Do we not see that the very evils these sages and heroes warned us against are at our very doors ; that thousands of demagogues at the North and at the South have been for almost a generation busy at the work of promoting sectional discord and jealousy and hatred ; that they have poisoned the minds of millions, and turned patriots into sectionalists and seceders and haters of portions of our common country, until we are on the very verge of civil war, and shall have it unless

the great mass of men who stand between the extremes, and who heed the counsels of Washington and Jackson, arise and combine and bury these disorganizing traitors in a grave too deep for any resurrection? In the light of what we all know of Andrew Jackson, what do you think that he would do to-day could he arise from his grave and stand at the helm of state? I hold up his proclamation in 1833 as evidence that he would not side with Southern seceders and traitors. I hold up what I have cited from his farewell address as conclusive evidence, that he would not side with such men North as have sought political power by inciting Northern prejudice, and hatred against the South and her domestic institutions. Is not the record conclusive on both points? He would put one hand upon the traitors and inciters of sectional hatred and jealousy North, and the other upon the shameless traitors of the South, and he would then with such a voice as rang over the battle field of New Orleans forty-six years ago, call upon the justice, the patriotism and the conservatism of the country to arise and strangle them all as the hydras were strangled of old. He would not count numbers, but would do right and then appeal for support to the great heart of the generous people who never deserted him.

Some men of all parties now talk lightly of the Union. They cannot, to preserve it, depart a hair's breadth from their party creeds or platforms, which, with all parties now are a set of ambiguous phrases thrown together by trading politicians to catch votes. Jackson said: "At every hazard and by every sacrifice this Union must be preserved." There is genuine, old-fashioned patriotism in that utterance. Do not let us drink at any of these sectional or party fountains, which make the heart wither and the brain burn, but let us go for wisdom, strength and guidance to the example and spirit of the fathers. May the historian never be compelled to write that thirty millions of the great American family plunged into a fratricidal war, and wasted the most glorious and costly inheritance ever bequeathed to men, in a contro-

versy about the condition of three millions of the Ethiopian race, unfortunately in the midst of us, when there was no rational prospect even of benefitting them however the contest might end. On the slavery question the victory is with the free States. Nature by climate, soil and production, by the migratory and restless character of the people of the North, by the free instincts in the hearts of the foreigners who help settle our new Territories, has dedicated all of our remaining domain to freedom forever, and freedom will have it without legislation and under any construction of the Constitution. Where is the great and restless tide of life which is crowding west of the Mississippi and laying the foundation of empire going, from the North or the South? Has not freedom quietly taken possession of the whole length of our Pacific shore? Let us rejoice in the goodly prospect, in the peaceful triumph Providence gives us, and not only be just to our Southern brethren, but magnanimous. Shall we contend about the cold and barren abstractions of politicians and lose our own liberties?

See what a glorious inheritance we have ourselves and for our posterity. Read the records of the past and see what it has cost. In a single life we have grown under the Constitution and Union from three to thirty millions of people. The thirteen stars which originally lighted our flag, each symbolizing a sister State, have increased to thirty-three. We have the leading commerce of the world. The extremes of the earth respect our name and flag. We have religious liberty, education fostered by government, and only such laws as a majority pass for their own protection and happiness. In seventy years more, if we are united, we shall have a population of two hundred millions, occupying the heart of the world, and diffusing religion and liberty to its utmost extremities. What a picture we may then present of national greatness, when all our domain shall be developed by free hearts and free hands, and ocean united to ocean by triple bands of iron. New York will then be the commercial centre of the

world, and her proudest competitor will not be any of the imperial cities of Europe, but San Francisco, sitting upon the shores of the Pacific and holding in her grasp the commerce of the East. If the countless millions of generations after generations who are yet to occupy this continent could speak to the men of to-day, would they not say to us, we can reclaim fields, we can build cities, we will look out for physical existence, but give us at whatever cost liberty and the Union ; if they perish we cannot from the fragments reconstruct the glorious edifice built by the fathers for you and for us. If disunion and trouble comes it will be the result of malignant party spirit, the work of demagogues North and South who have ridden into power on the mad wave of sectional hatred. I have sometimes thought that the spirit which would break the golden and glorious chain which binds the Union together with its thirty-three independent sovereignties, each solely answerable for its own social institutions, and drive them from their glorious path into the horrors of fratricidal strife, revolution and anarchy, because some of their institutions were not to its taste, would prompt a man on one of the worlds which moves in harmony with others around a common centre, to rebel against the great laws of attraction and throw the universe into chaos, because he would not move in company with some world where the Almighty permitted humanity to be in a condition contrary to his conceptions of right. There is a spirit in the world born of religion that works meekly and patiently for social amelioration, that has on sword but the sword of the Spirit, that does its whole duty and trusts in God. There is another spirit which makes no sacrifice, which approaches no danger, which scorns the want around its own home and wastes life in cursing distant evils, and which would never think of the earth at all if it knew that there was evil in some of the stars that crowd the milky way.

It may be asked, how was Jackson able to triumph over Clay, Webster and Calhoun, each of whom was superior to

him in elegance, in learning and in all the graces of speech ? The answer is, they were not his superiors in common sense or sagacity, and that his heroism, boldness and energy won the hearts of the American people. Andrew Jackson was President. He called his Cabinet around him to advise, not to decide, and his will was the government. No clique of politicians controlled him, and, bitter and terrible as were the powers which assailed him, the vote of the people always justified his policy. He was an honest man, just in all the relations of life. He incurred heavy liabilities in attempting to aid others, but he did not evade them. He sold his beautiful home, his ample fields, even his favorite horse, to pay debts and commenced life again in a log-cabin.\* In the whole range of history, I know of no such will as his, except that of Martin Luther. The same spirit which made Luther say, "I will go to the diet at Worms, if the devils are as thick there as the tiles upon the roofs of the houses," made Jackson go to Jonesborough sick and alone, when he knew that four hundred men were assembled there to tar and feather him. In both cases, will and the nobility of nature triumphed over all foes. His will was like a mountain torrent, or a wave of fire. He was born to a high destiny, born to command. He doubtless committed grave errors, but after twenty-five years from the conclusion of his political life all of his prominent acts are endorsed by posterity. All men now concede him political honesty and unselfish patriotism. He says† of himself, when accused of corrupt motives by a hostile Senate : "In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never in the fire of youth nor the vigor of manhood could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty, and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds where conquerors cease to be honored and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I feel is to acquit myself to him to whom I must soon

render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honored in the history of my country." These were true and lofty words, and worthy the hero whose memory we have assembled to honor. No man can doubt that Jackson was ready at any moment, from the time when a child he went forth to fight his country's battles to his last hour, to offer up his life as a sacrifice for his country. Jackson was a humane man, and from a boy he hazarded his life repeatedly in doing acts of humanity. He died a Christian, died in his mother's faith. His last words, addressed to his family and slaves, were: "I have fulfilled my destiny on earth, and it is better that this worn-out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with the Redeemer."

Let us not on this occasion forget Clay, Webster and Calhoun, who were all patriots, all statesmen, and all threw a lustre upon their country. They embodied the spirit of their age in a lofty eloquence which will be as enduring as the world. The great American heart is large enough to enshrine all of her worthy sons. Let us go to the age of Jackson, Clay and Webster for political wisdom, and grow wise and patriotic and great-hearted in its hallowed communion. Let us leave the war of the pigmies of to-day and travel back to the war of the giants.

I will say, in conclusion, that there is no doubt of the courage of the great body of the American people, or their readiness to fight, if necessary, for their country. If there are any exceptions they will be found in the Northern men who curse the South at the safe distance of a thousand miles, and in the noisiest of the Southern disunionists and fire-eaters. I would like to have these extreme men brought face to face upon some field; not that I should expect to see any fighting but I would like to witness the running, and make a record of the time made by some of these stump and pulpit heroes. I do not believe in the power of sectional men to break up this Confederacy. Amid the clamor which they raise, I

think I hear the heavy tramp of the patriotic and conservative millions rushing to the rescue of the Union and the Constitution. Some plan to heal our difficulties, oppressive to none and just to all, perhaps generous to the weaker portion of the Confederacy, will soon be formed, and it will range under it all of the Union men of the country, from Maine to the Everglades of Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When that day comes, let traitors beware. The people will act on "Old Hickory's" maxim, they will be sure they are right and then go ahead, and no earthly power can oppose them. I have great confidence in the head and heart and arm of the American people. I have still greater confidence in the protection of the God of our fathers.

I would say to the Jackson Guards, to whose public spirit we owe this occasion, that I know if they are called to the field by the voice of their country, whether it is to meet domestic traitors or a foreign foe, they will show themselves worthy of the great name of Jackson which they bear upon their banner. But let us fondly hope that you may never be called upon to shed American blood. Jackson fortunately does not sleep beneath the soil of his native State. No palmetto flag with its treasonable devices waves over the old hero's grave, and if polluted hands ever attempt to tear from above his resting place the flag which he planted on the ramparts of New Orleans, and which symbolizes the Constitution and the Union he loved, and to put in its place the symbols of disunion, there will be enough of his spirit and will left in his bones, so that they will arise and drive away the traitors. Let us hope that Jackson will sleep in peace on the quiet banks of the Cumberland, under the banner he so often bore to victory unchanged save as it is illumined by new stars, until the dead shall arise at the call of the last trump.

## AARON BURR.

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ADDRESS BEFORE THE TOMPKINS COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT ITHACA, N. Y., IN 1870.

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I have chosen for a subject Aaron Burr. Familiar as you all are with the life of this remarkable man, still the strange elements in his character, the mystery that hangs around his motives, the wonderful vicissitudes in his career, his marked connection with our national history will forever make him an object of interest and speculation. I believe, too, that the proper and healthy themes for American audiences are in our own history, which is the grandest part of the annals of our race. The career of courtiers, the selfish struggles of dynasties, the pomp of royalty, have not the interest for us that attaches to the men who in the western wilderness have founded an empire, not by crowning themselves, but by crowning humanity with liberty, dignity and hope. Their monument is no glittering throne, guarded by bayonets, but the freest and happiest country upon which the sun ever shone, the land of promise for the ages.

Burr, perhaps, bears the same relation to the youth of the Republic that the serpent does to Paradise, and that Judas does to the Saviour. I do not propose to go into the details of his life only enough to present the lesson it teaches. It is not of as much importance where a man is born, or when, as how he lives and how he dies. Every life,

whether of the great or the humble, has its moral lessons for all men who can fathom its aims and see its results. In human lives the eternal principle of justice speaks to men through living examples. I shall endeavor to some extent to contrast the career of Burr with that of some of the great and incorruptible men of his day, and to draw from the comparison a lesson in favor of virtue, by showing how worse than useless are opportunity, fortitude, genius and eloquence under the sway of unhallowed ambition.

Burr was a marked exception to the rule laid down by Larmartine, that the blood of descent is the prophecy of destiny. His father was the founder of Princeton College and was one of the most able and eloquent divines of his day. He died in the prime of life worn out by his self-sacrificing labors for the good of others. His mother was a beautiful and accomplished woman, the youngest daughter of Jonathan Edwards, the most able divine of the new world, who had the will of Napoleon, the metaphysical intellect of Locke, and as large and pure a heart as ever beat in the interest of humanity. Those who contemplated Burr when a child, with those brilliant eyes which once seen were never forgotten, with the countenance radiant with genius and eloquent with persuasion, with that magic voice whose tones like melody stole into human hearts, who knew the ancestral blood that flowed in his veins, and the gifted and pious mother, who seemed destined to guide and guard his youth, would have set him apart as one of the future champions of the church, to assert, if not with as masculine strength, with a sweeter and more pathetic utterance than his grandfather, the doctrines to which the latter had devoted his life. But when a few years later they had seen that his pious and gifted mother was dead, that he was a neglected orphan, and had abandoned the creed of his fathers for the infidelity of Voltaire, they might well have trembled for the future. The influence which such a mother would have had upon such a son we can never know, but it is our belief that if she had lived I should not to-night have

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chosen Aaron Burr as an illustration of the barren results of unholy ambition.

Burr enjoyed and improved every advantage for education that schools could furnish until the battle of Bunker Hill inaugurated the Revolutionary struggle, and then at the age of nineteen, against the remonstrances of friends, he hastened to join the army. He was conspicuous among the heroes who marched six hundred miles through the wilderness to attack Quebec, when more than one-half perished with hunger and fatigue before they reached the outposts of the enemy. Alone, with a message from the army, he travelled one hundred and twenty miles through the enemy's country to the headquarters of General Montgomery, and that illustrious hero was so impressed with his heroism and fortitude that upon their first interview he gave him a place upon his staff. In the fatal attack upon Quebec he commanded a division and came near being taken a prisoner in bearing the dying Montgomery from the field. At the age of twenty-three Washington commissioned him a Colonel in the regular army, yet his aspiring ambition called this *hardy* justice. At the retreat from New York city his coolness and intrepidity saved one division of the army. For a long time by special order from Washington he held the points on the Hudson, which was the key of our position. The destiny of the Republic was in hands that afterward betrayed it. He was wounded at the battle of Monmouth.

Feeble health now compelled him, much against his will, to retire from the army. He had now established an honorable and enduring fame. He had shown courage, self-possession in all emergencies, fertility of invention, and an almost marvellous control over men. He had demonstrated that he was made for a great military leader. It was as young officers and as members of the military family of Washington that Burr and Hamilton first met and perhaps commenced that unfortunate rivalry and mutual hatred that they were afterward to carry into professional and political life and

that with Hamilton was to end in death and with Burr in infamy and degradation, which to his proud spirit had more than the bitterness of death.

When Burr commenced his career as a lawyer and politician in the city of New York his true character was revealed. He had no respect for truth or justice. His aim was success. He was regardless of means. He made darkness his pavilion. In an open and manly contest he had superiors at the bar, but the mystery in which he moved, concealing his weapons like the assassin until the moment of attack, his sharp eye for the weak points of an adversary, his sleepless vigilance, made him dangerous and almost universally successful. He had wonderful skill in making dupes of men and using them for his purposes by appeals to their passions, their fears or their venality. Fell spirits moved around him to do his bidding. With his ambition he was, of course, an intriguer, a plotter on a boundless scale, and with an industry and executive ability almost without a parallel he began to work for influence. To him no combination seemed impracticable. There was no prejudice, no passion, no ignorance in the masses of men that he could not use for his purposes. The Presidency was early in his dreams. His great error and the one by which he fell was an under-estimate of the patriotism and morals of the age in which he lived—but when did a demagogue ever have faith in patriotism or a demon in virtue?

His first political position was as member of the Legislature of this State, where for partisan purposes he procured the charter of the Manhattan Bank by inserting a single clause in another bill which was not noticed by the House. This was a fair specimen of his integrity as a legislator. In 1791 he was elected to the United States Senate over Clinton, Schuyler and other great and good men who had grown gray in the public service. In the Presidential canvass in 1800, Burr was a candidate and, no one receiving a majority, the election went into the House of Representatives and for thirty-five exciting ballots there was a tie between him and Jeffer-

son. For days the scales hung in even balance, as likely to turn one way as the other. Jefferson finally triumphed, but no man who has not sat in the Presidential chair was ever as near it as Aaron Burr. He was supported in the House by the Federalists, who, unable to elect their own candidate, hated Burr less than Jefferson, the great champion and expounder of Democracy.

Parton in his life of Burr would make us believe that Burr made no advances to the Federalists ; that he kept aloof from the contest and exhibited a wonderful modesty about helping himself. Although it may be difficult to find evidence against a man who in his whole career never wrote a political letter, yet we cannot believe that a man so ambitious, so unscrupulous as to plot the dismemberment of his country, was kept neutral by his modesty in a struggle for the highest prize of human ambition. We can be made to believe something in the humanity of Nero, the humility of Cæsar, the patriotism of Benedict Arnold, the loyalty of Jefferson Davis and the moral purity of Judas Iscariot, but with all our credulity we can never believe in the modesty of a professional politician,—that is asking too much of us.

Burr by his very defeat became Vice-President and for the four years during which he presided over the Senate his dignity and ability made him the idol of that august body. He was now at the height of his fame, but his ambition was not appeased. One man, Alexander Hamilton, stood between him and the goal of his ambition. All of Hamilton's influence and ability was forever to be exerted against him, and he was a formidable competitor, strong in himself, strong in the affection of his country, strong in his knowledge of Burr and his ability to fathom all of his schemes. It seemed to Burr that with Hamilton out of the way his course was clear, and it can hardly be doubted but that he deliberately resolved upon a duel as the means of disposing of a rival. He had not fathomed the consequences of success. Hamilton was borne from the fatal field by sorrowing friends, after a few

hours of agony to find rest in the grave. He left an immortal name unstained save by the rash act which he expiated with his life. Burr left the field with the step of a conqueror, but to endure almost forty years of proscription, infamy, sorrow and remorse. He had anticipated that the Democracy would hail him as their deliverer from the arch and mighty head of Federalism. He did not think of the horror with which men instinctively regard a murderer and that the curse pronounced upon Cain by the Almighty was but an enunciation of what the laws of nature and the instincts of humanity will forever follow him who sheds innocent blood. It is true that this was a duelling age, that from the bitterness of party spirit most public men had their affairs of honor and had not suffered thereby, that later Jackson sat in the Presidential chair after several duels and twice leaving his antagonist dead upon the field, and that his rival, Clay, after several duels was the idol of a great party.

Why then was Burr singled out for popular execration and vengeance? Great as was the regret felt by the nation at the loss of such a man as Hamilton, if a sudden controversy had sprung up between him and Burr, if Burr had received provocation which made it necessary for him to challenge according to the code of honor, or if he had acted hastily under the impulse of maddened passions, he might have been forgiven. But the whole proceeding on his part was too calm and deliberate; the correspondence shows a determination to force matters to a bloody issue. The judgment of his contemporaries was that he had the spirit of murder in his heart and used the code of honor as a cover for premeditated crime. He said to Jeremy Bentham in England, "I knew that I could kill Hamilton," and in his old age while reading Sterne he said to a friend, "If I had read Sterne more and Voltaire less I should have known that the world was wide enough for Hamilton and me." Did guilt ever make a more direct confession?

Ever after the duel the ghost of the murdered Hamilton

stood between Burr and all he coveted, and no man contemplated him apart from his victim. It seemed to him that the removal of one sleepless giant would leave open the avenues to the giddiest heights of preferment, but he now found them guarded by armed millions and barred as if by the hands of Omnipotence. Woe to him against whom innocent blood cries from the ground to earth and Heaven, for who shall prevail against such a voice? Burr's fortunes were blasted; he had fallen from his high estate and could no more return than the fallen spirits could repass the gulf between them and Heaven and resume their places around the throne of the Eternal.

Life to him now became a desperate struggle, but he was in the prime of life and his active, plotting brain could not be idle. He conceived a gigantic scheme of ambition and revenge. It was no less than the dismemberment of the Republic by seizing upon the Southwest, so recently ceded to us by France that its people had no sympathies with the Republic, and, using this as a base, by the aid of restless and reckless spirits to wrest Mexico from the Spanish Government. He knew that the Mexicans were ripe for revolution and he intended to proclaim himself the liberator of an oppressed people. In the convents and in the mines of Mexico was gold to sustain armies, and with his great military genius and his wonderful control over men his scheme was far from visionary. If he had not before his plans were matured been arrested for treason, it is not improbable that he might have been the founder of an empire and as a conquering hero been crowned in the halls of the Montezumas.

With this great scheme in view, in a boat, he leisurely traversed the whole length of the Ohio and the Mississippi. In the solitude of that long journey he saw how nature had decked those valleys with beauty and given them all the resources to become the seats of empire, but feeble was his conception of the future. While he was plotting treason if he could have had a vision of what sixty years was to bring

forth, could he have seen the stalwart millions whose homes were to be in the valleys of the great rivers, the succession of fields waving with the golden cereals, and the snowy cotton for which the operatives and the looms of Europe waited, could he have seen the beautiful villages and the mighty cities smiling upon the banks of the rivers, the tide of wealth which a new element of power was constantly wafting upon their bosom to the sea, could he have seen armies larger than Napoleon ever marshalled struggling in this valley, the one to destroy, the other to sustain the unity of the Republic, and heard such thunders of artillery as never before sounded upon the earth, and, at last, could he have seen the smoke of conflict pass away and the banner under which he had shed his blood in his youth in the holiest of causes, with its twenty additional stars glittering in its field of blue, waving in triumph over every part of that valley, and still borne on farther west floating upon the banks of new rivers, upon the tops of unknown mountains richer in gold than the mines of Ophir, and only disappearing where our western shores give way to the dominion of the deep, would not his ambition have been rebuked, would he not have felt that what God had united man could not put asunder? Burr after a long imprisonment was tried for treason and acquitted because no overt act was proved. Although acquitted by the court, he was not by the august tribunal of public opinion. No place in the Republic afforded him a safe retreat. He went to Baltimore to visit Mr. Luther, his counsel on the trial, but no sooner was his arrival known than a band of music began to play "The Rogue's March" under his window, and he was compelled to flee from the fury of the mob. Secretly and under an assumed name he sailed for Europe. Those were times of intense patriotism when the idea of a dismemberment of this glorious Union sent a thrill of horror through millions of hearts, when if such ideas existed in corrupt and traitorous brains they were not proclaimed for fear of death.

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We wish that those times might return, that the present generation and all that are to follow might feel the sacredness of the Republic as the generation did that established it, that here forever might be the fullest toleration of all opinions and of discussion as to means of promoting its prosperity and glory, but that no man, North, South, East or West, under any circumstances should ever be allowed to advocate its dissolution. With its foundation laid in nature and in the interests and in the moral sentiments of millions, the fruit of the mutual sacrifices of generations, may we not ask in the name of hundreds of thousands of dead in its last great struggle for existence, in the name of diseased and mutilated forms that still bear life as a burden, in the name of age robbed of its staff and childhood of its protector, in the name of all the joys and all the hopes and all the promise that centre around the great temple of liberty, that the man who ever hints at its destruction may, like Burr, be driven by an insulted people, to the music of "The Rogue's March," from the country whose sacred soil he is unworthy to tread?

Burr spent four years in Europe, regarded by every Government with suspicion, repulsed from the doors of men who had shared his hospitality in New York in better days, sometimes going hungry and cold, once forced to menial labor for a supper. Driven from England he for a time found refuge in Sweden, yet all this time never repining or losing his apparent cheerfulness and still cherishing visions of glory and of yet wielding a sceptre. With all the art and pertinacity of his nature he sought from one Government after another for military aid to wrest from Spain her provinces in the New World. At times his project was favorably entertained, but in the end he was repulsed. He gave up this last and highest dream of his ambition reluctantly as the mariner yields his hold upon the last plank that buoys him above the waiting grave beneath. Burr now determined at whatever hazard to return to his country. Arriving in the harbor at New York he procured some smugglers at the dead hour of the night to land

him in the city. Must not Burr as he wandered alone and weary that night over the city that for most of his life had been his home, that had often been illumined in his honor, where he had long been a popular idol, but where there was now no voice of welcome, no door at which he dared to enter for fear he might be repulsed, have felt that the way of the transgressor was hard ?

In the whole range of history I know of no sadder spectacle of fallen greatness. Marius, wandering amid the ruins of Carthage, mourning over the ingratitude of his country, feeling her decline and having a vision of the time when pilgrims from other lands should wander over the wreck of the Eternal City ; Hannibal, fleeing from nation to nation to escape the Roman ; Napoleon, chained to the rock so soon to be his sepulchre—all these men, though overcome by force, still lived in the hearts of millions. The next day Burr found a friend who appeased his creditors and took measures to prevent criminal prosecutions against him, and in a few days a little tin sign on a door in Canal street announced that Burr had resumed the practice of law.

One would think that Burr had suffered enough, but his misfortunes had only begun. He had an only child, a daughter Theodosia, then the wife of Governor Allston of South Carolina. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman. From her infancy Burr had taken most unwearied pains with her education, determined that she should excel all women of her time. Between them had always existed the most intense affection. She had clung to him with increasing devotion. When he was in prison she hastened from her luxurious home to share his cell and cheer his solitude. Her affectionate and sympathizing letters had been his only solace in his exile from his country. She had a son, her only child, who was at the time of Burr's return from Europe ten years of age. He had early shown wonderful powers of intellect. On this child centred Burr's hopes; for his inheritance was Mexico to have been conquered. When Burr was in Europe and suf-

fering from hunger and for a change of linen, he would not part with the costly presents he had purchased for his grandson. The first letter he received from Theodosia after his return announced the death of her child, and the mother, whom he had from a child taught fortitude and not religion, found it a frail support in her hour of bitter agony. She does not allude to the consolation which the mother feels who lays her child in the grave with faith and hope in the resurrection. In a few months she sailed from Charleston for New York to meet her father after so painful and eventful a separation, but was never heard of more. Whether the ship was taken by pirates or went down in the tempest will never be known until the deep yields up its secrets and its dead.

Burr's agony found no expression in words. For more than a year from his office he watched the sails as they came into port, thinking that she might have been picked up by some outward-bound vessel, until hope expired and left him in utter darkness. As he well expressed it, "I was then estranged from my race." Still twenty-six years of life and suffering were before him. After he had outlived his generation he saw in the feelings of the new generation in which he lived the irrevocable verdict of posterity upon his career. He survived until 1836. In his last days he was attended by a clergyman, who at his request prayed with him and read the Scriptures, but he was uncommunicative, and whether he entered the dark valley of the shadow of death with the faith of his father no mortal knows. At his own request he was buried at Princeton at the feet of his father and President Edwards. He was unworthy to sleep in the ground beside those men. His life had been a selfish struggle for power and place, and he had sinned and fallen. They had struggled heroically for the good of others and scattered blessings upon the earth, and laid up treasures in Heaven. The country whose battles Burr had fought in his youth, and whose highest honors he had enjoyed in his manhood, rears

for him no monument. For a long time his grave was unmarked, but in the darkness of night unknown hands placed upon it a simple stone bearing this inscription: "Aaron Burr, born February 6, 1756. Died September 14, 1836. A Colonel in the Army of the Revolution; Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805." Terrible retribution for so much greatness and ambition finally to rest in a grave which even friendship shrank from visiting by the light of day!

It cannot be denied that Burr had genius, a fascination of manner that made his presence dangerous to purity, executive ability and the power of centralizing and organizing means for his purposes. He too had opportunity. He had his part in the grandest drama ever acted upon earth. Yet his life was a failure,—it was bitter to himself, it was useless to others. History furnishes no parallel to his fortitude. Any one who could have seen the old man in his later years, after his kindred had perished, leaving him isolated from his race, yet toiling for bread as youth seldom does for fame, sleeping on his hard cot in his office, yet never complaining or repining, never asking for human sympathy and ever wearing upon his countenance a smile which his indomitable will forced from his withered heart, would have felt a disposition to shed some sunshine upon a lot so cheerless. Youth in any position has hope, and in its visions of the future sees such pure joys as life never yields in her mixed cup. But age, to which the past is dark, bearing its burdens of guilt and its blood-stained garments to the grave and the Judgment, is the saddest of human spectacles.

I admit that Burr did charitable deeds, that he had generous impulses, but his great aim in life was personal success. He would have been pleased to have seen happiness, to have scattered blessings, to have heard the voice of gladness on his way, still he would accomplish his purpose, though every step had been upon broken hearts. After the Revolution he lost the confidence of Washington, who refused him the po-

sition of Minister to France and a commission in the army, although pertinaciously urged for these positions by the whole Senate, Washington saying that with great abilities he was a faithless intriguer. Washington and Burr were the antipodes of humanity and their contempt for each other was natural. Washington could see in Burr only the man of expedients, the gifted and faithless plotter, and Burr was unable to appreciate the purity and disinterestedness of Washington, or the weight of that calm intellect that was loyal to eternal principles and that with a prescience of the future worked for the ages. Men of the type of Burr, waging a bootless contest against truth, destiny, God and nature, have no approving conscience to sustain them. They are objects of pity. Washington bore through life the burden of public care. There were hours of disaster when his great heart almost broke with agony. His farewell address shows that the future cast its shadows over his spirit. Yet he ever had the consciousness of doing his duty, and of the sympathy of Heaven and of all that was pure upon earth.

All heroes have suffered; suffering has developed and purified the godlike of all ages. Even the Redeemer received from this world only a crown of thorns. The world is to-day and ever has been full of men and women toiling, sacrificing, suffering from a sense of duty, from the promptings of humanity, from a love of truth and justice. When the country calls for aid, see how the hero gives up his life, the maiden her lover, the mother her child. Galileo, forced to deny the truth by the fear of the Inquisition, even while he knelt before his tormentors, had in his mind the gorgeous panorama of the heavens which no power could tear from his soul. The man sustained by faith and hope, burning at the stake, is hardly an object of pity, for above the shouts of the rabble he hears the approving songs of angels and sees the portals of glory opening. Paul says: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day

I have been in the deep. I have been in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils of the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness. Yet we do not feel pity, but rather envy, for the great Apostle, who had been caught up to the third Heaven and "heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

When Burr was living in New York, among the illustrious foreigners who shared his princely hospitality was the famous Talleyrand, then a young man and an exile. At the same board met the two most consummate intriguers the world has ever known. In heartlessness, in fascination of manner, in ambition, in power to avail themselves of the worst elements in human nature, they were alike. Talleyrand in two of his pithy sayings has embodied the morality of both. One is, that language is given us to conceal our thoughts; the other, that a blunder is worse than a crime. Talleyrand was the favorite of three dynasties and he deserted and betrayed each in time to make friends with that which was to follow. He could calculate in a moment when one sun was to set, and knew precisely in which quarter of the heavens the new sun was to rise. He was fortunate in living in the midst of changes and corruption. When the great deep of society was broken up not only in France but in Europe, his subtile spirit found ample material for its work. Burr on the other hand lived among the most pure, intelligent, patriotic and watchful people the world has ever known and that with Washington's denunciation upon him he was able at about forty years of age so nearly to vault into the Presidential chair will always be one of the wonders of history.

Burr, Talleyrand and Robespierre have an undue prominence in history from the mystery which surrounded them. That made them dangerous. They moved in silence like the contagion. In their words was falsehood, on their faces a mocking smile. They all went to the grave without any last

word as a clue to their own estimate of life and their careers. Robespierre was wounded by a pistol shot which shattered his lower jaw but left him the power of speech. His eye was as bright as ever but he uttered no word when the bandage was torn from his wounds. He uttered a cry of agony that was never never forgotten by those who heard it. We may almost consider this as an utterance of remorse and despair over a wasted life too terrible to find expression in words.

I cannot avoid to some extent contrasting Hamilton and Burr as they are to be associated in history. Hamilton was a greater man than Burr. In varied gifts he was the most remarkable man of an era fruitful in greatness. As Secretary of the Treasury under Washington he redeemed our national credit. In the Revolution he exhibited military ability which caused Washington to name him for the active command in the anticipated war with France. As a lawyer he had no superior in his age. As a political writer, although he favored a centralized government and his sentiments did not correspond with the temper of the times, he was the equal and rival of Jefferson. His political writings will ever have a place among the choicest products of statesmanship. The Constitution bears the impress of his mighty genius. Considering the difficulties its framers had in harmonizing such varieties of opinion, such conflicting interests, how little there was in the past to aid them, its production was the greatest achievement of human wisdom. May we not, after the assaults it has stood, hope that it will bind these States together in a common destiny for all time?

Hamilton was a man of ardent temperament and strong and earnest convictions, and this made him an orator. Burr was merely a pointed, passionate declaimer. He had not the gift of eloquence, which is never given to hypocrites any more than the martyr's crown. The utterances that stir up the blood like the tones of a trumpet and echo through the ages always come from great-hearted, earnest, honest men. In short, there was the difference between Hamilton and Burr that

ever exists between the statesman and the mere politician. Of statesmen the most favored age has but few, while politicians are ever as plenty as the leaves of the forest. They are the miniature Burrs, the curse of democracy. I do not mean the men of honest convictions who study the politics of their country, but the men versed in all the arts and trickery of getting a place, who have searched out and fathomed all the depths and shoals of human corruption, and know how to combine and organize them for their purposes. They know all the highways and byways by which the public crib is approached. When other men sleep they are plotting for public plunder. They had rather steal than earn, even if stealing is the more laborious. They belong to no party; they are equally ready to serve or betray all. Rats do not know better when to desert a sinking ship. They will smell the spoils of political victory further than the war-horse will the battle. They have neither knowledge of the past, faith in the present, nor care for the future. Their movements have no more connection with the public good than the motion of the snail has with the sweep of the lightning. The true statesman is the greatest of human benefactors. Under his lead nations develop into greatness. He has a profound knowledge of the past, and, undisturbed by the clamor of factions or the fascinations of power, endeavors to labor in harmony with eternal social and moral laws for the good of nations. He may not be popular; he may only sow the seeds to ripen in another age.

I wish to make one thing clear, that is, that we must judge of a life by its fruits. Virtue is in harmony with the universe. It is the primal bond of society, holding it together as attraction does the worlds. Vice is disorganizing and destructive; the waste of civilization, the wrecks of fallen empires are its monuments. The life that contributes to virtue is useful. The life that does not, no matter where in the procession of the ages it is passed, is a failure and a curse.

So there is truth in the world and there is falsehood, but

falsehood is to pass away, like the mist that lingers around the morning. Truth is imperishable,—those who build upon that have everlasting foundations. The Almighty is their ally, and eternity the field of their fruition. The man resisting truth is like the infatuated monarch trying to stay the incoming waves of the sea. The useful lives are those that contribute something to the great river of truth which is to flow on forever and carry joy and hope and inspiration to all generations of men. Truth is the light of the world, the everlasting fruit evolved from all the suffering and all the sacrifice of humanity in its long and weary pilgrimage upon the earth.

Let me illustrate my idea with two examples, Washington and Metternich. The wily Austrian statesman was potent in the counsels of Europe, the great champion of the divine right of kings. He undertook after the great uprising of the oppressed in 1783 to stay the waves of revolution, to adjust the balances of power; he cemented alliances, he banded together thrones, he placed the feet of despots upon bleeding and prostrate nations and thought that his work was to endure. He had interposed his genius against the hopes and destinies of mankind, but he lived to see his own system shattered, to hear again the voice of millions crying for their rights. The genius of liberty which he supposed he had throttled and buried too deep for a resurrection stood beside his death-bed in the freshness of immortal youth, saying to him, "The past has been yours, but mine is the future of the world." The alliance is broken, the proscribed dynasty rules in France, the chain of Italian unity is forged anew in the fires of Magenta and Solferino, and beautiful Venice looks with hope to the day when she can lay aside her robes of mourning and take her place beside her sisters in that nationality whose seat shall be the Eternal City. During the life of Metternich on this side of the waters consecrated to freedom grew up a power mightier than the Hapsburgs ever wielded. He lived to feel that his life was a blunder and a crime.

George Washington toiled and suffered to vindicate the natural rights of man and to leave a fit theatre for his development. This Republic is his monument. His example is the inspiration of men everywhere struggling for freedom and development. His fame will endure until the last human heart shall cease to throb with a love for liberty.

In the light of the principles I have endeavored to establish, how barren and miserable does the life of such a man as Burr appear. Although he has a place in history, yet no human heart warms at his name. Here in the New World stands the great temple of liberty for the world to gaze upon in all the future. In it is the galaxy of illustrious Americans, their features radiant with the light of immortality. At its centre is the benignant smile and the majestic form of Washington, around him are grouped Jefferson and Adams, Franklin and Hamilton and Patrick Henry and Hancock. There too are the imperial brow of Webster, the speaking lips of Clay, the iron features of the old hero who said, "By the Eternal the Union must and shall be preserved." There side by side are Taylor and Worth looking as when they bore the old flag to victory. There is a niche left large enough for the form of Scott among the mighty of the generation he has outlived. There are places, too, for all the illustrious dead and living of this age whom the national voice shall decree a place in this proud temple. But around it with scowling faces and look of immortal hate are the figures of others, vainly endeavoring to undermine its foundations—Arnold, Burr and a host of traitors of later generations, gazing at their vain work, for they did not see that upon the front of the temple in letters of light God had inscribed "Everlasting."

A few words and I will relieve your patience. It is but little more than half a century since Burr was in the plenitude of his power, yet what a change! The infant, struggling Republic puts its hands upon both oceans. The unpeopled West has become the home of millions. Reality has surpassed the wildest dreams of the fathers. Assaults more vio-

lent than those before which thrones have gone down have left the great Republic unharmed. She will never go down in the tempest. Full of strength she holds her destiny in her hands. Her danger is the social vices and corruption that may spring up in the sunlight of prosperity. Burr-like ambition will ever be ready to pander to any corruption in the masses. We may say in all seriousness, if immorality is to be elevated to position, if virtue is to be a drug in the market, if the rising generation is to be taught that there is no connection between integrity and success, if slimy demagogues are to usurp the great trusts that belong to statesmen, the time may come when to be consistent the American people shall pronounce the virtue and disinterestedness of Washington worthless and impracticable and hurl him from his proud place in our Pantheon, and place there Aaron Burr as the man whose life has been approved and imitated by posterity.

But we have no such fears. The last great storm has purified the social atmosphere and hallowed liberty by the greatest sacrifices ever offered at her shrine. We believe that the time is coming when the earth will hallow two great days. They shall be its jubilees, when men shall rejoice but with sad remembrances of the price of blessings. The one shall be the Merry Christmas, the anniversary of the day the Saviour was born and the stars sang together for joy. Then in the clear winter air the bells shall peal forth their merry chimes, the glad voices of childhood arise from all the homes of the earth, and age forget its sorrow in visions of a coming youth in the city of the Living God. The other shall be the Fourth of July. In the beauty and bloom of summer all shall go forth into the sunlight of the temple not made with hands, then shall the merry bells again peal forth, and the voices of millions make the air vocal with joy, and the cross and the starry banner, which represents liberty, be twined together as symbols of the redemption and disenthralment of all humanity.

## THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

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AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF  
FREDONIA, N. Y., ON DECEMBER 23d, 1864.

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*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Association :*

I appear before you to perform, as well as I am able, the duty you have assigned me. Your organization is in its infancy, but it has in it and around it the elements of healthy growth and perpetual life. May the time never come when young men will not seek this hall for self-improvement and when those older, who have learned more of the value of opportunity and the secrets of success in life, will not give them the encouragement of their approbation and presence. The turning point in human destiny is in youth. Most awaken too late to a sense of the realities and possible achievements of life. Unless proper seed is sown in the spring time of life, its summer will be a dream, autumn will sigh over barren fields, and winter will have no treasures for its garnerers. All that will be left, as it nears the dark valley, is the memory of songs that have died away upon the air, of beauty withered, of strength departed, of opportunities lost forever. Nature plants in man's organization the elements of power, but she leaves him to develop them as he does the earth. She gives him but one opportunity as at every heart-beat she hurries him on to the grave and the bosom of eternity, where he sows no more and only reaps the fruits of his career on earth. It

is the object of this Association to keep alive a love for truth, to stimulate investigation by the contact of mind with mind, and to make the intellectual treasures of each common treasure.

I have chosen for a theme, "The necessity of the study of language, and the practice of writing and speaking, to make knowledge power." The radical difference in men is not as much in ideas as in the power of expression. Too little attention is paid to the study of language, and to the mental discipline which alone can make knowledge effective or useful. What should we think of the man who should spend his whole life in accumulating the choicest materials for a building, but who should never give the least thought to the rules of proportion and the art by which he was to form them into a useful and beautiful structure? All men should aim not only to store the memory, but, by the highest cultivation of taste and reason and by the fullest mastery of language, to be able to communicate truth in the strong and captivating forms which give it vital force. It is not the man who has buried treasures, but the man who can, like Moses, smite the rock and make the waters of life gush forth, who properly fulfills his destiny.

If you will analyze the great speech of Webster in reply to Hayne, you will not find any extraordinary display of learning any word that men of ordinary intelligence would not use in common conversation, no position that had not been taken a thousand times by the champions of the great party Webster represented. Its power was in seizing upon the elementary principles involved in the contest, in condensation, logical arrangement, appropriate illustration, the simplicity, clearness and vigor of his language, and the awful earnestness which inspired his appeals to the patriotism and loyalty of his countrymen. The threatening waves of revolution rolled backward from his feet. He worked common material, which was useless to others, into an imperishable oration, which will be read when the antiquarian may search in vain

for the foundations of the marble hall in which it was uttered. This production was no more the result of accident or temporary inspiration than the model piece of statuary. Webster was able to make it, because he had for long years disciplined all his faculties, and studied the meaning and power of words until every utterance from his lips had a living force and the beauty of propriety. He has given many truths the form of expression in which they are to be immortal. The fact that his early efforts at composition was so faulty as to subject him to ridicule shows how much he achieved by study and practice.

It is common to say of the productions of most men, they have too many words and figures of speech. If they would prune them properly they would be models, and we express regret that they will not when they have not the discrimination or power to do it. The defect is not of the will, but of the taste and understanding. The style will always be as clear and as pure as the mental conception. Suppose one of you were to employ an artist to produce for you, in accordance with the recognized canons of art, the form of Henry Clay in marble, and he was to bring you a rough block from the quarry, but of appropriate size, and when you complained, was to say "Is not that fine marble? Is there not the necessary material there, and even more? It only wants cutting down and pruning at the proper points to make the most perfect piece of statuary ever gazed upon." Would you not say to him, "If you have the taste, patience and skill to do this pruning, you are an artist; if you have not, you are an imposter." If you were to go into the studio of the painter and find that he had plenty of brushes, paints and canvas, with physical strength to cover it over with colors, would you declare him a great artist until you had some evidence that he had taste and skill to form his material into an immortal work? The fact that a man can overwhelm you with a mass of confused ideas clothed in obscure and pompous language no more proves that he has the power to write well than the

possession of paints and brushes proves that the possessor is an artist. The power to use effectively is the infallible test. We believe that embodying ideas properly in words is the highest and noblest of all arts, and that to be a model writer or speaker requires as rare and wonderful a combination of faculties as is ever given to man. While we must admire the patience and genius that can produce the human form in marble, so that the breast shall seem to heave with emotion and the marble lips almost speak, we cannot deny that sculpture is a purely imitative art, always working from living models and forms in nature.

The difficulty of writing well is proved in another way. Of the countless throng who have used the pen, in all nations and ages, how few have produced anything which will have an imperishable place in literature. It is probable that fifty names would exhaust the list of the immortals; others have written a vast mass of truth, but they have not expressed it in the condensed and pure form in which it will descend to the future. We do not believe that a page of fine writing was ever produced without great labor and care in its composition, and only after long years of patient mental discipline. The soul must pass through all stages of development before it approaches perfection, as much as the century plant must before it flowers.

I consider it no compliment to a man to say that he is a ready writer, for, as a general rule, such writers are diffuse, careless writers. They have the same order of mind as those who are always prepared to make a three hours' extemporaneous speech upon any subject, who are fluent just in proportion to their ignorance, and who never pause save from physical exhaustion. We may be startled for the time by their clamor and assumption, but for any good we might as well listen to the howlings of the tempest. It was one of this class of whom Job said, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Robert Hall was once asked by a young clergyman who boasted of writing a sermon in a

few hours how long it ought to take to write a sermon. He repined that a fool could write one in a day, a man of fair abilities in a week, but a great man would require a month. It is equally a wonder how some men embody so much meaning and truth in words, and how others use them to embody so little. Power has departed to a great extent from the tongue to the pen and the press. The great mass of educated humanity can now be reached by any human voice. The orator, by the magnetism of his presence, may sway and control the listening crowd, but he is limited in power, unless he utters something worthy to be read. If he does, the lightnings take the words still glowing from his lips, and millions feel their power.

Eighteen centuries ago St. Paul stood upon Mars Hill, amid the proudest monuments of ancient civilization, and addressed with inspired eloquence the citizens of Athens, and a few believed. Desolation has for ages brooded over the crumbling ruins upon Mars Hill, the glory of Athens has departed forever, yet the burning words there uttered by Paul, to-day—in three hundred different languages—carry consolation and hope to the soul of man. Demosthenes and Cicero spoke to thousands in the Forum or Senate Chamber, and I will not deny the overwhelming power of their eloquence, but where are the listening throngs who hung upon their accents? Where are the marble palaces in which they spoke? Where the nations and the institutions they represented? All passed away! Yet their orations are preserved because they were prepared with great labor and care before delivery, and they have had an important influence in building up modern civilization. Where learning goes they will go, and their power will increase with the expansion of civilization forever. When Demosthenes sat in his lonely chamber, weary with the labor of preparing his orations, and sick at heart at the remarks of his countrymen that his productions smelt of oil, in ridicule of his midnight toil upon them, and at their disposition to give to brainless pretenders the palm

of eloquence for which his life had been a self-denying struggle, how would his great heart have glowed with gratitude could he have had a vision of the future and seen the throng of heroes, patriots and scholars of all nations, who were to draw inspiration from his words. An audience such as no man can number will receive and appreciate everything worthy of immortality. A great man is borne to the grave and the envy, hatred and malice which have pursued him in life soon pass away, and nothing is more just than the final decrees of the august tribunal of public opinion as to what of the past is worthy to live.

I say then to young men, study style and the power of expression, both with the tongue and the pen, as a means of usefulness and power. The pen to-day rules the world. There is no despotism that can prevail against it, aided by a free press and appealing to the reason and inspirations of man. Words are the weapons of the writer or the speaker, and their exact force and meaning should be the study of his life. He should look to the fitness of every word he uses as carefully as the warrior does to the weapons with which he goes forth to battle. There are wonderful resources in language. There is no truth it cannot clearly and forcibly express, no joy, no sorrow, no hope, no aspirations for which it has not its appropriate word. The fiend may express his malice, the martyr the love that triumphs over death, the poet all of his wild imaginings. Even the celestial harmonies revealed to the souls of Beethoven and Handel, expressed by signs and words, will live forever on the printed page, as the common treasures of the sons of song.

The way to learn the use of language, and to catch its full power and spirit, is in studying the works of its great masters. Shun a work written in bad style as you would contagion. If an author has not attained purity of style, the presumption is very strong that he will not present you anything valuable in thought. It is certainly a safe general rule, that the man who cannot frame a good sentence will not prepare

an instructive discourse. Most writers look to the effect which a musical combination of words will have upon the ear, rather than to impress truth upon the understanding. The man who writes for the ear stands no better chance to overcome the man who writes for the understanding, than a Chinaman, who goes forth with his gong and cymbals to frighten his enemy by hideous sounds, does to triumph when he meets a French zouave armed with a minie rifle and a bayonet. The melody of sound is fleeting, but truth engraved upon the soul exerts an influence as enduring as eternity.

We should study strength rather than beauty of diction. If you are impressed with a great truth and express it strongly and clearly, you will find that beauty has crowned your work, even it was unsought. There is no beauty like the beauty of propriety. The efforts of the greatest writers have culminated in the most marked simplicity of diction. In painting it would be the height of art to make the beholder forget the artist and feel that the scene portrayed was before him; so writing would be perfect as it impressed truth upon the reader without reminding him of the symbols by which it was conveyed. The perfection of style would be when we were as unconscious of the medium which conveyed truth as we are of the existence of the air we breathe. The most sublime poetry and eloquence of the world have been produced in the infancy of society, where nearness to nature gave inspiration, and the poverty of language compelled directness and simplicity of expression. The efforts of modern genius, with all the opulence of language, with the accumulated treasures of time, have fallen short of the efforts of those inspired by the simple majesty of nature.

There is more force, more of nature, if I may so speak, in the words of Anglo-Saxon origin than in those derived from other languages. That was the language of the most bold, earnest, energetic men the world has ever seen, the men who laid the foundations of Anglo-Saxon dominion upon the earth and the sea. The most vigorous writers and speakers

of the age draw most largely from that source, and the extent which they do it is the measure of their power. I would not substitute any more than necessary the smooth and graceful language of effeminate and dreaming races for the strong, iron, heartfelt words of our ancestors. Ours is the language of liberty. It embodies its spirit and its statutes, and nowhere on earth has freedom a banner that is not upheld by Anglo-Saxon hands. No tongue but ours dares to utter the noblest aspirations of man. While we have in our own storehouse the lightning and the thunderbolt, let us not go abroad for zephyrs or the melodious words that charm the ear but do not burn into the soul.

To learn the meaning of eighty thousand words of the English language would be a life-long task. No man ever uses them all in writing or speech. Milton used seven thousand and Shakespeare ten thousand; and I do not believe any writer ever used more. The most thorough understanding of words would involve a critical knowledge of all the languages from which they are derived; yet the highest excellence of style has been attained without all this labor. The history of our language is the history of our civilization. It reveals the revolutions, changes and amalgamations of races, the development of science, art and literature and social institutions.

It requires precisely the same mental discipline to make an extemporaneous speaker and writer. The power of forming symmetrical sentences, of using words with propriety, is only acquired by the discipline of writing. The habits thus formed become a second nature and are carried into extemporaneous speech. Men who lay the foundation in this way make the speeches which instruct and electrify the world. Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke and Webster were model writers before they were extemporaneous speakers. The popular idea that a man who has not the resources of thought and the use of words to enable him to write a page of his own language well can make a speech of any real value is absurd. He may inflame the passions, he may please those who mistake the

melody of the human voice for wisdom, he may startle by his attitudes, but he will make no more permanent impression upon the understanding than the mists make upon the mountains.

Honesty is an essential element in the character of a writer or a speaker. No man can be eloquent who is not uttering deep and earnest convictions. I care not how ingeniously he may marshal words and phrases, the spirit that embalms and hallows for immortality will not come to his aid. No hypocrite can like Prometheus steal the fire from heaven. In conclusion, I would say, we have but one life to live and 'the shears of the fates gleam over its thread.' Whatever then may have been in the past, whatever of achievement and glory awaits the future, now is the working time for the living. The body that is laid in the grave may be clothed with a new life at the resurrection, but neither in time nor in eternity will lost opportunities come back. Forward forever is the march of destiny. The soul does not move in a cycle like the worlds. Let us not say in this most favored age that we have not the means of improvement. Books that embody the wisdom of the world are within our reach. The experience of two hundred generations of men in society, of myriads of individual lives in all the vicissitudes of being are before us for our guidance; the living present is around us, and the great social problems which are to affect the remotest generation, are being worked out by the pen and sword. There is no royal road to wisdom. It comes only by study and thought, and its effective use only by practice. The wealth of the Indies cannot purchase it. The monarch on his throne cannot command it, genius cannot dispense with it. A man may refuse to eat, and famish around the board spread with plenty; he may refuse to drink, though the waters of life roll at his feet, he may close his eyes, though the earth smiles with beauty, and the heavens are radiant with light; but he shall pay the penalty by hunger and thirst and the blackness of darkness forever.

This association is designed to increase your knowledge and to give you facility in its use. It offers to you the sceptre of earthly power. Yours is the language of a conquering race. It is to be the language of new empires. On this continent, within the lives of many who now hear me; it will be the medium of expression for one hundred millions of men, who, we may hope, will be united in the grandest nationality the world will ever witness.

## OUR NATION.

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ADDRESS DELIVERED AT EAST RANDOLPH, N. Y., ON  
JULY 4th, 1864.

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### *Fellow Citizens :*

It is with a feeling of sadness that I appear before you to-day, as I cannot respect truth and give you one of those glowing pictures of national prosperity which on such occasions have so often gladdened your hearts. Let us rather look calmly and manfully upon our situation, in the tempest which is upon us, and on this hallowed day renew our vows to endeavor to comprehend and do our whole duty to our country.

This glorious anniversary, which has been the holiday of a whole people in which millions have felt a common joy over the glory and achievements of the past, the peace and happiness of the present, and the boundless promise of the future, has to some extent become a day of anxiety and sorrow. Our national banner, which has floated peacefully in every valley and upon every hill-top, from ocean to ocean, and around which youth and age have gathered in the summer air to exult and almost to worship, waves not now in the breezes of the Sunny South only as it is here and there upheld by armed hosts. Half a million of men press around it in deadly conflict, that its glittering stars may not be torn from their places. The roar of artillery is to-day heard in our land as

of yore, but, alas, it is not all a memento of the strife and triumphs of the past; it is followed by the groans of the dying and the tears of widows and orphans.

The Almighty is teaching us as a people terrible lessons, and it becomes us to accept them in all humility, and not to shrink from their contemplation or the stern duties they impose. I hope that I may be able to speak without offence to any one, for, as much as we may differ in our views of the best means to attain desirable ends, still there is common pride, common interests and common hopes in which we all share, and common grounds broad enough for us all to stand upon to-day as American citizens. Is not the desire that our national unity may be preserved as universal and as deeply implanted in every heart as the hope of heaven? Do we not all shrink from the thought of national dismemberment as from the shadow of death? Do we not all cherish the hope, even in the darkest hour, that we shall in some way escape this great calamity, and transmit free institutions and a united country to our posterity?

Radical differences of opinion as to national policy are inevitable. They have their foundation in the organization of the human mind. They existed before the foundations of the Republic were laid among those who bore the scars of the conflict for freedom upon their persons. After the convention which framed the Constitution had sat for months, Washington despaired of their agreeing upon any kind of union, and felt that the sacrifices of the Revolution were lost, and he declared that the Constitution, as finally adopted, was the result of patriotic and mutual compromise and concessions of feelings, opinions and interests. Adams and Jefferson became at once the leaders of opposing parties, were estranged from each other by the bitterness of political discussion, but had that respect for the purity of each other's motives that they renewed their friendship in their old age and it continued until the Fourth of July, 1826, when, as if to give a new consecration to the day, both were summoned from the world.

Every shade of faith has had its army of martyrs. The discussion of all the great problems of government in the Senate Chamber by Webster, Clay, Benton, Wright and others called forth a statesmanship as profound, an eloquence as lofty and inspiring as any that the history of the world embodies. What anguish, what desolation, what bloodshed the American people would have been spared, if they had heeded the letter and spirit of such instructions. We do not reflect sufficiently upon the nature and importance of government. Men cannot exist without it save as isolated savages. It is the power that makes and executes the laws which define and guard all the rights of men in the social state. It is the foundation of the order, protection and social unity under which civilization is developed. None is so high that he can disregard it, none so weak that a nation's power does not shield his rights. In the rude stage of society, despotism is not only the best, but it is the only possible form of government. Before the moral sentiments of a people are developed, they can be governed only by brute force, and the man who has the brain and will to rule over them and preserve society from anarchy is one of the greatest of human benefactors. When Napoleon, after the failure of democracy in France, closed the reign of anarchy by despotism, he earned the gratitude of mankind. It depends entirely upon the character and genius of a people what government is best for them. Necessity is stronger than the dreams and speculations about abstract rights. A democratic government springs from the highest civilization as naturally as the leaf springs from the tree. When the masses know their rights, they will have such a government as they desire, because they wield the physical power of the nation.

Our government was formed by the people and for the people. They sent men in whom they had all confidence to frame a Constitution, and then reserved the power to approve or disapprove of their work. The citizens of each State deliberately ratified it for themselves and their posterity. Its

fundamental idea is of political equality, and that all legitimate power is derived from the consent of the people. They did not enthrone a man or a class and hedge them around with power and prerogatives to govern, but they prescribed the manner in which they would in the future appoint their agents to conduct their business and the limitations under which they should act. They prescribed that the highest officers before assuming their trusts should take a solemn oath to support the Constitution; they made them servants, and not masters. Our Constitution, all of our laws, are only solemn declarations of the will of the people, and are subject to change according to prescribed forms, as the popular will changes.

If such a government as ours is permitted to perish, it will be because the American people are not worthy of such a blessing. Remember that, if we do not sustain it, no advance step is possible; if there is any change, it must be backward to centralization and despotism. The foundations of our government were laid under most favorable circumstances. Up to the time that British legislation sought at one fell blow to sweep away the liberties of all the thirteen colonies, they had no sympathy or political or commercial association between them. The inhabitants of each had, from the circumstances which had driven them hither from the very forests in which dwelt the spirit of freedom, from the practice of self-government, acquired a love for liberty. The glorious Declaration of Independence, which we have just heard, met with an equally warm response from the North and the South. The cry of a whole people was, "Give us liberty, or give us death." In the common sacrifices and sufferings of the Revolution were laid the foundations of nationality. From Maine to the Everglades of Florida every heart beat with a common impulse. In the beginning the sons of the South rallied with those of the North, to defend the homes of New York and New England. Together they drove the enemy from Boston; together they marched with bleeding feet

through the snows of New Jersey, and at Princeton and Trenton struck the blows which saved the nation from despair; together they bled and triumphed upon the heights of Saratoga, and when the bolt fell South the North rushed to the rescue. The dust of Northern and Southern men who died side by side for our common liberty and nationality now mingles together within the hostile lines of Charleston, and upon the ground held by contending armies upon the banks of the James River. Accursed by the men, whoever they may be, and the causes, whatever they may be, that have filled the hearts of men with bitterness and given to the fratricidal strife of sons the places hallowed by the united blood of the fathers shed in the holiest of causes.

In a spirit of mutual concession, in a patriotism comprehensive as the nation, in a friendship consecrated by suffering and cemented by blood, in a love of liberty strengthened by the most terrible trials a people ever endured for her sake, in a purity that was the offspring of sacrifices for the common good, in a feeling of gratitude to God for their great deliverance, with a fond hope of liberty and happiness for their posterity forever, the foundations of the Republic were laid. George Washington was the foremost man in the great work. Reverence for his virtues, faith in his wisdom and leadership was one of the strongest ties of nationality. He stands out to-day the noblest model of a man the ages have produced.

We have seen how our government was inaugurated. It was not way back in the mists of ages, but there are those present whose lives span the whole existence of the Republic. With the exception of the clouds and darkness of the last few years, its career has been one of unparalleled prosperity. Purchase soon extended our domain from the Mississippi to the Pacific, giving us the most magnificent empire in varied resources ever united under one government. The happiness and energy developed by freedom led to every form of physical achievement. Steam and electricity, the giants that are doing the work of mankind, were given to the world by our

countrymen. Our population increased from three millions to thirty. Institutions of learning and temples for the worship of the living God crowned our hills and multiplied in our valleys. Millions from Europe, attracted by the story of our prosperity and promise, came to our shores to enjoy the blessings of liberty. Men of every nation were united in building up and giving grandeur to the great temple consecrated to freedom forever. We were draining the very life blood from other nations to invigorate our growth. The cotton fields of the South supplied millions across the deep with the material for labor. The Valley of the Mississippi supplied them with bread. We had the largest internal commerce of any nation upon the globe, and were only second in our tonnage upon the seas.

Our complicated system of government worked harmoniously. No conflict between national and State jurisdiction had ever occurred. The decision of the people at the ballot-box had been acquiesced in as if it had been the decree of fate. Sixteen times had the men who wielded executive power laid it down and retired to private life. Twenty-one additional stars, each representing a new State, had been placed upon our national banner. Men now present, the venerable pioneers of Western New York, can remember when in the depths of the forest here they were on the western verge of civilization; now they are in the East, and the then unpeopled Northwest Territory has become the home of nine millions of men. A railroad now passes your doors that connects you with the Atlantic and the Mississippi. The change you have witnessed from the solitude of the wilderness to the cultivated fields, the busy population, the beautiful villages and the great cities of Western New York is only such a change as has been going on in the same period all over the country. It is all the fruit of energy and intelligence, nourished by freedom and protected by law; and yet, unless we perish from treason and domestic dissension, we now see but the first feeble dawn of the glory and power that await the

Republic. It has not now one-tenth the population its natural resources, well used, can sustain. But a small portion of our soil has yet been made to contribute to the support of human life. Our vast mineral resources are almost untouched. We occupy the very heart of the world. When our whole domain is peopled, we might have a hundred States, each fit to hold a respectable rank among the nations of the earth, and, all combined, able to dictate to the rest of the world and to control the character of its government; if not by force, by example. There is one thing I wish to impress upon you, that is, the necessity of preserving national unity, and the Constitution of the United States, which is the bond of that unity. It holds in their places all the stars that glitter upon our national ensign. The Union and the Constitution were born together, and they will perish together. I shudder to contemplate what might arise from the ruins. It is of no use to inquire how tolerably we might get along with a portion or what our strength would be, for if the process of dismemberment once begins no one can tell where it will end; if the fundamental compact is broken, its binding force and sacredness are gone forever, and in the conflict of varied interests what could check the violence and malignity of revolutionary passions? The vast debt made to sustain the whole Union might be repudiated by a part, and the spirit of repudiation of all obligations, human and divine, would run through all classes of society.

The question of national integrity and life is no abstraction. It is a practical question, being contested day by day upon the battle field, by the most obstinate and murderous conflicts the world has ever known. It as directly concerns us all as that we shall have air to breathe, or that the earth shall yield her increase, or the heavens shed their light. No human mind can have a just conception of the bearing the preservation of the national and constitutional life of the Republic is to have upon human happiness. If we fail, it is not alone the anarchy that may temporarily come, or the sufferings and humili-

ation of this generation, but it rolls backward the tide of civilization. It gives despotism a long carnival upon the earth, cuts off at the very fountain a stream meant to roll on and refresh and gladden the children of the New World forever. All those who now live are a mere handful compared with those who are, as the ages roll around, to occupy our great national domain, and to rejoice or suffer as the Republic is preserved or destroyed. Verdure will spring up again on desolated fields, new structures might arise above the ashes of your homes, new sails be launched upon the solitary lake and river, new-born men take the places of the dead; but nothing can restore a nation dismembered and broken into hostile fragments. Why do we prize the Constitution? It is for what it cost; because it is the work of the fathers; because it alone is the bond of national unity that holds the thirty-four States together as the principle of attraction holds the galaxies of stars in their long circuits through the heavens; because under it we have had such national growth and prosperity as was never vouchsafed to any other people; because by it exists that system which adapts itself to local wants in every State, giving each State all the authority which has not been in the Constitution expressly given to the general government; because it guarantees to all, unless forfeited by crime, the exercise of all the natural and inalienable rights which God gives us. Americans will stand by it while they have those rights, and, because they have them, they yield allegiance for protection. When they cease to have that protection in reality, then mournfully furl the banner which has been the emblem of constitutional liberty and lay it aside forever; let it wave no longer as a mockery on earth. It has waved over a living, a glorious body. Let it never be used as a pall for a corpse.

The causes which threaten the Republic are base passions temporarily excited, hatred and bitterness not founded in nature, but springing up in opposition to it, while the causes which demand its perpetuity have their roots far back in his-

tory, in a common origin, a common language ; they are sanctioned by reason, by common interests, and all the better impulses of the human heart. It is as necessary to every part, North and South, to adhere to the Union, as it is to every limb of the living body that it be not cut off from the common source of life.

The Union was designed to be perpetual. Provisions were made to change the Constitution as the popular will demanded it. Washington says in his "Farewell Address" that "the basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and alter their Constitution of government, and the Constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all." There is no need of conflict; the general government has the powers expressly delegated to it by the Constitution, and no more; the States and the people expressly reserve all other powers. If there is obscurity or conflict, there is a tribunal to interpret and decide ; for this purpose the Supreme Court of the United States was created. Of what use is a Constitution, if it is not regarded; or laws, if they are not obeyed; or a judiciary, if it is not respected ? Every man, no matter what his motives have been, who has lessened the reverence and respect of the American people for the fundamental law, which is the bond that holds society together, has helped to bathe the fair fields of his country in blood. A man can no more disregard the laws and Constitution of his country and be a good citizen than he can reject the Bible and be a Christian. Law is the will and represents the majority of the people.

Our system of government is complicated. From the extent of the Republic there must ever be clashing sectional interests ; there must be clashing between great interests in the same community as to how the increased burdens of government shall be borne. Legislation can be made too oppressive to be borne without violating the letter of the Constitution just as unconscionable advantage may be taken between

men without violating the law. Shylock was not wise in demanding the pound of flesh, although it was written in the bond. Property questions have always been the cause of revolutions. We can only avoid this by statesmanship that comprehends all the varied interests of society, by toleration, mutual concession, by magnanimity, by equal and exact justice. Shall we ask our neighbors, our friends, our sons and brothers, to pour out their blood upon the battle field for national life, and still ourselves be unwilling to sacrifice pecuniary interests or the pride of opinion, or yield in the least to the honest convictions of other men? Justice must be the life of the nation. We must regard it as worth mutual sacrifices. Majorities must not tyrannize over minorities, nor the strong interests in society over the weak. Patriotism must be broader than State lines, and stronger than selfishness. It is only upon such conditions that the Republic can live and fulfill the glorious mission we have all hoped for her. Let us hope that the present terrible struggle will impress upon the mind and heart of the American people lessons that will last forever.

At the close of the Revolution we had a sparse population, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits. A people so purified by suffering, so patriotic, so intelligent, so keenly alive to their political duties, never existed elsewhere. Such men as sat then in Congress, such men as framed the Constitution, such men as early filled the Executive chair, were types of the men they represented, and of the spirit of the age. Read the records of men who represented the people the first fifty years of our national existence, and compare them with the men of all parties who have filled our national legislative halls for the last ten years.

At any early period, a member in the excitement of debate spoke of a dissolution of the Union. The hammer of the Speaker fell, members sprung to their feet in horror, and such a shock was felt as there would be among Christian worshippers to hear God blasphemed in his holy temple. We

have been too prosperous as a people ; we have not realized the value of law, of order, of institutions which have cost us nothing. We have been like "the prodigal son," dreaming that the ancestral inheritance would last forever. We have been rioting and rejoicing in the temple, while fell spirits have been undermining the foundations and stealing the sacred fire from the altar.

We must have intelligence, morality and that eternal vigilance which Jefferson declared to be the price of liberty. At an earlier day the most painful solicitude was exercised by the people in the selection of men for official trusts ; they selected them with the care you would a physician, if the shadow of death rested over your household. Honesty and ability, tried and approved, were absolutely required. It was as difficult for a corrupt man to get the popular suffrage, as the Scriptures assure us it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. The brood of professional place-seekers had not yet cursed the land. They have been the offspring of a declining public morality. Now, is it not a fact that any measure of integrity has not of late been necessary to secure popular suffrage ; that your great social interests and your most sacred trusts have been made the sport of selfishness and corruption, and have been traded upon and gambled with like stocks in Wall street ? The jugglers of India and China could learn tricks they never thought of, from our politicians. In our State, legislation has been bought and sold, and a portion of our Legislature could only be approached by those who could work their way through the lobby with gold. The people should first of all require honesty in public positions, for if corruption commences at the head it will extend to the extremities.

This war has been to the place-seekers as rare a feast as it has been to the crow and the vulture. They have all enlisted enthusiastically for the war, but it has been in the quartermaster and contract departments. Their modesty has not allowed them to wear epaulettes. With their arms up to their

elbows in the public crib, they have been shouting about union and liberty with the same sincerity that Satan talked to Eve about knowledge in the garden. A gentleman informed me that he passed seven miles upon the banks of the Potomac where at every step he frightened the crows from their horrid repast. He wondered at the instinct that had gathered them there from all quarters, but I wonder more at the longer vision and the keener scent that from a wider circuit has gathered around that blood-stained river the larger host of human harpies who are gorging themselves upon the means a bleeding country puts forth to save her existence among nations.

The American people have their destiny in their own hands, and they must work it out under inexorable laws. If they are heedless of the morality which is the primal bond of society, if even calamity will not teach them, they will add another to the list of fallen republics; their sun will set forever while it should be only morning. Many nations have been great and heroic in adversity, but have degenerated under the influence of prosperity. Whether great prosperity can exist for a long time in any nation without sapping the foundations of public and private virtue is an unsolved problem. Virtue seems more of a winter than a summer flower. We are now suffering just as other nations have suffered. We had not, from the lessons of history, any more reason to expect to escape social convulsions here than the family circle yet unvisited by death would have to expect immortality on earth. That we have in this Republic all the elements of human happiness and greatness; that we have studded it all over with the achievements of genius and enterprise; that we can hold in our hands the sceptre of the world, there is no doubt; nothing but treason as base as that of Judas can destroy us. Every man contributes in some way upon one side or the other of the scales in which national destiny is weighed under the just laws which emanate from the Almighty. Individuals make up public morality,

as the stream is given character and a name to the waters of the mighty river.

For instruction and guidance, let us heed not the party spirit and excitement of the present, but go back to the fathers. Let us drink at the pure fountains, before the waters became heated and turbid from passions. The giants of the past have gone to their rest, and none has arisen worthy to take their places. Oh, that Washington could arise from his grave on the blood-stained banks of the Potomac, and reiterate again, from living lips, in a voice that should reach the North and the South, the East and the West the almost forgotten, or neglected truths of his "Farewell Address," for to heed them is national life, to disregard them is national suicide; or that Clay had been spared to us to kindle by his glowing and persuasive eloquence in every heart the burning patriotism in which no base passion could live; or that we had Silas Wright with an integrity as unsullied as that of Cato, with an intellect as comprehensive as the Republic, to restore order out of chaos, and to lead us as a people to the good old paths of prosperity and peace; or that Webster could again be heard by the American people, vindicating the sacredness and binding force of the Constitution in all its parts, hurling the thunderbolts of his indignant eloquence against all men who trampled upon the least of its provisions, and pleading, as of yore, in burning words, for Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable; or Andrew Jackson, the iron man of the Hermitage, who with the simple declaration, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," dismayed the ranks of treason and accomplished the work of armies. These great suns have set, but they have left an effulgence upon the sky sufficient to make clear and radiant the path of duty to their countrymen forever.

It is natural that we should on this hallowed day look to the glorious events of the past. They seem to come nearer to us; the spirits of the mighty dead seem abroad upon the

earth, inviting us to communion. This day is dedicated to patriotism and freedom forever. The gold-digger on the banks of the Sacramento and upon the hills of Idaho, the American in whatever foreign clime his footsteps wander, the sailor upon distant seas, all pause to think of their country. Even the traitors arrayed in arms against her have an additional sense of the enormity of treason.

While there is at this time much to sadden, there is no reason for despair. We have demonstrated that patriotism and the heroic virtues still live. Never have so many in any nation volunteered to meet suffering and death in any cause. France, goaded by foreign invasion in the very frenzy of revolutionary patriotism, could not muster one-half the host that the star-spangled banner has gathered around it. Your noble country may well have pride in her sons. A part of them were in the Excelsior Brigade, which was conspicuous in an army of heroes. Every great battle field in Virginia and Maryland has been moistened with their blood. The One Hundred and Fifty-fourth bore the flag which represents your honor in triumph above the clouds upon Lookout Mountain. It is now in the advance pressing forward to Atlanta. They will return to you crowned with the laurel wreath of victory, or they will find honorable graves. You will see to it that the flag under which they died shall wave over their long dreamless sleep. Will you ever consent to a state of things in which you will have to get a foreign passport if you want to go and visit the graves and gather up the dust of your children? I can realize something of what you have suffered: how age has lost its staff, and childhood its protector; how you have seen your fathers, your sons, and brothers, go forth from you full of life and hope, and return in shrouds, or have heard that upon some distant battle field they were sleeping, to be awakened only by the last trumpet. Yet I do not believe that God requires such sacrifices in vain. Such examples of patriotic devotion and heroism are the wealth, the inspiration of a people. Long as your everlasting

hills shall stand, long as the life dwells in your valleys, their names will be remembered. Much as you have suffered, you have occasion for gratitude, for you have not had the worst of war. The tramp of the invader has not been upon your soil ; your fields have not been made desolate ; the sky has not been lighted up at midnight by the glare of your burning homes. The South, for its treason against the Republic, has had to endure the sight of its cities ruined, its fields desolated by the march of armies, its sons slain by tens of thousands upon the battle field, its homes filled with mourning and sorrow, its church-yards with new-made graves, and all this as an expiation for folly, and not a noble sacrifice for duty.

War is a small evil compared with what party spirit and the lust of wealth and the unchecked passions of men may bring upon us ; for war has its humanizing rules, but anarchy knows no law. Let law cease to be respected and obeyed and the power that enforces it fails, and then indeed would desolation brood over your fields and silence succeed the hum of industry in your workshops. Then would the robber, the incendiary and the assassin ply their task unchecked at midnight and at noonday. Then would your homes cease to be a sanctuary, and your children gather around you for the protection you would have no power to give. You may say such things are impossible ; so five years ago you would have said that half a million of men could not be arrayed against the national life of the Republic. When we review human history and see what men have done under the sway of passion, we should feel more like asking God for protection than like boasting of our virtue or strength.

A golden chapter in our history will be the one that records the acts of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The people have done all that is possible to alleviate the horrors of war. They have had their messengers of mercy upon every battle field and in every hospital, to give drink to the thirsty, food to the hungry, to sympathize with the suffering, to pillow the heads of the dying, to catch the last faint

accents of lips closing forever and bear them away to distant kindred, and to mark the resting places of the dead ; and in the tent, and upon the march, and in the garrison, wherever a soldier is beneath our banner, to spread abroad and proclaim the word of life. The means of doing all this has been in the main the work of women. Unable to dispel the cloud, her mercy has arched it with the rainbow, and, when the cloud passes away, the light that formed the bow will still gild the heavens and gladden the earth.

Now, in conclusion, permit me to say that on this day we should endeavor to comprehend our duties in the light of patriotism and Christianity. We hold a great trust from the dead. We are only sentinels on the watch-towers of liberty to guard it for the coming millions. Even now I almost hear the myriad tread and see the glittering stars upon the banners of those coming to relieve us. Let us be at our post with the watch-fires brightly burning. If we think there are deformities upon the tree of liberty, prune it in a proper and constitutional way, but don't tear it up by the roots to get rid of the branches, any more than you would tear out the heart of the child of your hopes, to cure the deformity of a single limb. Do what you can by Christian means to make the tree correspond to your ideas, and trust to time, to posterity and to God, for the perfect fruit. When we see men now ready to apply the axe to the root of the tree of constitutional liberty, we can exclaim with the poet, "Spare that tree, in youth it sheltered us, and we'll protect it now."

We should realize that there can be no improvement only as it has its foundations in the purity of the human heart. It is in the human heart bad institutions have their roots ; from it they draw their life. You may prick it with bayonets, you may inflame it with the passions of hell, or you may pierce it slowly with divine truth and warm it to charity and all good works by the spirit of Christianity. With the light of Christianity for eighteen centuries, with all the sacrifices of the wise and good from age to age since the crea-

tion, the world of to-day, with all its mixture of good and to suffer. The reward, the crown of virtue, is beyond the grave. Let us in humble dependence upon God, do all we can in this great struggle to save our country, but let us do all from a love of justice and nothing for vengeance. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Let us be careful how we assume his prerogatives.

To-day as we look over our country and see it belted with desolation, strewn with the ashes of once happy homes, stained with the blood of hundreds of thousands of its children, and almost bedewed with the tears of widows and orphans, it becomes us, while feeling the terrible guilt of the South, to consider whether we have done nothing to swell this great tide of passion and to beget the sectional hatred that is desolating the land. Our first duty is to obey the Constitution and laws of our country, and then to force obedience upon the refractory if necessary, even at the mouth of the cannon and the point of the bayonet. It seems to me that if every man, North and South, would to-day lay aside party spirit, and go to Washington's "Farewell Address" and the examples of the fathers to learn patriotism, and to the Bible to learn charity, forgiveness and obedience to constituted authority, we might all next year celebrate this anniversary as a united people, that a shout of joy and gratitude would ascend from ocean to ocean that would startle the birds in their loftiest flights and pierce the very heavens. God speed the day when our absent ones shall return to us, when we shall no longer feel that we are raising up our children for the sacrifice, when the sorrowing shall be comforted by results achieved, when the aged can say with Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." I know not how it is with others, but I want to sail in the old ship, under the old flag, upon the old sea, with the Constitution for a compass, the spirits of the fathers for a pilot and the God who blessed their work for a protector. I want no revolutionary

evil, is the fruit. We are here to be tried, and tempted, and experiments, no launching upon unknown seas. I want a government here of consent, a Republic not pinned together by bayonets, but

“The Union of hearts, the Union of hands,  
The Union of States and the Union of lands,  
And the flag of our Union forever.”

Finally, let us all unite in a fervent prayer to Almighty God, that, however much he may punish us as a people, he will not cut us off in the morning of our youth, and that in the midst of judgment he will remember mercy.

## THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

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AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF  
FREDONIA, N. Y., ON FEBRUARY 16th, 1865.

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*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

I appear before you to-night to address you upon the subject of common schools and their relation to higher institutions of learning. In this hall have been heard or witnessed the feats of Ethiopian minstrels, of ventriloquists, of slight-of-hand performers; here feet have moved to the measures of the dance; here has been heard the tramp of men in martial array; here have stood the champions of all political parties; but never have any of you come here to consider a subject of greater importance than our common schools. I may fail to make you realize it, but if I do it will be because I am not able adequately to present so mighty a theme. The common school is the foundation of the whole social edifice. It is to society what the root is to the tree. It is glorious to behold the tree bearing its burden of verdure and fruit aloft in the golden sunlight, but, if we would study the source of its life, we shall find it in the roots imbedded in the earth, which take in the nourishment that feeds the topmost twig and blossom, and without which it would become a mouldering ruin. So in society it is more captivating to contemplate the achievements of men, the grand action of the impulses that move nations, than it is to go to the quiet and obscure places where these impulses are born.

Our common schools are the peculiarity of our civilization, at least in the free States of our Republic. The schoolhouse was early reared in the shadow of the wilderness, when wild beasts frequented the woodland paths which connected it with human habitations. From the beginning it has been the treasure of every community, city and country. It has graced alike the hills and valleys of New England and the Middle States and the prairies of the West. More than three centuries from the time the Pilgrims reared it in New England within hearing of the wintry surges of the Atlantic, their descendants planted it upon the golden shores of the Pacific; and soon it shall appear upon the now unpeopled waste between the East and the West, and everywhere the sight of happy children and their glad voices greet the traveller as he passes over the magnificent highway that is to bind ocean to ocean forever.

Our schools are not like those under monarchies, where teachers are the hirelings of government and must impress upon the youthful mind the sentiments which sustain the throne and church it fosters; but they are the property of the people. No form of partisanship, no sectarian teaching is allowed within them. They instruct in the broad principles which all men recognize, in the elementary knowledge which every soul requires. They give all the alphabet of the universe. There the children of the rich and the poor are on terms of perfect equality; there knowledge is as free as the waters that gush from our hillside fountains. The parent who cannot leave his children worldly goods can give them something better. The means of education in the hands of the poor, with proper home influences and the energy and self-reliance developed by the necessities of poverty, need give the poor man no fears for the fate of his posterity. Judging from the past I may safely say that, if we could lift the vail from the future, we should see in the next generation the children of the poor of this entrancing Senates by their eloquence, wielding the thunderbolts of war, sitting

at the helm of the ship of state, wrenching new truths and new treasures from the arcana of science, and writing now humble names in the cherished list of the immortals.

The common school must educate the great mass of the people if they are educated at all. This education should be in obedience which makes good citizens, in habits which bind the soul to truth and duty forever, in the moral sentiments which direct the understanding and the will, as well as in the knowledge which is power. It takes into its keeping for years the youth of each generation who are to be the men and women of the next. Its dominion is over the mind in its plastic and forming state, in its spring time when proper seed must be sown if it is ever to yield a harvest. Broad and deep should be laid the foundation of the superstructure which is to embrace all truth and to have its apex in eternity. In the first place, exact obedience should be required in the school room; order, which is Heaven's first law, should be apparent. Every appeal to the pride, the sentiments and the affections which patience and ingenuity can devise should be first resorted to, and, if they fail, necessary force should be employed to compel obedience. The Almighty appeals to all men to obey the moral law, yet he threatens and imposes penalties for crime. Pain, disease and death are nature's penalties for violating her laws. The State builds the prison and the gallows for offenders, and still men trample upon the authority of Heaven and earth. There are some who can be controlled only by their fears. When parents can govern their children without force, when the State can dispense with punishment for guilt, when the whole physical economy of nature is reversed, when the Creator allows immunity to crime, let us ask the teacher under all circumstances to dispense with punishment, but never before. The advantages of enforcing obedience are not simply order in the school room, but the habit of obedience disciplines each to govern his own spirit, and it plants respect for authority, human and divine, among the primal springs of action. It makes the citizens

who become the pillars of the state, when the children who are governed neither at home nor at school form the material for the mob.

At school should be taught habits of systematic industry and of thoroughness of investigation. With each new truth the soul acquires it should grow stronger to grasp the next. If it is thorough it gains at once strength and light. There are no long steps in the ladder of truth. Its foot is in the darkness of earth and its top in the clear light of the heavens. If we master each step as we ascend we shall carry the key to the next, and the cheering light above shall finally greet us and guide our steps to realms of endless day. If we are superficial, if we let darkness gather beneath us, we shall be ashamed to descend, unable to advance. The boy who leaves school with habits of industry and patient investigation and with enthusiasm for knowledge is on the highway to excellence and the high places of the earth. The one who does not acquire them will go down to obscurity and darkness. With industry distasteful, the book of knowledge sealed, the path to honest fame closed, it is natural that he should seek the paths of infamy. Did you ever reflect how few of those who early acquire habits of obedience and industry and a love for knowledge at school ever become criminals? It has been truly said that the idle brain is the devil's workshop.

I will hear speak of the process of assimilation. Go into the same garden and I will show you the rose and the deadly night-shade blooming side by side, each fed by the common earth and common air, but each draws from the common storehouse according to its own nature. So the tastes formed in youth determine what the soul will assimilate or draw to itself forever. Good and evil in every form are presented to it, and it must choose between them. Byron sought inspiration from unhallowed passions and the gloom of darkness, and Milton from "Zion Hill and Siloa's Brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God." Again, the moral sentiments and emotions, which are formed more than anywhere else in the

school room, are the power behind the throne, swaying all the energies of men and nations. There are laid the foundations of revolutions. The common schools to-day bear the same relation to the next generation that childhood bears to manhood and old age. Goethe, the great German poet and the most profound master of the human heart since Shakespeare, has on this point left his testimony. In his old age his sovereign was driven from his throne by French bayonets. A body of French troops entered the house of the old poet. Feeling the shame of his country, he arose from his bed and said to them : "I will take my staff in hand and accompany my master in adversity as old Lucas Cranach did. I will never forsake him. The women and children when they meet us in the villages will cast down their eyes and weep and say to one another, 'That is old Goethe and the former Duke of Weimar whom the French Emperor drove from his throne because he visited his uncle on his death-bed, and would not let his old comrades and brethren in arms starve.' " After a pause he continued : "I will sing for bread ; I will turn strolling ballad singer, and put our misfortunes into verse ; I will wander into every village ; and in every school where the name of Goethe is known I will chant the dishonor of Germany, and the children shall learn the song of our shame till they are men, and thus they shall sing my master on to his throne and yours off his." He knew that it was in the school room and in the emotions that the revolution must be commenced that should tear down and build up thrones. If he could have had all the youth of Germany for an audience he would have made a generation of heroes. In every despotic government there is a censorship over schools and over the literature for the young. Democracy and despotism alike lay their foundations in the discipline of youth. Feed the passions of the young of any nation with the aspiration for liberty, and, when they become men, they will be the subjects of no potentate less than the King of Kings. Even the Marseilles hymn has at times been prohibited in France. A

Swiss army cannot be kept from desertion if they are allowed to listen to the sweet airs that remind them of childhood and home.

If you would know the power of early impressions, behold the aged man at the period "when the grasshopper shall be a burden and desire shall fail." Manhood, the period of achievement, has become to him like a dream; the present is unnoticed, but the soul travels back to childhood and lives it over again. The old circle of home sit round the hearthstone as of yore; again he plays beside the babbling brook with the companions of boyhood and plucks the wild flowers of spring; again the light of childhood gilds the heavens and earth with its glow; again voices long hushed in death seem to murmur in his ear; again the birds sing in enchanted groves; for the last time the heart warms up that is so soon to be forever cold. Desolate indeed must be the winter of a life that has no sunshine in the remembrance of its spring.

I have spoken of the habits and sentiments, and I come now to speak of the power of knowledge itself. When a child has simply learned to read, it has the key to the wisdom and treasures of the world. Take the most narrow and selfish view of education. If wealth, power and place are the chief good of life, if eternity is but a vision and virtue but a name, education is the sure means to obtain them all. If enjoyment above that of the brute is the object, education is the only means to attain it. Intelligence gives pre-eminence in heaven, earth and hell. It is the sceptre of the Almighty. The gravest of all crimes is to neglect the education of children. If parents are unable to educate them, it is the duty of the community. The body has no stronger claim to food and raiment than the soul has to light. The universe is made for the soul and to minister to it. The land, the sea, the elements, all beauty, all melody, all truth, all forms of life, exist only to develop it. The necessities, the sorrows of life, are only for its discipline. Whatever inspiration there is in poetry, genius and art, in the achievements of man, in

the heroism of all the martyrs for humanity belongs to it for cheer and guidance, and its developed powers belong to society. How small is the crime of stealing gold compared with robbing a soul of its inheritance—that soul that is to rise in the freshness of immortal youth from the ashes of the globe itself. The voice of Abel's blood cried unto God from the ground, and can we doubt that the voice of crushed, neglected and bleeding childhood also reaches the ear of the Eternal? Such children develop into monsters and take a terrible revenge upon the society that spurned the claims of their childhood.

The State of New York makes munificent provision for the education of her children in the Normal schools she sustains, in the liberal aid she gives to colleges, academies and common schools, by the law that exempts the poor from the burden of rate bills, by the free instruction she gives so many who are preparing to teach, in the library provided for every district school. Her open hand gives an impulse to all the machinery of education, but neither the State nor the teacher can do much without the cordial and enthusiastic aid of every community. The education of children must be made the primary object, instead of being secondary to every other interest. If one-half the zeal was felt in education that there is in the accumulation of wealth for children, our schools would at once feel new life and vigor. In Athens for ages the whole attention of the people was turned to the education of youth. Poets sung in schools in immortal verse of the heroism of the dead to warm youths to emulation. Temples reared and adorned by Phidias and Praxitiles cultivated the taste for art. Plato and Socrates gathered the youths around them to discourse of philosophy and the mysteries of life. Demosthenes and men worthy to be his rivals struggled before popular assemblies for the palm of eloquence. The same attention was paid to physical as to mental development. The groves where Athenian youths were taught were treated as holy ground. Athens, small in extent and feeble in num-

bers, managed by her system of education to attain the perfection in arms, art, poetry and eloquence which places her without a peer in the world's history. I have cited Athens to show what is possible in education. The mass of men do not give the attention to schools that they do to anything which directly affects their pecuniary interests. They submit to taxes with the same kind of resignation that they do to sickness and death. More inquiry would be made and more care would be taken in selecting a man to break a span of colts or a yoke of steers than for a teacher for children. I heard more talk about a disciple of Rarey who broke colts here, in one week, than I ever heard about schools in a year. Where is the merchant who will trust his business solely to clerks and never go into his own store? Where is the man who will send away a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep to be pastured, without going occasionally to see the quality of the feed and to estimate the increase of flesh upon their bones? Yet nine-tenths of a community send their children to school for years without once entering the schoolhouse to see how they are instructed or treated, or what progress they make. They delight to see their hogs and their oxen eat and to see their bulky frames clothed with flesh, but they do not delight to see the souls of their children fed with immortal truth and clothed with garments of light. They cannot quite see the market value of wisdom in gold, which is their only standard of worth. Only fix a price on what they learn and make it convertible even into greenbacks, and they would hover around their children at school with as much interest as they do around their cattle, sheep and poultry; and the poor teacher, instead of being neglected, would be goaded on to superhuman effort.

A teacher with nearly three hundred scholars under his charge, with his school in the centre of a populous village, informed me at the end of six months' teaching that no one had visited it. Three had actually inquired how their children were doing, and one had given notice of his intention to

inquire after his when he had time. I cannot account for the terrors that seem to surround the school room. Men and women go everywhere else. They visit prisons to see felons at their daily task, jails to get a sight of thieves and murderers, the menagerie to see the wild beasts of the forest, but something worse than felons and wild beasts seems to inhabit the schoolhouse. I will assure you all that your fears are groundless. I have seen six or seven who have visited the school and are still alive and well: I have sometimes thought that their steps have been lighter and their countenances more radiant since they went. If you still feel that there is danger, rally your neighbors, go in force, take a strong position outside, and send forward a reconnoitring party with a flag of truce. I am sure that there is no other place where you will meet such a cordial welcome from so many bright eyes and happy faces, and hear such a chorus of glad voices. There you will be astonished and delighted by seeing how much better advantages and instruction your children enjoy than were vouchsafed to your youth. You will not complain of discipline when you see its fruit in obedience and order. You will not regret that your children are subjected to toil, when you see how cheerfully they perform it and how fast they are garnering up wisdom. You will begin to realize that there are higher treasures than gold. You will witness the labors and trials and learn sympathy for the teachers you put in your places to perform the highest and most solemn obligation God has imposed upon you, that of preparing your children for usefulness in life and happiness beyond the grave. You will give your children a new stimulus to effort by showing them that you feel an interest in their education. There you can hear music. Men may talk of the opera with its affectation and extravagance, of the orchestra where a thousand instruments mingled their tones, of the swelling notes of the organ in some dimly lighted cathedral, but I would rather hear such music as you can hear in our school, a hundred of the sweet voices of childhood in melody which

gushes forth as naturally as the waters from the fountains and such as can only come from the pure and joyous heart. I believe none of us will ever hear sweeter music, unless it shall be our happy fate to listen to the song of the redeemed around the throne of the Eternal, and even there, I believe, the sweetest voices in the angelic choir will be of those early translated to heaven, who have never felt the stain of guilt or the burden of sorrow. The Saviour loved children and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Are not those who are fit for heaven, and for whom the great heart of the Saviour yearned worthy of the sympathy and tenderest care of earth? To visit the school carries you back to your own childhood and calls up the sweet and hallowed memories of the spring time of life which every heart cherishes. By the authority of all the teachers in the Union school I say to you all come and see, and I promise you all that you will go away happier and better than when you went.

Among my own visions of the past arises a little stone schoolhouse away in a distant valley, with its little desk behind which the teacher sat like a monarch upon his throne, its long rows of benches, the old stove in the centre with the big iron basin of water upon its top. I hear the music of the stream that murmured past it. I feel the solemn grandeur and mystery of the old woods close by. I see the green hills in the distance. I see the master with his ruler in his hand. Groups of happy children come in and take their places. I see their forms and hear their voices as of yore. I feel that the old schoolhouse and its associations and what I learned there have had an effect upon my life beyond any other school. Last summer I passed by it. A group of happy children played around it as of yore, and the sight carried me back to the past. I could but ask where are the companions of my childhood, the living scattered as the tempest scatters the autumn leaves; perhaps half of them in the "deep sleep which the grave's heavy curtains in fold." The form of a little sister that daily walked by my side to school

has long mouldered beneath the prairies of the West. Of the men in my childhood that I could remember as having gray hairs and seeming to me to be old, one aged and worthy patriarch, Deacon Gilbert, alone survived. His "God bless you" at parting now lingers in my ears as the last utterance I shall ever hear from a departed generation which I shall ever remember as embodying the noblest types of manhood. I learned how noiselessly a generation, one by one, go down to the dead. Men, nature, truth were early graven upon my mind as they cannot be now. When a child leaves the district school at the usual age, the seeds have been sown that will ripen into destiny; the currents of being have taken their course for weal or woe as they will roll on to the bosom of eternity.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has changed the course of many a river,  
A dewdrop on the tiny plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever."

The relations of the district school to higher institutions of learning are obvious. It is to them what childhood is to youth, or youth to manhood, what the fountain is to the stream, what the bud is to the blossom and the blossom to the fruit. It stands in the same relation to them as to all other social institutions; it is the corner-stone of the temple. If the district schools are good, if the foundations of education are properly laid, if children leave them with a thirst for knowledge, then there is fit material for the academy, and its portals will be crowded with eager aspirants for knowledge. The excellence of academic instruction in turn determines the number who shall seek the college. I have been pained by seeing something like a spirit of rivalry between the school and the academy. Their missions are different; each has a great and noble work to perform; but where the labors of one should end the other should begin. Let Paul plant and Apollos water, without rivalry, and God give the increase.

This place has reason to be proud of her educational advantages, notwithstanding that more zeal in the cause of education would make them still more efficient. Our Union school and Academy are both to-day schools of unsurpassed excellence. Our Academy, founded in 1823, is the oldest and has been the most influential institution in Western New York. For almost half a century she has been accumulating her magnificent library and her means of illustration in every art and every science. The Canadas and almost every State in the Union have been represented in her halls. Ten thousand have gone forth from them armed with her instruction and her blessing, and from every walk of life they have reflected back honor upon her. Among them are the present Governor of this State, presidents and professors in colleges, Judges, members of Congress and Senators. I may mention, by name, Strong, one of the Chiefs of the Seneca nation of Indians, who now gives evidence that the eloquence of his race has not yet become a tradition; Houghton, immortal in the annals of science, to whose eagle eye the mineral resources of the West were first revealed; the two Cushing boys, the great soul of the one ascended to Heaven with the shouts of victory from the gory heights of Gettysburgh and the other by repeated acts of heroism having won a name that will be remembered while the stars shall glitter at the mast-head of a single sail. I can but speak of this institution with the glow of gratitude and the warmth of affection. I feel pride in being one of the humblest of her children. In her halls, aside from what I may have learned from books, I formed associations and friendships which are among the treasures of life. I recognize before me Colonel Redington, one of my former teachers in the Academy, and I am happy, in this public manner, to tender him my gratitude for faithful teaching, as I have no doubt thousands of others would do if present. In looking back and tracing the career of my associates then, I can but feel the significance of the saying of Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." There was

a little circle of six of us pursuing the same studies, coming to the school by the same road, cognizant of all one another's fears and hopes, joys and sorrows. One of them now sleeps on the "sunset side of the Father of Waters;" three of them I have helped bear to the grave; the fifth, the most ambitious of all, has had his fine mind clouded by hopeless insanity. I alone am spared, whether for good or evil, God only knows.

I will say to the young who are present that, looking at the career of my early associates, I can see that those who were called plodders, from their systematic industry, have outstripped those who relied mainly upon the gifts of nature. Those who were compelled by poverty to help themselves early are most able to help themselves now. Brains come from the Almighty, but wisdom and culture come only from individual toil. Wealth may take a child to the brink of the waters of the river of life, but he must drink for himself or remain forever thirsty. Solomon says that much study is a weariness to the flesh, but he exalts wisdom as being worth the price of weariness. It is said that a man in Pennsylvania, who had become suddenly rich from oil lands, sent two of his daughters, who had never had any advantages, to a fashionable boarding school. After a time he visited the school to inquire after their progress. The teacher informed him that one was not doing well; she was sorry to say that she had no capacity. "Why didn't you buy her a capacity?" exclaimed the indignant parent; "I supposed you would provide whatever she required. She shall have one if it takes an oil well." Deluded man! his wells may flow oil to illuminate the night as the sun does the day, but it all cannot buy his daughter the capacity God has denied her, or even if she had intellect it could not give her wisdom without honest toil. God has put some things above gold. That may come by accident, wisdom only to the brain that has earned it.

Children in school should be taught that they can achieve only by labor. I have no sympathy with this modern idea of making education so easy. That great educator, Noah Web-

ster, says: "Children should learn to acquire knowledge by severe effort; the great object of early training is to form the mind into a capacity of surmounting intellectual difficulties of any and every kind." The young must learn by rote the spelling of as complicated a language as ours; they must learn much the use of which they cannot comprehend. At the period of ready memory and limited comprehension, they can store the mind with many things which will afterward be found of indispensable use, things which are learned with the utmost reluctance or, rather, in most cases are not learned at all in the more advanced stages of intellectual progress. Does not your common sense assent to Webster's theory of education? Do you teach your children to walk by carrying them in your arms? When a child takes its first step, you do not rejoice that it has overcome so much space, but that it has developed the bone and muscle and acquired the art to go and come at pleasure. Who can make the learning to spell ten thousand words anything but a task? Yet children must learn to spell when young or never. I will find you graduates of colleges, misses highly finished and polished at boarding schools who cannot write a page without misspelling simple words. I say that there is but one way to make scholars. It is to give them a task within their capacity to learn, and then have them learn it, "peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must." This would certainly be the correct rule as to physical labor. Of course, in the length of the task I would have most careful regard to the mental and physical strength of the child, and never overtask either. I would make the paths of knowledge as pleasant as possible, but we cannot have rainbows and flowers and sunshine always at our command. Hill and valley, light and shadow, joy and sorrow are in the path of life. A hundred children are irreparably wronged in school by superficial teaching, where one is injured by thoroughness or overtasks imposed. Doctor Arnold, the most celebrated teacher in England, whose school sent forth the ablest men of the

British empire, has but one article in his creed, that is thoroughness ; when his scholars complained of his strictness he replied, "I would rather have the praise of men than of boys," and when they became men he did without stint receive their praise and gratitude. The knowledge that most acquire at school is as indefinite as the old lady's was about testing the quality of indigo ; she said put it into water and if it was good it would either sink or swim, she had forgotten which.

I would early impress it upon childhood that labor is duty and destiny. If any one were to attempt to get one of every species of flower that blooms, he might pluck some in the garden, some in the pleasant dell by the music of the babbling brook, some in the depths of the forest, some in torrid heat, some he would have to gather from mountain heights and the embrace of eternal snows. It is so with the seeker after wisdom. It is everywhere in the deep and the desert, in the valley and on the mountain top. It smiles in the flowers and glitters in the stars. It must be sought in the depths of the earth, for there all mineral treasures repose, and there we learn the processes and stages of the creative power that formed the world ; from the gloom of graves, for from the remains of the dead we learn of the structure and mysteries of organic life ; from the lips of the living ; from the recorded sayings of the departed ; from the elements, for from water has sprung the propelling power of the age. The electricity that for ages lighted up the clouds with its lurid glare, and only descended to the earth to destroy, is now generated by chemists at will and made the messenger of human thought ; and soon its iron highway will encircle the world, and space practically be blotted out. This great field of nature, art, science and invention is before your children ; the battle of life with their own species is before them, in which knowledge is at once an armor and a sword. Do not begin to sympathize with them over the tasks of the school room. This is not the way giants are made. It is self-reliance, faith, hope, the

consciousness of power acquired by triumph over obstacles that plumes the youthful spirit for a lofty flight to the sources of light. Despair is paralysis and the shadow of death. Go and learn from the instincts of the bird, by seeing the art with which she teaches and tempts her young to use their wings.

I come now to speak of the radical error that blasts the happiness of whole generations, that perverts life, that throws its shadows into the school room, and everywhere that weds the spirit of man to the dust. It is not that parents have not love enough for their children, that they do not deny themselves enough, toil enough, suffer enough, but that they make the accumulation of gold for them paramount to virtue or education. They practically teach them that gold is better than wisdom, that its accumulation is the great object of life. They put the body before the soul, time before eternity. Each generation is hoarding for the next. For this purpose it is denying itself of the feast of life which God provides for all. We read in the Bible: "Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof and to take his portion and rejoice in his labors, this is the gift of God." The Creator invites every living being to eat and drink and rejoice in his labor, for this is his earthly portion. If you would make your children happy, teach them the way, not by the miser's greed but by being happy yourselves, by feasting upon all the innocent pleasures of life, and by cultivating all the graces and virtues you would see bloom into a fresher and nobler form in the hearts of your children. Do not be afraid of drinking the stream of happiness dry and leaving none for posterity, for God will keep the stream full and flowing forever. Now I ask you all if we could have one generation which would pursue the education of its children, mentally, morally and physically, by precept and example, with the same untiring zeal that this generation pursues wealth, if it would not work an entire social revolution? In the new state of things industry

would be no less. The hand of the artisan would not lose its cunning because a purer heart impelled it; ambition would not be less active because more hallowed, and the morning stars would sing again for joy as they did at the birth of the Saviour.

To present my idea more clearly I will give you a picture of two families. I have seen families where the greed of wealth was the only passion; where the round of joyless toil followed day after day and year after year, dwarfing body and soul; where lands and gold accumulated, but brought no luxury, no comfort, no pleasures to the home; where there was no smile on the face of childhood, no hope in its heart; where even life's spring was sunless; where children learned life only as it was taught them by parental precept and example. I have heard such homes filled with discord. I have heard children complaining that "the old man" and "the old woman" so long interposed their profitless lives between them and their inheritance, and I have seen the gray hairs of such parents go down in sorrow to a grave unmoistened by a tear, unmarked by any monument. I have seen other families where industry has been intelligently directed and its fruits enjoyed; where you could see the evidence of prosperity in the comforts of a home, around which the domestic virtues and affections clustered. There I have heard the voice of gladness. There I have seen children developing for usefulness and happiness. I have seen them strewing flowers on the sunset side of the hill of life as their parents passed gently down to the shining shore. I have seen men, women and children weep around such parents' graves, and the first flowers of spring and the last of autumn, planted by tender hands, bloom above them.

I have only presented this matter in the light of time but it has a more solemn import. The recording angel does not fill his books with descriptions of your lands or of your stocks, or with accounts current of your business; but the record is kept for one that "dost prefer before all temples the

upright heart and pure." There are parents here who have stood above the graves of their children and have felt that one ray of immortal hope was worth more than all their earthly treasures. We may disregard it as we will but the solemn hour will come to all when it will be of more importance how they have lived, how they have discharged the great trust confided to them by the gift of children, than how much they have acquired. In the scales in which destiny is weighed for eternity the miser cannot throw in his gold, the orator his voice, the poet his lays, the monarch his diadem, or the conqueror his sword. There the rags of the beggar may be as radiant as princely robes.

I will speak for a moment of the responsibilities and burdens of teachers; and in their behalf invoke your justice, if not your sympathy. A hundred children gather around them for instruction and guidance, from those so young that the cradle might dispute its claim to them with the school room up to young men and women, each scholar with his distinct individuality. Here pride and self-conceit are to be rebuked, and the scholar who comes to study "Locke on the Understanding" and "Butler's Analogy" is to be humbled by being told that he must first learn to spell. Here modest merit is to be encouraged, here the flight of genius is to be directed, here dullness is to be animated and made to comprehend, here habitual sloth is to be coaxed or driven into industry. In this mass are some who have never been governed at home and who instinctively place themselves in opposition to all human authority. No art can reconcile them to obedience. These fell spirits are everywhere. The fallen angels were not content in Heaven. The Saviour was betrayed by one of his own household. The teacher must have general rules and carry them out; and the rule that one parent would require and approve would dissatisfy another. Parents may feel that they have difficulty enough in governing their own children with perfect knowledge of their characters, with the aid of the ties of natural affection; yet under every disadvantage

you ask the teacher to assume the burden of the whole community, expect him to govern children without force that you cannot govern with force. Then what tales will go from school if parents will listen. Sloth will groan over its burdens, grief over its punishment, superficiality over thoroughness, conceit will mourn over its faded plumes, dullness will have the headache, and those who constitutionally hate the school room will have stories of injustice, suffering and sorrow as long as the tales of "The Arabian Nights," "the lightest word of which would harrow up the soul and cause each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

As far as I know school teachers, they are not persons who are educated in the arts of torture for situations in a Spanish Inquisition, and, failing in their ambition, seek the school room to ply their art and gloat over human suffering; but they are Christian men and women who have sought the school room because they love and would bless children, and who, for the smallest compensation, endure burdens and responsibilities larger than any other class. Meaning to do right yet liable to err, let us aid and cheer them in their task. If we feel aggrieved, let us go to them with our complaints. Let us give them our counsel, our sympathy and our confidence. If any need aid and sympathy and more than earthly wisdom it is teachers. If the musician makes a discordant note it dies away in the air, but the tone the teacher makes, whose instrument is the soul, will linger in its depths forever. Can we not see the importance of education in our own experience? Our course is onward till it ends at a grave. We never go back to treasures we have once spurned, although we may feel how much we have lost as keenly as the famishing man would his folly if he had passed empty-handed through the golden sands of California, or the mines of Golconda. We may feel like the poet after the feast is over, the garlands faded, the music hushed, the lights put out, but let us rejoice that it is only for us. The garlands shall again

appear in the windows, the feast be spread, the lights flash forth, the tones of merry music fill the air, but to its notes shall move those who are coming to take our places, and perhaps like us to waste the treasures of life, for generation follows generation as wave follows wave upon the sea. It is when I stand face to face to an audience like this and would impress truth, that I feel the poverty of my language and the slenderness of my resources, and mourn over the neglected opportunities of the school room. I say to the young, sow now or you will never reap; garner up power for the future, instead of storing it with vain regrets and thoughts of what might have been. Destiny is in your own hands, and remember,

“You must either soar or stoop,  
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;  
You must either serve or govern,  
Must be slave or must be sovereign;  
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,  
Must be anvil or be sledge.”

Now I come to the last consideration that I shall present to you. It is the old story that intelligence and morality in the masses of the people are indispensable to the success of a free government. And, while I do not wish to ignore home influences, or the influence of the pulpit, or of the various benevolent organizations which mark this age, I still insist that the schools, in the main, have to do the great work of preparing men for self-government. The pulpit has to take men as they are, with all their ignorance, prejudices and fixed opinions, as the schools have formed them. The Saviour, the greatest of all preachers, ended his life upon the cross amid the cries of the rabble, “Crucify him! crucify him!” His blameless life, his divine words, the miracles he wrought, made but little impression upon men early educated in a different faith. It took a miracle to convert Paul. If the schools do not help pave the way, the preacher of to-day will be as powerless before the rabble as his great Master. Statesmanship cannot resist the prejudices and tendencies of the

age. In Chautauqua County within the ages that should be in the school room are twenty thousand children ; in the State of New York, one million three hundred thousand ; in the Republic, not less than seven millions. Who does not realize that all the possibilities of the future rest with them ; that in their hands and hearts the seeds are being sown day by day that are to ripen into individual and national destiny? We must reflect that laws, constitutions, governments, in fact, all human institutions, have their root in the soul as much as vegetation in the earth ; that every life, whether good or bad, helps form public opinion as the little rills form and give character to the waters of the river. Luxury and the scramble for gold may yet realize the sad picture of Goldsmith :

“E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil and hospitable care,  
And kind, connubial tenderness are there,  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.”

There is not here or elsewhere, as some have thought, a land of promise. Vice nowhere escapes the judgments of Heaven. These judgments are written in ruin and desolation all over the earth. What can resist the strong arm of the Almighty? We have no cities as mighty as are in ruins ; no broader or more fertile fields than have gone back to desolation ; no monuments of art as splendid as those which stand voiceless in the solitude of deserts. I am not unmindful of the magnificent physical resources of my country, but neither our lakes, boundless fields, manifold works of art, the new forms of wealth that gush from the hitherto neglected bosom of the earth, nor all the mineral treasures that repose in the slopes of the Rocky Mountains will avail against the decline of public and private virtue. Not only is the question of national unity being settled by civil war, but the greater question of the capacity of man for self-government

is being tested. In the midst of the struggle a foreign despot, emboldened by our divisions, stretches his arm across the deep and plants a throne at our very feet. That arm must be cut off, if it is the arm of a Napoleon. These are revolutionary times. We do not know what is in store for our children. We only know that the strong arm, the pure heart, the intelligent head, are good preparations for prosperity or adversity. When I look abroad and see the corruption of the press, the sad decline of private virtue in public life, the general scramble for wealth, no matter by what means attained, the comparatively little interest taken by the great mass in schools, when I see even this county, which for years has had zealous and able Commissioners to superintend its educational interests, with hardly more than half of its children in schools and the rest growing up like neglected weeds; when I think of the millions of orphans made by this war, whom no father's hand will ever lead to the founts of knowledge; when I see how childhood everywhere is breaking away from old restraints and losing its reverence for age, and its respect for all authority, I confess that I feel that the pulpit, the schools and all good citizens will have enough to do to resist the powers of darkness. When the nation shakes as a reed is shaken by the winds, let us strengthen the two main pillars—morality and intelligence. With those firm we can outlive any storm. Let us all do our duty and, when the fearful contest is over, may we find the old foundations strong, the golden chain of Union unshattered, the stars still glittering above us, an unbroken constellation, and the vision of our childhood of the glorious mission of democracy upon the earth undimmed.

## JUDGE ZATTU CUSHING.

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A MEMOIR READ BEFORE THE FREDONIA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, ON JANUARY 8th, 1864.

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In obedience to a resolution of this Association, I have prepared a biographical sketch of the late Judge Zattu Cushing. I realize fully how much better and more appropriately it might have been done by some of the older members of this Association, who could have written with the warmth of friendship, with the accuracy of personal knowledge, and with the enthusiasm which men always throw around the scenes of which they have formed a part. Although I have never seen the subject of this sketch, yet long acquaintance and friendship with members of his family, and particularly with one who had so many of his qualities of head and heart and who now sleeps beside his father in the old burying ground, have made it a pleasing task to endeavor to embody in a connected form such incidents as his family and friends have furnished me.

I realize fully the duty of every one to contribute his mite to promote the noble objects of this Association. It is a duty, it is paying a debt of gratitude which children owe to their parents, which a living generation owes to the dead, in keeping fresh the memory of the virtues, the heroism, the sacrifices which laid the foundation of its own blessings and prosperity. Thousands of noble men and women, who encountered the dangers, the hardships, the privations of a life in the wilder-

ness, who organized society here, who built the schoolhouses in which you received your education, the temples in which you learned to worship, laid out the roads you travel, planted the trees whose fruits you gather, cleared the fields that bear your harvests, now sleep on your hillsides and in your valleys. Shall they be forgotten? If we would have our memories and the incidents which make up life to us kept fresh and green by posterity, let us set them the example by saving as much as possible of the early history of the country from oblivion. Much of incident which would have been deeply interesting is now lost forever, and more exists only in the memory of a few who are now on the very verge of the grave.

The biography that tells us when a man is born, the leading incidents in his public career, and when he dies, is easily prepared, but is of little value. The real history of a man should reveal the motives and aims which impel him in his life struggle, his joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, triumphs and disappointments. It should present the moral—the summing up of its fruits which a man would himself give in the hour of death, with life in the past and the gates of eternity opening upon his vision. A great soul fully unveiled would be a treasure to the ages ; but this we can never have. We can only form an imperfect judgment of men by their acts.

I shall necessarily, in speaking of Judge Cushing, give something of a sketch of the early settlement and history of this county, with which he is so closely identified. He was born at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, in 1770. He was a son of Nathaniel and Lydia Cushing, and was one of a family of thirteen children. During the Revolution his father disposed of his large real estate, receiving his pay in continental money, the depreciation of which reduced him to poverty. Zattu in consequence received no indoor education except such as the district schools of that period furnished, but his education in industry, energy, self-reliance and integrity, in such a community, was worth more than the learning

of the schools. When he was seven years old and ten miles from home, a messenger arrived in the night with the news of the surrender of Burgoyne and his army. He determined to be the first to carry the intelligence home, and, starting at break of day and running most of the way, he was the first to proclaim the glad tidings of victory in his native town. At the proper age he was apprenticed to learn the trade of ship-carpenter. After learning it he worked some time as a ship-builder in Boston Harbor. He determined to change his occupation to farming, and removed to Saratoga County and took up a piece of land. He was taken sick there among entire strangers, and continued sick for many months. When he recovered his health and paid his bills, he had nothing but his axe left, and with this upon his shoulder he went on foot to Paris Hill, Oneida County, and there, in company with a Mr. Cowan, took up a large farm in the wilderness. They did their own cooking and washing for two years. They had no team, but they changed works with a neighbor who had, and by that means cleared their lands and prepared them for crops.

In 1795 he was married at Ballston to Miss Rachel Buckingham. He became acquainted with her during his brief residence in Saratoga County, so that event, which seemed so unpropitious, gave him a companion in every way worthy of his affections. In 1799 he was employed to go to Presque Isle near Erie, Pennsylvania, to superintend the building of a ship, which he always claimed was the first ever built upon Lake Erie. It was named the "Good Intent," and was lost with all on board on the Canadian shore in 1805. He purchased two valuable horses, and with them set out on his journey through the long wilderness which separated him from his home. At night he tied his horses and slept upon the ground. At some point on the Cattaraugus Creek one of his horses got loose during the night, and he spent several days in the wilderness looking for it before he found it. In his journey he passed the first night at the spot

where his house was afterward located, and the next morning passed over the very ground where, forty years later, he was to be buried. From that night he resolved to make this place his home as soon as the lands came into market. At that time the only inhabitant of the county was Amos Sottle, located near Irving. His log-cabin was the only habitation of white man between Buffalo and Erie. In February, 1805, Judge Cushing started to remove his family to this region. Two yoke of oxen, each drawing a sled, were the means of conveying his family and goods. He then had five children, Walter, Milton, Zattu, Lydia, now the widow of Doctor White, and Lucinda, widow of William Barker. They were three weeks in performing the journey, which is now accomplished in ten hours. When they arrived at Buffalo they started upon the ice designing to go on the shore before dark, but night and a terrible tempest came unexpectedly upon them. They feared to move as there were points where the water was not covered by the ice. They put the oxen upon the side to break off the winds as much as possible and, covering themselves upon the sleds as they were able, undertook to pass the night. They had an old-fashioned dinner horn along and the Judge blew that at intervals, thinking that it might attract the attention of some settler. About one o'clock in the morning two men who had heard the horn and taken it as a signal of distress came to them with lanterns and piloted them ashore near the Eighteen-Mile Creek. Before daylight the ice was so broken up that escape would have been impossible. He brought with him a barrel of salt and a half bushel of apple seeds and two men to assist him in chopping; he also drove along four cows. Seth Cole and his family accompanied him on this journey.

On arriving here, he was disappointed to find that the lot on which he designed to locate had been taken up by Thomas McClintock. The snow was deep and the weather cold, but he fortunately found a partly built log-house near the present residence of David J. Matteson. The logs had been put

together and the roof put on by Low Minegar the previous year, but there was no floor, no doors, no chinking between the logs. They covered the ground with hemlock boughs and remained there until he got an article of the farm now owned by Samuel Marsh, and constructed a log-house. He could furnish food for his cattle only by felling trees for them to browse. At this time there were no other families except those of Thomas McClintock and David Eason, who occupied what is now known as the Shepard farm, within the present limits of Pomfret and Dunkirk. The nearest neighbor west was John Dunn, ten miles off. The nearest neighbor east, a Mr. Stedman, was eight miles. In the spring he had great difficulty in procuring potatoes to plant, but finally succeeded in obtaining six bushels of the Cattaraugus Indians. He commenced a nursery from his apple seeds and set out the orchard now on the Marsh farm, which is probably the oldest orchard in the county. He was soon able to furnish others with trees, and almost all of the oldest orchards in this vicinity have sprung from the seed which he had the thoughtfulness to bring into the wilderness. He also planted pits for peach trees, and the third year had plenty of that delicious fruit. Later in the season after his arrival Benjamin Barrett, Samuel Geer and Benjamin Barnes settled near enough to him to be called neighbors. Timothy Goulding settled one mile west of Dunkirk Harbor in 1808, and Solomon Chadwick settled upon the present site of Dunkirk in 1809. From him it derived the name of Chadwick's Bay, which it retained for years. In 1836, when Dunkirk suddenly sprung into importance, when the maps of it were larger than other cities, when it had streets laid out and named after every animal and every bird known to the naturalist, and seemed, it was so easy to make them on paper, not to have had more only because names were exhausted, its enemies and rivals, who were enraptured by the brilliant prospects of Van Buren Harbor, used to delight to call it Chadwick's Bay. In 1809, Stoughton Gaylord, Daniel Pier and

Luther Goulding located at Dunkirk. In 1810 Samuel Perry brought the first vessel into its harbor.

For the first three years after Judge Cushing arrived here, there was no mail. He could occasionally learn from a traveller something of the events in the great world from which they seemed exiles, and something of friends and kindred they had left behind. Each winter some one would go with a sleigh to Utica, and purchase medicine, such luxuries as they could afford, and indispensable clothing for the settlers. There was no licensed physician in the county. There was an uneducated man assuming to practise at Mayville; he claimed that he was to live forever, but his practice showed that he had not the art of conferring the boon of perpetual life upon his patients. Doctor Chapin of Buffalo was the nearest regular physician, and he was frequently sent for. The people had to go to Niagara Falls, or Canada to get their grain-ground. They usually went to Canada, starting when the lake promised to be calm, and rowed their boat across. Three stout men were required for the task. On one occasion the Judge and his companions were wrecked on the Canada shore, losing their boat and grain. As they were absent ten days, their families gave them up as lost. At times they would be out of meal and flour, and would live for weeks upon hulled wheat and meal pounded out at home. Mrs. White says that her father scooped out the top of a large block so that it would hold about half a bushel of corn, then fixed a spring-pole over the rafters, attaching a wooden pestle to the end of it by a rope, and with that pounded the corn fine enough for use. This was a common device or necessity among the early settlers.

Judge Cushing had cleared about fifty acres upon his farm prior to the fall of 1807. He then sold out to Mr. Marsh, the father of the present occupant, and succeeded in buying out McClintock's chance, as it was called, for one hundred dollars. At last he had secured the place he had picked out for a home in his solitary journey years before. He went

immediately to Batavia, paid the land company the entire consideration for his land, it being two dollars and fifty cents an acre, and received his deed on November 7th, 1807. The land conveyed to him was five hundred and fifty-seven acres. It not only covered most of the present corporation of the village west of the Dunkirk road, but stretched far beyond its limits. He erected a log-house not far from the present residence of A. F. Taylor on Eagle street. The main road from the east to the west then passed his door, and, although it could only be traced then by the marks upon the trees, he foresaw the swarm of emigrants that were to throng it in the future on their way to the great West.

Judge Cushing was eminently a pious man. He was an uncompromising Baptist. His first thought when he came into the wilderness was to establish a church. He looked to this even before schools. A. Z. Madison, Esq., the present clerk of the Baptist society, furnished me a copy of its early records from which I collect the following facts :

In November, 1805, is this record : "A number of Baptist brethren having removed to this wilderness, where we have no knowledge that there was ever a religious assemblage before, whose number was small, consisting of five brethren and four sisters, thought proper to meet on Sunday to recommend the cause of Christ and confirm each other in the faith."

The next entries are : "1806. The Lord blessing their labors, one more was added to the church."

"March 14th, 1807. The members agreed to meet every last Saturday in each month to renew the covenant."

"October 12th, 1808. At a meeting at Brother Zattu Cushing's the brethren agreed to send for a council to see if they could fellowship us as a church in sister relations. Accordingly a letter was sent to Elder Joel Butler, Elder Hezekiah Eastman and Elder Joy Handy."

"October 20th, 1808. The brethren met at Brother Cushing's, were examined by the before-mentioned elders and

received in fellowship." This meeting was in fact held in Judge Cushing's barn. This barn was for years the most spacious edifice in town. It has been removed and is now standing upon the place occupied by Mrs. Hubbard on the south side of Main street. With one exception this was the first church ever organized within the limits of the county, a few months before a Presbyterian church having been organized at Westfield. The first members were Zattu Cushing, William Gould, John Van Tassel, Benjamin Barrett, Eliphalet Burnham, Rachel Cushing, Rhoda Burnham, Sophia Williams and Silence Bartoo. Judge Cushing was licensed about this time to preach occasionally. Almost every Sabbath for years he held meetings in the back settlements, men coming for miles on foot and with ox teams to listen to him.

In 1806 immigration poured rapidly into this region. In the fall of that year Hezekiah Barker came here. Our ample and beautiful Common was his gift to the village. Doctor White came here in 1808. He was the first educated practitioner in the county, and for half a century held a high position in the county as a physician and exerted a wide influence as a citizen. Leverett Barker came in 1809 and established the first tannery in the county, and for forty years his business capacity and energy contributed largely to the public good. General Elijah Risley came in 1806, and commenced his business career by opening a store in 1808, the first in this county. He has outlived all of his early associates and competitors in business, and has for fifty-five years, as an enterprising and able business man and as a political leader, been honorably and prominently associated with the history of the county. The whole vote of the county in 1807 was sixty-nine; in 1810 the entire population had increased to two thousand three hundred and eighty-one. In 1807 the first clearing of any extent on the limits of the corporation was done by Hezekiah Barker. It was this square on which this Academy and the meeting-houses stand. In 1808 Israel

Lewis and Samuel Geer, the former still living, chopped and logged the Common; they were employed by Hezekiah Barker. At a later period, after it was given to the village, a "bee" was made to dig up the stumps and finish clearing it up. Up to March, 1808, the whole of the present county was included in the town of Chautauqua, and was part of Genesee County, which also included the present counties of Erie, Niagara and Cattaraugus. The town-meetings were held at the "cross roads," now Westfield. Judge Cushing rallied every voter in this region, and they succeeded, as was said at the time, in "bringing the town meeting home with them." This led to a division of the town, and Pomfret, which comprised about one-half of the county, was organized in 1808. The first town-meeting was held at a barn nearly opposite the old stone schoolhouse on the main road, now Sheridan, on April 9th, 1808. It was opened by prayer by the Reverend John Spencer. Philo Orton was elected Supervisor, and Mr. Cushing Overseer of the Poor. About the same time he was appointed Justice of the Peace.

In March, 1808, an act was passed providing for the formation of the counties of Niagara, Chautauqua and Cattaraugus. Niagara embraced the present counties of Niagara and Erie, and Chautauqua was to be united to Niagara until it had five hundred taxable inhabitants. The county seat of the new county was fixed at Buffalo. This made it proper that Chautauqua should be represented in the judiciary of Niagara County, and in 1808 Mr. Cushing was appointed one of the Associate Judges. He attended all the terms of the court at Buffalo until this county had an independent existence. His ability made him the leading member of the court, and he presided at the most important trials. The first criminal ever convicted and sentenced to State prison at Buffalo was tried and sentenced by Judge Cushing for three years. He was a boy about seventeen years of age. His offence was stealing.

In 1811 the organization of the county was completed, and

Mr. Cushing was appointed First Judge, and Matthew Prendergast, Philo Orton, Jonathan Thompson and William Alexander, Associate Judges. David Eason was the first Sheriff, and John C. Marshall the first County Clerk. The only members of the bar then in the county were Potter and Brackett of Mayville and the late Judge Houghton of this place. All the Judges and officers of the court, all who were then members of the bar, are gone, and the memory of most of its incidents has perished with them. Several attorneys from Buffalo attended every term of the court. They would come up on Saturday, stay with the Judge over Sunday, and early Monday morning all would set out on horseback through the woods for Mayville. The first Grand Jury had a second story of a log-house for their secret deliberations. They had to get into it by the aid of a ladder. The last man would draw the ladder up after him, so that no one could enter their august presence unbidden.

In 1815 James Mullett received from the hands of Judge Cushing a license to practise in the Chautauqua County courts. We can well imagine the satisfaction with which Mr. Mullett, who had pursued his studies under so many difficulties and discouragements, received this document, and the pleasure with which the Judge welcomed a young man of so much genius and promise, and for whom he entertained the warmest personal friendship, into his court. Twenty-five years later Mr. Mullett again appeared before Judge Cushing, but upon a more solemn occasion. The Judge was no longer upon the bench—he lay upon his death-bed. Mr. Mullett was no longer the diffident youth just commencing his profession, but he was in the prime of manhood, in the enjoyment of conscious power and established fame. The Judge, who always stood by him as a father, had sent for him to talk with him upon the subject of religion, to exhort him to prepare to meet him in a better world. He implored him with the warmth of affection, with the earnestness of a dying man, to become a Christian. Mr. Mullett could not cavil

at the death-bed of his old friend ; he could not ridicule the hope which for him was arching with the bow of promise the dark valley of the shadow of death and robbing the grave of its terrors. He wept like a child. Mr. Mullett communicated these facts to my informant, and said to him, "Never has such an overwhelming appeal been made to my feelings ; it almost brought me upon my knees." Late in life Mr. Mullett, with all the sincerity of his nature, embraced the faith of his old friend. What effect this death-bed scene had upon his great heart in after years, we can never know.

In the War of 1812 the frontier settlements were exposed to incursions of the enemy. For a long time the British had command of the lakes. The Buffalo and Cattaraugus Indians were then more numerous than the frontier inhabitants. The same enemy who in the Revolution paid a bounty to the Indians for the scalps of women and children was endeavoring by every device to arouse them to destroy the settlers. The great Indian orator and statesman, Red Jacket, had pledged to us the faith that was never broken, but he might be overruled in council. Safety at best lay in the tenure of a single life. In this vicinity many a mother has pressed her infant closer to her bosom as she imagined she heard the shrill whoop of the savage above the moaning of the night winds. A great many families fled from the county.

Judge Cushing, who was a brave man, used to tell his family that there was great danger but that he should trust in Providence, and never abandon his home come what would. He had some salt stored near the mouth of the creek in an old log-house, and went after it with an ox team, accompanied by one of his neighbors. They had loaded the salt when a British officer with thirteen men landed upon the shore. His companion left to notify the inhabitants. The enemy approached the Judge and informed him that they had landed to restore some goods which had been improperly taken. He did not believe this, and, knowing that help would soon come, managed in every way to entertain them and pass away time.

Twelve of the British soldiers, having so good an opportunity, deserted. A Frenchman was all that remained to the officer. Some of our men, arriving and not appreciating the situation, fired upon the redcoats and broke the Frenchman's leg. Judge Cushing now offered to help row the officer back to the ship if he would pledge his honor as a British officer that he should be safely returned. He declined to do this, not knowing what his superior officer might do, and he rowed himself back with the aid of the wounded soldier. In Perry's battle this officer was taken prisoner, and on his way to Buffalo was kept over night at the hotel of Williams on West Hill. He inquired who the man was with the ox team and was told it was Judge Cushing. He said that the Judge was too long-headed for him; that he intended to have taken him a prisoner, and to have seized the salt, of which they were in great need; but that he delayed them by pleasant conversation and various devices until our forces arrived.

Judge Cushing served as a private in the battle at Buffalo. He was deeply indignant at the result, as he believed that the enemy would have been repulsed if we had had a competent commanding officer. He went to Buffalo on horseback, and, before leaving, filled his portmanteau with provisions which he had no occasion to use. On his return he found the family of Mosely W. Able and others who had fled from Buffalo, in the wilderness, almost famished. He thought of his well-filled portmanteau. The children then, since grown to gray-headed men and women, relate now the relish with which they ate the food the Judge gave them.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without mention of Major William Wilcox of Arkwright. In the battle at Buffalo, after the rest of our forces had fled, he stood long enough to get five or six deliberate shots at the redcoats with his trusty rifle. I do not know how they fared, but he would have killed a squirrel every time at the same distance. At last he came to the conclusion that he was outnumbered and that his lines were not so extended but that he was exposed

to a flank movement from the British army, and, as has so often been done in the present war, he withdrew in good order with all of his materials and supplies.

On the 4th of July, 1812, a Fourth of July celebration was held at the barn of Judge Cushing. The stars and stripes were raised above the ridge-pole the night before, to be in their place to greet the first rays of the morning light. The Judge was designated as the orator of the day. All the men, women and children of the surrounding country were there, except a company on guard at the mouth of the creek. In the midst of the oration the roar of artillery and musketry announced that a battle had commenced at the mouth of the creek. The orator stopped. Something was now to be done besides praising their fathers; they were required to imitate them. Every man seized such weapons as he could find, and hastened to repel the invader. I will not attempt to describe the scene—the whole audience brought at once from the joys of a holiday face to face with the sad realities of war, men tearing themselves from their wives and children, so soon to rush upon the battle field. There was nothing said about bounties, and I will state as a novelty for these times that the orator was at the scene of danger as soon as any of the audience.

I cannot in this connection omit several incidents of Mrs. Sophia Williams, who I have before mentioned as one of the first members of the Baptist church. She will illustrate the character of the women of that day. During the year 1813 her husband carried the mail weekly between Erie and Buffalo. He arrived with it from Erie, sick and unable to sit upon his horse. She gathered hemlock boughs and gave him a sweat, then took the mail and set out on horseback with it for Buffalo. It was in the breaking up in the spring, when all the streams were swollen by the freshet far beyond their natural limits. She plunged her horse into the angry flood, swam it across the Cattaraugus, the Eighteen Mile and the Buffalo creek, holding the mail above the water, and delivered

it at Buffalo in time. She passed through the territory of two tribes of Indians suspected of hostility. Wild beasts still hovered around the path she travelled. A few years later a daughter of hers, who had married a Doctor Whaley and had emigrated to Southern Indiana, wrote home that she and her husband and children were all sick; that there was no chance for them there but death. This brave woman took a span of horses and a lumber wagon, and set out alone to rescue them. Her journey was hundreds of miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. Sometimes she found a house at night, sometimes she slept in the wilderness with no shelter but the heavens, with no protector but the God who always watches over his saints. She crossed rivers where the horses had to swim and draw the wagon after them, but she returned in safety with her idols. When the names of the heroines of history are collected and assigned their places, high on the roll justice with a pencil of light will write the name of Sophia Williams, the Chautauqua heroine. Some of our modern female equestrians, were she to appear in our streets now with the same attire and surroundings as when she set out with the mail for Buffalo, might ridicule her appearance, but her energy and heroism were worth more than a great deal of modern finery.

In August, 1816, a great sorrow fell upon Judge Cushing's family. The mother of his children, who had been the light of his home and shared his toils, his joys, his sorrows and his hopes so long, had finished her earthly career. Her character had endeared her to all the early settlers; the latch-string of their log-cabin had always hung out; all had been welcomed to their generous hospitality; their house was always thronged. She used to remark humorously that, if they were to put up a sign, they would have less company. The funeral was attended at a large building which had just been erected by Risley & Fellows, where the Woleben Block now stands. The funeral sermon was preached by Elder Handy. Never before in the history of the village had so large an

assembly been gathered together. On foot and on horse-back and with ox-teams they came from remote towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead. The long procession which followed her remains to the grave had none of the pomp of modern funerals, no carriages, no gilded trappings, none of the contrivances by which grief is now fashionably expressed, but it was to be seen where the heart speaks in the tearful eyes of men and women, youth and age. Almost fifty years the good woman has rested from her labors, yet three of her daughters now in the midst of us seem to remind the old settlers of her worth and virtues.

After the close of the war came the cold season of 1816, in which crops were almost a failure. The privations and sufferings of most of the settlers were very great. Many families were months without bread. An old resident informs me that many a man who has since become wealthy passed his house carrying not more than a peck or half bushel of corn on his back to mill, and that, one man passing with a bushel or more in his bag, he said to him, "You have a good supply." The man replied, "I should have if it was all mine, but when I get home it is to be divided among three families."

After 1816 the tide of emigration poured in with wonderful rapidity from the poor and enterprising of Eastern communities. A poor man by paying five dollars down could get an article of a farm and a long pay day, and might hope ultimately to secure a home. The population from 1814 to 1820 increased over eleven thousand. Villages sprang up; schools and churches were established; the comforts of life gathered around every home. Still there was a great shadow hovering over all. There was no market. Flocks and herds multiplied; fields waved with golden harvests; orchards were burdened with fruit; the sugar maple dispensed its sweetness; the bee laid by its stores for man in the forest. Still there was nothing that could be converted into money. It required the utmost efforts of all to pay their taxes, and

the debt necessarily made at stores. Had it not been for ashes and black salt into which they were made, even this would have been impossible. The debt at the land office was increasing with compound interest. By the strict terms of their contracts their rights were forfeited. As the farms grew more beautiful and dearer to them from association and toil, they feared that, after they had worn out the strength and vigor of manhood upon them, they might be compelled to give place to the stranger and seek a new shelter for their gray heads. Thousands abandoned what seemed a hopeless struggle, sold out for a mere pittance the fruits of years of toil and suffering, and with heavy hearts sought a new home among the cheap lands of the West. The land company took cattle in payment, but it appointed its own appraisers, and whole herds disappeared in the mazes of compound interest. This state of things continued until 1836.

While there was among the pioneers much of hardship and privation, they also had their peculiar enjoyments. Health rewarded their toil. Nature spread her unwasted charms around them. Every blessing was prized in proportion to the sacrifices it cost. The letters from friends and kindred left behind were no less welcome because long on their way. Every new comer was greeted as a friend and brother. The latch-string of every cabin door hung out. Mutual dependence formed the strongest and warmest ties of friendship ever known among men. If a man was sick, his neighbors watched over him, and made a "bee" and secured his crops. If one died, he was missed and sincerely mourned. What funerals were ever so solemn as when one was borne from his log-cabin by his few sorrowing neighbors through the solitude of the forest and tenderly laid to rest beneath the shadow of the great trees? As men congregate in great masses and become independent of each other, the warmth and glow of social feelings and sympathies die out. One man is of little consequence in the busy throng. Forms are substituted for feelings, money represents every thing. It

even purchases pompous funerals, and above the grave of the veriest scoundrel, at so much a letter, writes inscriptions upon marble which contrast strangely with the record kept by the recording angel. Take an occasion now, when the devotees of fashion are whirled with flashing equipages through paved streets to marble palaces which wealth has grown weary in decorating with all the charms of art, where silks and laces rustle, and diamonds flash from jewelled hands and fair brows, and all climes contribute their luxuries to the feast, and will you find as much rational, heartfelt enjoyment as you could have found here in many a log-cabin fifty years ago when the neighbors had assembled for an evening visit, those near coming on foot, those more remote upon their ox-sleds; when the blazing fire in the great fire-place threw its radiance over the room, where the floor was split by the axe from ash logs, where chairs were only blocks of wood, where it mattered not how the guests came, or how they were dressed; when the haunch of venison, or the wild turkey, or spare-rib, suspended by a string from the rafters, roasted before the blazing fire, and the bake kettle, and apples and cider and doughnuts passed around; when the guests from the solitary life had a keen relish for social enjoyments and conversation, and when they talked of the friends and scenes they had left behind, and revealed in all sincerity their joys and sorrows and hopes? Judge Cushing had a keen relish for all the enjoyments of pioneer life. At all the "bees" and "raisings," which were the holidays of those times, he was distinguished for his strength and activity, and for the relish with which he entered into the athletic sports which always closed the scene. In the fall of 1817 he was married, the second time, to Miss Eunice Elderkin of Burlington, Otsego County, an accomplished lady, destined to be the light and ornament of his home for the remainder of his life and to survive him and be a blessing to his children for almost twenty years.

When the first law was passed for the organization of county agricultural societies in 1817, it provided that they

should be organized at the Court Houses of the respective counties. Two or three days before the time, he rode from house to house, going as far as the Cattaraugus Creek, and notified every man to rally for Mayville. He headed the array of several hundred on horseback. They managed to arrive together at the appointed hour, dismounted in the old court-yard, filled the Court House to overflowing, organized at once by electing officers, and voted the fair here and adjourned. Mayville was too late. The Judge had once before "brought home from the west a town-meeting ;" this time he brought a county fair. Many of the exhibitors at the first fairs giving the premiums for that purpose, they purchased the nucleus of the library of the Fredonia Academy, which has since grown to thousands of volumes.

In 1822 he retired from the bench with the reputation of an upright, dignified, clear-headed Judge. His intuitive perception of justice and his strong common sense had well supplied the place of extended legal learning. He had never adjourned a term of his court leaving any unfinished business.

In 1826, just after the opening of the Erie Canal, he in company with Joseph Sprague and others built a boat for the canal. It was built upon the low lands west of Fort Hill. He worked upon it with great zeal and animation and with the same ship-carpenter's tools which had been laid by for thirty years and which were associated with memories of early toil and of his youthful home by the shores of the great deep. The boat was named "The Fredonia Enterprise." It was hard work to tow it to Dunkirk, but a hundred yoke of oxen accomplished the task. It was launched, loaded with wheat by Todd & Douglas of Fredonia, and towed to Buffalo by the steamer "Lake Superior." This was the first wheat ever sent from this county to the New York market.

In 1823 the Fredonia Academy, in which Judge Cushing in common with all the citizens of the place took a deep interest, was established. The original subscription shows the scarcity of money in those times. The greater part of it is in

labor, grain, cattle, material and almost every species of property; one man subscribing forty dollars to be paid in whiskey. General Barker and Colonel Abell were appointed to collect and apply the subscriptions. In 1817 the first newspaper in the county, called the *Chautauqua Gazette*, was published for a brief period. In 1821 the *Fredonia Censor*, the oldest paper now in the county, was established by H. C. Frisbee; its original subscription list was forty. Mr. Frisbee has lived to see it have a prosperous existence of forty-two years. The improvements, changes and accessions now become too great for me to attempt to follow them.

Perhaps the character of Judge Cushing already appears fully enough in the incidents of his life, but I prefer to speak somewhat more of it. In person he was tall and commanding. He had a bright, blue eye and a countenance in which benevolence and firmness were singularly blended. With the warm social qualities which commended him to the affections of others, he had the personal dignity which commanded respect. He was born to be a leader among men. He was from his youth a zealous, active Christian, working in his Master's cause and making all his exhortations doubly forcible by the example of a Christian life. He was an energetic, earnest speaker, and his efforts in the pulpit at an early period were wonderfully effective. He illustrated all the Christian graces in his life. The needy never went empty-handed from his door. Blessed with ample means at an early period and surrounded by poverty, he was able to dispense to thousands. In years of scarcity he never sold his grain; he would lend it to those who had not enough to carry them through the season, and receive the same quantity again when they could spare it from their harvests. His name was spoken with blessings around hundreds of humble firesides by those who were indebted to him for their daily bread. When his family remonstrated with him for his indiscriminate benevolence, sometimes aiding those who were unworthy, he told them it was better to aid ten hypocrites than to turn

away one who was needy, and that he ever wished them to act upon that maxim. In the cold season of 1816 a man whose family was destitute was in the Judge's barn, and they discovered a barrel full of corn which had been overlooked. The man said, "You must give me some of that." He replied, "Take it all, your family needs it more than mine."

He was emphatically a peace-maker. He used to say that he had as arbitrator settled more difficulties than he did in the fourteen years he was on the bench. Such was his ascendancy over the minds of men that his decisions were always acquiesced in. Men came to him to settle their controversies and for counsel when he was upon his death-bed. He well earned the blessing promised to the peace-maker. He was an ardent patriot and used to talk with enthusiasm of the glory and the promise of the Republic. He loved the pursuits of agriculture, and by importing from abroad did much to improve the races of domestic animals. He never sought or desired official position. The most prominent traits in his character were his restless energy and indomitable will. He was ever at work and, although he had an iron constitution, he wore himself out by labor, fatigue and exposure. He converted over six hundred acres of wilderness into cultivated fields. When clearing land and burning it, he seldom went to his house at night; he would take a nap upon the ground, then arise and resume his toil. On the 13th of January, 1839, after years of physical suffering, patiently endured, Judge Cushing breathed his last. With him the conflict was over and the triumph commenced. He had fought the good fight and had kept the faith.

At the next term of court, upon the motion of Judge Walworth, the bar of this county procured his portrait to be suspended in the Court House above the bench where the Judges sit. Guarded with tender care, it still remains there and will for ages to come, as a proper memorial of as pure a man and upright a Judge as ever dispensed justice in any tribunal. A

few years ago the Board of Supervisors of this county made an appropriation and had the portrait of Judge E. T. Foote, who succeeded Mr. Cushing upon the bench and presided over our courts with distinguished ability for twenty years, hung by the side of that of Judge Cushing. This was a well deserved compliment to a man who has for almost half a century, watched over the interests and honor of the county, and has done more than all other men to preserve its early history from oblivion.

Judge Cushing lived in the most eventful period of human history. Wonderful were the changes he witnessed. As a boy he shared in the excitements and anxiety of the Revolutionary struggle. He saw the commencement of the national life of the Republic. He beheld its banner when first unfurled, when only thirteen stars illuminated its field of blue; he saw thirteen new stars dawn upon it when each star represented a State. He saw the population of the Republic increased from three million to twenty-one. He came westward to the verge of civilization; he lived to see millions sweeping past him, and the centre of population and empire removed to a point between him and the Father of Waters. He had laid the keel of the first ship on Lake Erie; he had crossed it in his row-boat when hardly a sail disturbed its waters; he had been in the vicinity of Dunkirk ten years before a ship entered its harbor; he had lived to see the lake whitened with the sails of commerce, which traversed the whole extent of our inland seas, and Dunkirk daily receiving magnificent steamers, which far surpassed any thing that entered the harbor of Boston when he toiled there as an apprentice, and impelled by a new power more reliable and mightier than the winds. He had heard the project of a canal to unite the waters of the lakes and ocean stigmatized as the wild dream of an enthusiast; he had seen the great enterprise accomplished, and had constructed a boat on his own lands in the forests of Chautauqua, which had found its way through the canal to the sea. He had lived to see the track for a

railway laid most of the way from New York to his home, and foresaw that the iron horse was soon to traverse it. He had been here years before there was any mail ; he had afterward seen the carrier, who once in two weeks passed through on foot, carrying all of it in his pocket handkerchief ; he had lived to see daily mails weighing tons, and carrying most of the correspondence between the millions of the East and the West. He had been at Buffalo when it contained hardly a habitation ; he had attended court there when it was a thriving village ; he had walked over its ashes in the War of 1812 ; he had seen it spring up from its ruins and become almost as large a city as Boston was in his boyhood. He had to go abroad among savages to get seed for his first crop ; from the enterprise of the Risleys' he had seen in his own neighborhood the largest seed gardens in the world, annually sending their products from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Bubbling up from the waters of the creek passing through his land, an inflammable gas had early been discovered. He had lived to see it used to light the village and attracting the attention of scientific men throughout the world. In 1807 he had helped bear to the grave the mangled remains of a little girl, the child of Mr. Woodcock, killed by the falling of a tree. This was the first death in town and the first interment in the old burying-ground, in which he lived to see thousands buried. He had lived to see the county, which had only a single log-house in it the first time he visited it, contain forty-five thousand inhabitants, two hundred and fifty thousand acres of cultivated lands, and more than ten thousand happy homes. He was almost the first agriculturist in the county ; he lived to see seven thousand engaged in his favorite pursuit, each making the county more fruitful and beautiful. At the first election sixty-nine votes were cast ; he had seen the number increased to ten thousand. He had been here years before there was a district school in the county ; he had lived to see three hundred and fifteen organized, and eighteen thousand

happy children annually receiving in them such educational advantages as his youth had never known. At first a book was a novelty in the wilderness; now twenty-five thousand graced the shelves of the district school libraries. He had driven here, through almost three hundred miles of wilderness, four cows, almost the first; he had lived to see seventy thousand and cattle grazing upon the hills and valleys of this county. He had seen the time when there were only a few sheep here, carefully folded from the wolves; he had lived to see two hundred and fifty thousand adding to the wealth of the people. He had helped organize the first church in the wilderness; he had seen seventy more organized. He had welcomed Doctor White, the first physician, to the county; he had lived to see one hundred educated physicians engaged in practice here. On his invitation Elder Handy, the first clergyman in the county, had come: he had lived to see one hundred watching over the spiritual interests of the people. To come nearer home, he had lived to see a beautiful and thriving village grow up under his eyes and partly on his own lands. He had seen the Academy he had helped to found taking a high rank among the educational institutions of the land and in one year students from nine States attending it. One thousand apple trees upon his farm, annually burdened with fruit, reminded him of the apple seeds he brought into the wilderness. The log-cabin had been exchanged for the luxurious home. The five little children he brought on a sled had grown to manhood and womanhood. Before the death of his first wife three more children had blessed his home, one of them, Catharine, now Mrs. Philo H. Stevens, being the first child born in the limits of the present town of Pomfret. After his second marriage four children had been added to his family; one of them, the only daughter, had been borne to the grave. His oldest sons were seeking their fortunes in the great West. His daughters, all pleasantly situated, were settled around him; his three youngest sons, Judson, Addison and Frank, were at home to solace his old

age. Grandchildren gathered around his old armchair to gladden his sight. Sustained by the Christian's faith and hope, cheered by the general prosperity which surrounded him, respected and honored by his fellow men, revered and loved by his family, surely he must have felt that he had not lived in vain.

In conclusion, permit me to say that progress in wealth, in all the physical means which can add to the elegance and luxury of life, is apparent, but it is not certain that men and women filling their spheres in life with as much industry and energy, with as pure aims, in as self-sacrificing a spirit, exist now as in the generation which preceded us. Without public and private virtue, wealth and the pomp of life and the splendor of achievements will not save a people from such judgments of Heaven as are now falling upon us; they will only be as the garlands which adorn for the sacrifice.

"Ill fares the land to thickening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

It was a blessing to have lived at such a period in our national existence, to have died with bright visions of the future without even seeing a sign of the great convulsion that has since shaken the Republic to its very centre. Could he have lived until this time he would have seen his restless and unconquerable will manifesting itself in his posterity in the most terrible ordeals to which man is ever subjected; he would have seen his grandsons making the name of Cushing immortal in his country's history. While Gettysburgh is remembered, long as the human heart cherishes the memory of heroism and virtue, it will warm at the name of Alonzo H. Cushing, who, when brave men retired before the overwhelming assault of the enemy, although thrice wounded, still stood by his post almost alone, and died at the battery he commanded as he poured its last discharge into the very face of the foe. And Lieutenant-Commander William B. Cushing by repeated daring and successful achievements has rivalled the fame of Paul Jones and Perry and associated his name with theirs in immortality.

## OUR DUTIES TO SOCIETY.

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ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF  
NORTHERN CHAUTAUQUA ON SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1889.

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Thirty years ago, on a beautiful autumn day in a grove close by, I addressed the farmers and mechanics of Northern Chautauqua at their first annual fair. Since then I have several times addressed you. This is the last time I shall, with license to speak, ever stand face to face with you. I have known many of you from my youth. We have grown old together. Before me come the faces and forms of hundreds who used to meet with us but who have passed to the other shore. Many of us would give all the wealth and splendor of to-day could we greet them once more in the flesh.

I purpose to-day to talk to you with the freedom of friendship and sympathy upon your duties and relations to society and the physical world. The last thirty years have been marked years in our national history. We have gone through a social convulsion in which the Republic seemed in peril, but we have come out of it with its foundations strengthened, with great social evils forever obliterated, with graves of heroes in every cemetery to remind all generations of what union and liberty have cost, with a history rich in examples of heroism. The aged have passed away, the children have become the men and women who are now bearing the burdens and responsibilities of life. Nature is unchanged ; the same

beautiful lake rolls at our feet, the same sky bends over us, the same earth invites and rewards our toil and offers us a place to rest when "life's fitful fever" is over. Generations come and go, but the earth abideth forever.

There is not in the world another class of men who should be as independent and happy as the American farmers. No where else do so large a portion of those who till the soil own it and enjoy the fruits of their toil. In no other pursuit or profession is more universal knowledge required. You need the fullest grasp of the laws of nature, as applicable to the production and development of every form of animal and vegetable life. All that specialists have garnered from the observation and study of generations in every art and science is but a trifle compared with the unknown in the mysterious realm of nature. This is your temple. In it you are life-long workers and observers. To each of you nature will as cheerfully give her secrets as to any other worshipper. The special employments by which we earn our daily bread are but a small part of life compared with what we have in common. For us all is the vision of worlds moving through space, the annual procession of the seasons, the variegated beauty that decks the earth, a place in the ranks of humanity to contemplate the mysteries of life, the pages glowing with the records of heroism and the inspiration of great souls, the delights of social intercourse, the ties of kindred, the hope of immortality. The special life is as the shop, the field, the doorway, contrasted with the universe.

The farmer of to-day has a double inheritance. One is his interest in the results of all the toil and invention that have changed a rude wilderness world into cultivated fields, that have dotted it with villages and cities and the homes of men, that have bound them together with the iron highways of commerce, making each individual a sharer in the luxuries and glories of the world. Let me say that this aggregate of human achievement is the work of the average toiling man. It has been well said :

"He wages all battles and wins them,  
He builds all towers that soar  
From the heart and the heat of the city,  
His hand sets the ship from the shore ;  
Without him the general is helpless,  
The earth but a place for a plan,  
He moves all and builds all and feeds all—  
This sad, smiling, average man."

You have a still more costly inheritance, the best fruits of the wisdom of all ages and of the blood of heroes and martyrs, in a government of law and order. This is the power that watches over your slumbers, that stands as a sentinel around your fields. It gives you a fair chance in the struggle of life. It provides schools for your children and protects them in the enjoyment of the fruits of your toil. This government is not a product of natural law—it has been slowly and painfully worked out from centuries of human experience, from the development of man's moral nature, and from the light of revelation. Do you realize the value of the protection you enjoy, that as a matter of self-interest every farmer should leave his harvests ungathered, to meet any danger to the social fabric? This is your care. Are you doing all you can by pure lives, by as much attention as circumstances will admit of, to preserve and strengthen it? You have numbers. You have the ballot. You have the capacity for organization, to overcome the evil and corruption ever engendered where great masses congregate in cities. From your ranks in the Revolution came Washington, the foremost man of all time, to lead an army of American farmers and mechanics to victory. You held the sceptre then on the battle field and in the halls of Congress. Who holds it now? Go to the halls of national and State legislation and you will find members representing and watching over the interests of great corporations, and of men who seek wealth by gigantic schemes for public and private plunder, but whom will you find representing the common people, the toiling millions, the producers of all wealth? Stanley is the

most successful of modern explorers. He has solved geographical problems that have been debatable for centuries. He has discovered new lakes and rivers and peoples which have had no place in history, but if he were asked to find in most legislative bodies in the States a fair proportion who sincerely represented the interests of the common people, who regarded their good rather than that of a party, who stood between them and the greed of corporations, he would decline so difficult a task and seek an easier one in the jungles and forests of Africa.

The farmers should and do have men as able as any class, or would have if they would insist upon giving some of their own numbers the experience in public affairs which ripens into statesmanship. You should do this, not for aggression, but for self-protection. You need not ask fair representation for the primary interests you represent,—you can compel it. By doing justice to yourselves you can keep able and ambitious young men in your ranks to protect you, to share your destiny, instead of forcing them into the service of cities and corporations to gratify a laudable ambition. The farm is in every generation the nursery of greatness, but whom are its children now serving? Compare the brains you have furnished to preside over great commercial and corporate interests with the brains you, as a rule, select to represent you in public trusts.

Ask yourselves whether the laws are made as much as they should be for your protection, whether you and your lands bear more than a fair share of the burdens of government. The agricultural interest is now depressed. How many of you, in the struggle to get a little enjoyment out of life, to educate your children, to maintain a comfortable home, have had to mortgage your lands to men who have grown rich in manufactures, or commerce, or speculating from the products of your fields? You want what you are fairly entitled to, not what the mercy of more watchful and successful classes may dole out to you. That will be the mercy wolves show

to lambs. Interests spring up and demand and receive legislation. They soon become oppressive from growing power. When you would control them the cry of vested rights is perhaps properly raised and you are powerless. In England to-day men and women starve who have not where to lay their heads, while millions of acres of land are kept for wild beasts to roam in, that a few may enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The foundation of this was laid centuries back, when the people were not an element in government.

Our magnificent public domain should not have gone so largely into the hands of corporations and speculators. There should have been some provision for keeping it until needed for homes for those who would till it. God made the earth for the many, not the few. The question which concerns us and those that are to succeed us, is, in whose interest is this Republic, this last hope of humanity, to be run; in the interest of the great masses, or by wealth deluding the ignorant and purchasing the corrupt?

God cannot give men blessings they cannot throw away. In the seventh century of the Roman Republic offices were sold at auction in the Forum to the highest bidder. In the commencement of our second century, may we not fear that, unless the mad strife of political parties is checked and the spoils system changed, we shall, in less than seven centuries, reach the same fatal goal? The dangers that threaten us are not chargeable to any party. Parties represent the masses of the people, and will be neither better nor worse than the people. The men whom parties put into public office show the prevailing tendencies of parties. Nature has not among her possibilities such danger and woe as may come to you and your children from carelessness or indifference in the use of your privileges as citizens.

Here are gathered a few of the early pioneers of Chautauqua County. Among them is Arthur Lacealle, who was born in England ninety-seven years ago. Seventy years' residence here has transformed him into a good American.

Here are Hiram Burton of Portland in the ninetieth year of his age and Harlow Crissey of Stockton in his eighty-seventh year. Both have been leading and useful men. Here is Delos Beebe, who was born in Buffalo in 1805, and removed to this county in 1807. At that time Dunkirk, which is now a city of ten thousand inhabitants, was an unbroken wilderness. Here is George C. Rood, who once said to me that for more than seventy years he had looked over the valley between him and the lake and seen three generations come and go. They have come to greet the new generations over whose cradles they watched. Let us welcome them. They bring us blessings ; they bring us messages from departed generations. The companions of their childhood are gone. Most of them are the sole survivors of happy families that gathered around the hearth-stones of rude cabins in the wilderness. They are each calmly waiting for the summons to the house of many mansions, where the broken circles of earth shall be re-united. With them the memory of forms and faces and scenes that made pioneer life will pass from the world.

“Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !”

They laid the foundations of the social fabric with reverence for God and love for men. We may safely say that elsewhere in the history of the world single lives have witnessed no such broad and wonderful transformation from the solitude of nature to the peopling and development of Western New York, and the region between it and the Pacific. This is their reward. It is real ; and as wonderful and cheering as the visions God gave some of the prophets of old adown the vista of the centuries.

We may now ask how men and women who worshipped in gorgeous temples compare with those who worshipped in the wilderness ; whether there is in the luxurious homes of to-day more intelligence, more kindness, more self-sacrificing per-

formance of every duty, than there was in the old log-cabins? If men and women are not improving, then the pomp and splendor of civilization is as sad as the flowers that embellish graves. The world was made for man. What a waste would the universe be, with all its beauty and glory, if no eye was to behold it, no ear to listen to its melody, if it carried joy to no soul. The necessities of man are the means of his development and mastery over nature. Some may dream and some may toil, but all must eat. What a provision the world is for all generations of men. The bosom of the earth and of the deep is stored with treasures for his use. The air is not only the support of life but the medium of everlasting harmony and of communion of souls. From the soil, as the reward of labor, comes the food of nations. This year, as usual, the fields of the world have been golden with a harvest of more than three thousand millions of bushels of wheat. Some grains of that cereal, the same as we enjoy at present, with life in them to grow, were found in the covering of a mummy from the Pyramids of Egypt, showing that wheat has come down to us through fifty centuries. Then we have a variety of vegetable production, such as a life could not arrange and classify. We have the myriad forms of animal life, growing more intelligent and useful under human care and sympathy. The earth now feeds and clothes fifteen hundred millions of people, and its resources are but slightly taxed. With industry, skill and taste it can sustain ten times as large a family and grow more fruitful and beautiful forever.

You, Chautauqua farmers, are in a favored location, midway between the East and the West. Here you are exempt from the convulsions of nature and the elements which in many places endanger human life. Here is pure air, pure water, luxuriant forests, variety of hill and valley. From various points at an elevation of seven hundred feet you look over a scene of orchards and vineyards and cultivated fields, Lake Erie bounding and beautifying the vision. Two hun-

dred miles of railroads in your county, some of it on the direct line between the oceans, and your place upon the chain of lakes forever secure you a market. We say after some study that there is no place where more of the comforts and luxuries of life can be produced from a farm than in this lake shore region. Think of its possibilities in animal life, in vegetation, in fruits. Everything is better than the rank growth of the tropics.

I propose to present you a few facts and statistics in regard to the culture of the grape in this lake shore region, where it is rapidly becoming the leading industry. It was commenced in Portland by Deacon Fay, in 1826, with the Isabella and Catawba grapes. Some of the original Isabella vines are in bearing to-day. Grapes have proved here the most certain of all crops. There have been in sixty years no total and but two or three partial failures of a crop. What other production has a record like this? Neither disease nor noxious insects have visited the vine. In 1872 Portland had six hundred acres of vineyard. It has now forty-four hundred acres of vineyard. The production last year, including Pomfret on the east and North East on the west, was seven hundred car loads or ten thousand five hundred tons, of which Portland contributed six thousand, six hundred and thirty-nine tons. The product of the region, in baskets of nine pounds each, was one million, four hundred and seventy-five thousand, three hundred and thirty-three. The product of a vineyard well cared for is four tons to the acre. Vines require no protection in winter, and the soil no more preparation to receive them than for other crops. For the table the Concord has long been the best paying grape of this region, and the one most largely raised and shipped. It is demonstrated by competition that it is produced here in its greatest perfection. Grapes are shipped to all parts of the Union, perhaps most largely to the West. There are several hundred varieties of grapes cultivated, one firm here having received in 1886, from the exposition in Boston, a medal for one hundred and

sixty-five varieties which it had grown. Aside from the production of fruit, Fredonia has become the centre of growing grape roots from cuttings. This business has been increasing rapidly for years. From careful inquiry I am satisfied that the annual production of grape roots is from fifteen to eighteen millions. They are shipped upon orders to every State and Territory in the Union, and largely to the nations of South America. They were, until recent legislation interfered, sent by the millions to France and Germany.

The climate is affected by the vicinity of waters, and the southern boundary of hills presents the same conditions as the best vine-growing countries of Europe. The business in this country is in its infancy. France has more than four per centum of her arable lands, or about six millions of acres of land, in vineyards. Italy has over twelve millions of acres of vineyards. Hungary has eight hundred and fifty thousand acres. In the United States, including California, the annual production of wine is thirty millions of gallons, while in France, Italy and Hungary, with a population about one-fourth larger than ours, the production is fifteen hundred and forty millions of gallons, or five hundred times as great as ours. We may safely assume, that for eating and drinking, Americans have as much capacity as any other people. I have mentioned the comparative production of other countries to console those who are alarmed and cry out that the grape business is being overdone every time a new vineyard is planted. It is only in favored localities that the grape can be produced. In France the culture is limited to about four per centum of the arable lands. There is not probably a larger percentage in the United States. In all countries the lands that produce the grape are the most valuable.

You were made not only to toil, but to rejoice in your labor. How to live so as to get the most rational enjoyment, while performing every duty to others, is the serious problem which confronts us all. It is not best solved by sitting down to a table which God and nature have prepared for all and

starving body and soul in the midst of plenty, to store wealth for those who are to succeed us, that they may riot and revel over our graves. The feast and the joy and the burden of life are for each generation in its turn, and, that each may do its part, the harvests that feed it are perishable and a result of annual toil.

A great artist being asked how he mixed his paints, replied that he did it with brains. A Chautauqua farmer, to compete with the West, must mix brains with his industry. To-day where one farm is improving ten are being exhausted. Those that are growing better are thoroughly tilled and the exhaustion of crops is supplied from large products. The value of a farm is in the elements in the soil that can by skill and labor be transformed into crops which have a value in the markets of the world. All of these elements may be so exhausted that your farm becomes worthless. Then your capital is gone and you are poor after a life of toil. We believe that the shiftless, wasteful farmer finds no pleasure in his pursuit, and that the same desolation creeps over his spirit as over his fields. Children will not go to the battle of life with vigor in their arms and sunshine in their hearts that have grown up amid discouragement, weeds and the desolation of a decaying home. The saddest of sights is to see the rush of the young to the cities, as if they held all the prizes of life. The country seems to be losing its charms even for the young, to be regarded as the prison house of unrewarded toil.

Education among farmers that should give elevation and dignity to social enjoyment, that should make him the peer of any class of men, that should lift his pursuit from drudgery to an intelligent use and control of the resources of nature and art, would make the country vie with the city in attractions. There can be built no structure of brick, or stone, or marble, with all of the embellishments of art, that has to the uncorrupted taste such attractions as the farm, with its varied forms of animal and vegetable life, its fruits and

flowers and the ever changing beauty of the sky overhead. The artist gets his thousands to adorn some city home with an imitation upon canvas of the flowers that spring up by the myriads unbidden in your pathway. But his imitation does not fill the air with fragrance when the morning breathes upon it.

The great evil of this age is the passion for sudden and unearned riches. It makes the path of honest industry seem slow and dreary, and it overcomes the love of nature and of rural pursuits and hurries the great mass to the cities to engage in the mad scramble for gold, where success does not bring happiness, and failure too often leads to crime, the prison and a grave in the potter's field.

There is with most farmers a want of attachment to the farm. It is valued as so much merchandise, not as a place made sacred by the toil of the dead, the pleasures of home and linked with the destiny of your children. Mr. Wilcox informs me that he is the only descendant of the pioneers who took up the farms in the nine miles between Laona and Forestville. There is but one descendant of a pioneer upon another road for fifteen miles. This is caused largely by the temptations the West has presented to emigration. The future must bring to the increasing millions more social stability, more careful culture of the soil. A few acres must yield more than the large farms of to-day. This careful culture will develop lands and it will develop men. A few farmers are now showing that the highest culture of land, the production of the best of everything, makes farming profitable.

About two centuries ago a ship, under the orders of La Salle, carrying thirty-two persons, sailed from the Canada side of the Niagara river westward to explore an unknown region and to plant upon it the cross and ensign of France as the emblems not only of spiritual power but of empire. They were the first white men who ever traversed the chain of lakes and many of the rivers that swell their waters. In their long journey they saw the untouched beauty of the for-

ests and of the prairies, and the wondering faces of the red men. At that time the population of the State of New York was but twenty thousand, mostly upon the banks of the Hudson, and of the entire colonies about two hundred thousand. A century passed. In it, after a terrible struggle, England had wrested from France the control of the northern part of her empire in the new world. The independence of the colonies had been achieved. Adventurous freemen had begun to penetrate the forests of Western New York in their search for homes.

Another century has passed. It has been the century of marvels. There are men here whose lives almost span it. The shores of the lakes and rivers have become the homes of ten millions of men, the channels of a commerce larger than that of the world of the seventeenth century. Steam and electricity have almost annihilated space, and multiplied man's power over matter. There are perhaps children here to-day to whom length of days will be given and to whose vision the scroll of another century will be unrolled. What will that bring forth? On this continent are to struggle for mastery the strongest and most varied elements that ever entered into the social life of a nation. What will the product be? Observers and the means of observation are multiplied. The torch of the explorer flashes upon the mountain tops and in caverns of the earth and upon the deep. What new forces are to come forth to cheer and brighten the pathway of human life? In the past century the population of the Republic has increased fifteen-fold. The same ratio of increase would in another century make it seven hundred and fifty millions, and the Republic would be the brain, the heart, the hand of the world. If those who succeed us and in whom our names may live should then assemble here for their annual fair, what would they behold? The great lake would still roll at their feet. Vineyards would cover the valleys and climb to the hill-tops. Exhibits of the decorations of homes and the varied triumphs of art would make the works

of our hands seem rude and worthless to those who strayed into the department of antiquities, unless they should have a sacredness from the memory of the old homes they had adorned and of the lives they had gladdened. The blood-stained flag that has been shot into tatters when borne by heroes into the heart of battles has a sacredness and beauty beyond the banner with its unstained folds of red and white and blue and its glittering stars. They would see a commerce burdened with the treasures of all nations and climes, and with the food of millions passing over this natural highway between the oceans; but what power would impel it? Would the whistle of the engine have ceased as has the war-whoop of the savage?

If, in a century, there shall be shadows in the pathway of humanity, it will not be from physical causes, but will be the outgrowth of human passions. It will be because men have not been grateful for and worthy of their blessings; because, having the power, they have not made and executed laws founded in justice, which holds society together as attraction does matter. It will be because the anarchist has trampled upon law, and the anarchist has forgotten humanity. Let us hope for better things, and that from year to year a larger and happier throng will here assemble to rejoice in the present and to dream of the beauty and glory of the future.

## INDIAN INDUSTRY.

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AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE IROQUOIS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,  
ON THE CATTARAUGUS RESERVATION, SEPT. 22ND, 1871.

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I propose upon this occasion to speak not only of agriculture, but of all your material and social interests as a people. Your fairs should be days not only for improvement, but for social pleasure and rejoicing. All nations from a common impulse, by dance or song or in some way, exhibit their gratitude when the harvest is gathered and plenty assured. Man sows with hope and should reap with joy. The budding promise of spring falls short of the ripened glories of the autumn. Six thousand times has the divine promise of seed time and harvest been verified upon the earth. Nature provides the means amply to supply the wants of all the children of men if they work in harmony with her laws. Every man is placed here to have such a share of the enjoyments of life as he honestly earns, to contribute to the common good, and to do something to make life more pleasant for those who are to succeed him. The earth and the elements are the common property of all generations. We cannot create or destroy matter, but we can change its forms to adapt them to human wants and tastes ; and each generation may revel in plenty and still leave the earth more fruitful and beautiful for the next. In the first stages of humanity a sparse population live upon the means nature provides in forest and river, but

as numbers increase the forest must give place to the cultivated field, the mechanic arts must furnish implements for toil that all may have their daily bread. In supplying this first necessity man strengthens his powers and cultivates his tastes, so that he does not pause but struggles on for the most complete mastery over nature and to embody his ideas of beauty in material forms. When the spontaneous productions of nature cease to support a people, an important era is reached ; those who embrace toil and work out civilization, become the enduring nationalities ; those that cling to the past perish from the earth and leave no record. This is the lesson of all history. The very constitution of nature gives the world as the inheritance to those who develop its resources and arm themselves with its power. You as a people are now at the turning point in your destiny. I appreciate the change for those who have lived idly upon the bounty of nature to that intelligent and systematic toil that alone can preserve them, but you must adopt it. Beautiful as may seem to you the life of your fathers in the wilderness, that life cannot be for your children. You must not dream of the past, but as a people prepare to bear a part in the future of the world.

It is by no superior gift of nature, no favor of fortune that the white man has possessed so much of your inheritance and marked the continent from ocean to ocean with his power and achievements. He has done it all by developing his mind and by systematic toil. When I see the varied fruits of your industry on exhibition to-day, when I see how generally and how well your children are being educated, I am convinced that you have passed the lowest point in your fortunes, and that a better and fuller life awaits your posterity. You have secured to you by the whole power of the general government and of the State, about forty square miles of land. Your title is older than any parchment, and you will be protected in its possession until you as a people voluntarily dispose of it to better your fortunes. In your whole

original domain there was no better land. You have enough. Work it diligently and it will supply your wants and those of the natural increase of your numbers for ages to come. If you remove, there is no place from the rising to the setting sun where the pale face will not crowd around you. Here you are on the great channels of commerce. You have a market for all you can produce. You can, from the money which your cultivated fields may bring, produce every product of nature and art gathered by a commerce as extensive as the world. Cling to your well chosen inheritance. Teach your children to love it, to hold it above all price. Money may go but the earth will endure forever. While you hold your lands as a people, you should have such regulations that each one can have some portion that he can call his own, and be protected in enjoying all the fruits of his labor. Without this protection you can never become an industrious and prosperous people. It is by the cultivation of his own fields by each man for his own good that a whole continent may be made to blossom as the rose.

In the beginning man was as rude and uncultivated as the earth. He had less physical power than the beasts of the forests, but the Creator breathed into him an immortal soul, gave him reason, surrounded him with conditions sure to develop it, and granted to him the mastery of the world. The very obstacles that he was to overcome were to give him strength and wisdom. Labor was a necessity, but it had its rewards, for the more he exerted himself, the more power and resources he acquired to minister to his wants. The soul of man and the earth have been developed together, and the earth, studded all over with the work of man, is the great monument of the combined toil and achievements of all generations. Almost everything which supplies the wants of the human family has been developed from rude germs to its present perfection by patient culture. The varied and delicious fruits of the orchard have sprung from the crab-apple. The potato is the offspring of a wild and unpalatable root.

The wonderful varieties of flowers, which make the beauty and glory of the garden, have come from the simple wild flowers of the forest. All the domestic animals have been improved from their original state, to meet all the varied demands of men. By a kindly law of nature, animals and vegetables which are improved transmit their better life. Do you not believe that these germs of good were made to be developed, and that this wonderful improvement is a sufficient reward for toil and care? Nature becomes plastic as man learns her laws. The ignorant man is a slave, a dependent upon unknown powers; the intelligent man is a king, and, acting in harmony with nature, presses all her powers into his service.

There are three great material interests in society—agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and each is dependent upon the others. Agriculture is the primary interest, as it produces the food by which man lives and most of the material by which he is clothed, but the invention and labor of the mechanic furnish it with the implements of his success, and convert its crude material into useful and beautiful forms. Then comes commerce, the great equalizer and distributor of material blessings and of civilization. The things man requires are scattered all over the earth, the most favored region producing only a limited part, and each region being capable of supplying a surplus above the wants of its people. This makes the extremes of the earth dependent upon each other, and promotes the kindly commercial intercourse that binds the human family together; and its ultimate results must be a common civilization.

Common wants in aid of a common nature tend to the sympathetic unity of the human race. Nothing is more wonderful than the energy of the commercial spirit. It makes the deep the common highway of the nations. It glides upon the rivers and the lakes; it cuts its canals through nations; it has laid its iron highways across continents, and tunneled the mountains it could not scale. Money is a common stand-

ard of value. You need only to raise corn and wheat, to which your soil is so well adapted, to acquire it, and with it you can make all nature and all arts minister to your wants and tastes. Your grain may go accross the ocean to feed the man whose cunning hands weave the fabrics to clothe your sons and daughters. How great the contrast between a narrow neighborhood life, with its simple products, its limited associations, to a citizenship of the world, a part in its fullness and in the life of humanity.

Do not judge of civilization by its worst fruits, for if you do you will cling to all the traditions and ways of your fathers. Judge of it by its prevailing spirit, by its best representatives, by the millions of good men and women who toil and suffer in every generation to give its richest treasures to all humanity. While civilized society is now a struggle between good and evil, while it presents the extremes of both, it is gradually and surely working out good. The ideal of a civilized society is where all are so educated as to have a fair share of the enjoyments and opportunities of life, where all are free to persue happiness in their own way, where the weak are protected by just laws from the aggressions of the strong, where every form of suffering and misfortune when it has no other aid is alleviated and provided for from the common store, and where intelligence is so diffused as to give to all the fullest benefit of all the developed resources nature has provided for the children of men. The civilization which now surrounds you is like a great garden in which grows every kind of fruit. Shun the bad, but pluck from it the good and engraft it upon your lives. Cherish and preserve the virtues which are peculiar to your character, and are inwoven in your natures,—the fortitude for which you are proverbial, the gratitude which never forgets a favor, the love of nature which makes you peculiarly her children. Love the forest, as your fathers did, as work fresh from the hands of the Great Spirit; but also love the cultivated fields, the blooming garden and the comfortable home, for the human

heart is large enough to love all things good and beautiful. If you can see God in clouds and hear him in the winds, can you not see him in the waving fields, and hear him in the rustle of the golden harvest ?

Your fathers saw the great spirit only in his outward manifestations of beauty and power ; civilized man withdraws the veil, and sees the inner beauty and harmony of the world. You merely looked upon the earth ; he goes to its depths for mineral treasures and reads in the rocks the history of creative power. To you the sun, the moon, and stars were only so many lights suspended overhead, but he finds them to be worlds. He weighs them in the balance. He analyzes their light and finds the elements that compose them. He traces their circuit through the fields of space, and defines the law that keeps them in their places. In what to you was mysterious and terrible, he sees the workings of infinite power and wisdom. Does he not get nearest the Great Spirit ?

Bad men come among you ; they are not the representatives of civilization ; they are its foes, seeking to enjoy what they have not earned. The true representatives of civilization and Christianity are such men as Father Wright, who have left friends and kindred and ordinary paths of ambition, to care for your orphans, to share your joys and sorrows, to mingle their dust with yours, to lead you to a better life beyond the grave. It is the glory of our race that it produces such men. Every age, every clime, witnesses their efforts to elevate and bless humanity. You have had your heroes who have died exulting at the stake, with their last breath bidding defiance to their foes. We have had our meek men of peace who have died voluntarily from every form of torture to attest the truth to all men, and, in imitation of their Master, they have invoked blessings instead of curses upon their foes. In the early and rude stages of society, passion and violence bear sway ; but by the efforts of good men time may come when "they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, when none shall make afraid."

As a race you have had a sad but honorable history. You have struggled manfully with the white man to preserve your patrimony, but his numbers and superior intelligence have given him the victory. From the first, it has been his manifest destiny to occupy this continent, and to make it the mightiest of earthly powers. You have been more sinned against than sinning; but let the past with the memories of its wrongs be forgotten. For you now there is no feeling but of respect and sympathy. You have produced men of the noblest type of physical manhood, with great kingly souls, such as are the pride of all races. Such men as Red Jacket, Logan, and Tecumseh and others have caught an inspiration direct from nature, and have spoken as with her voice. Their burning words, their glowing images, live on the printed page of the white man and will live forever. You have not had the art to preserve the choicest treasures of your race. The eloquence of your orators and sages around your council fires, which might have warmed millions of hearts, has died out upon the air.

Now I come to the most important point I can present to you. It is to urge you by the love you bear your children, by all your hopes for them and for the future of your race, to give each of them a thorough education in your schools. No people under the sun have better opportunities, for books and instruction are freely provided by the State. That you might have every advantage of the most favored, Mr. Weaver, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is now present, has this year had a teachers' institute here, better to qualify your teachers for their important trusts. The more zeal you show, the more educational favors you will receive. Do your part, that the State may not feel that it is forcing blessings upon an unwilling or an ungrateful people. What is this education which is as free to you as the air and the sunlight? It is to take the plastic and impressible nature of childhood, and give it its life-set, and, by acting upon all who are to make the men and women of the next generation, to give

your people a new life in harmony with the world. The child is like the twig, which may be bent in any form, while man is like the full grown tree, that may be overthrown by the tempest or shivered by the lightning, but will not bend from any pressure. The seeds of all social improvements and changes must be sown in the souls of children. Childhood is to human life what the spring is to the year, and what is sowed in spring will surely ripen in autumn. Your children should learn in school habits of systematic industry and of self-reliance; to read, which gives them the key to all knowledge; to speak and write correctly, which opens to them all the pleasures of social intercourse. They should be taught the primary laws of nature, and enough of the grand events of history to inspire them with an interest in our common humanity. Above all, they should be instructed in the duties and the charities of life and the evidences of immortality.

Remember that knowledge is power. In the stern battle of life it is at once an armour and a sword. It fits man for every pursuit. Without it if the man has the physical strength of a giant he is a feeble dependent being in society. As you store the minds of your children with knowledge, you give them the energy that springs from a consciousness of the power to achieve. Your sons and daughters may go forth from your schools with pure hearts, strong hands and clear heads to the duties of life. Your daughters will have the knowledge and manners and the tastes to preside over and make happy and beautiful homes. Your sons will know how to use all the resources of civilization in bringing forth plenty from your fields. Should any of them have the natural eloquence of Red Jacket, with disciplined power they will speak in the language of a hundred millions of men, and the lightnings will carry their words over the continents and seas. We concede that as you educate your children they adopt our life, but, as an unfortunate branch of the great human family, why should you not link your destiny to a stronger and more successful one, that tenders you all its blessings? You are

upon a little island. Do not shrink from the waves of civilization which must beat around you forever. You can have all the good of our civilization by the taking, and it is a costly gift. Heroes and martyrs have died for it. It is the aggregate of all the truth and wisdom worked out by the toil and sacrifices of the great and good of all ages. It is social order, science, art, and the light of Christianity. It is a language in which are recorded as fully as anywhere the experience, the struggles, the triumphs, and the aspirations of all humanity. Perhaps the greatest achievement of all time is the perfection of language, and the art of preserving it by printing. The white man not only has the words of inspired men, uttered in the infancy of the world, but by the aid of electricity, which to your fathers was only a source of terror, he gathers light from all nations, and every night reads at his fireside the papers throbbing with that day's history of the world.

The one thing for you to do in order to have your children properly educated, is to see that they are regularly in school. This regular attendance is as necessary as it is that your fields have each morning's dews and each day's sunshine.

A hundred years ago Western New York was an unbroken wilderness, occupied only by your fathers. A few wigwams, an occasional patch of corn sustaining a feeble life in forest shades, were the only marks of human industry. Their frail canoes alone disturbed the waters of the lakes and rivers. Wild beasts howled around their habitations. Their roads were forest paths to unbridged streams. Domestic animals added but little to their wealth. Their wisdom was the few and simple lessons nature taught them. The visions of pleasant hunting grounds in the spirit land alone consoled them when they lay down to die. How great is the change. Most of the wilderness has gone, and verdure covers the valleys and creeps to the tops of the everlasting hills. Western New York is the home of more than a million of men, their flocks and herds feed upon a thousand hills, plenty fills their

garners. They have opened highways and bridged the streams. They have built up great cities, pleasant villages, and comfortable homes. Two hundred thousand happy children are in the schools, preparing for useful and honorable lives. Loftier than the trees of the forest are the spires of a thousand temples in which all are invited to worship the living God. The lakes are whitened with the sails of a commerce carrying the bread of life from the West to millions across the seas. By day and by night you hear the whistle of the engine, which, impelled by a new force, draws thousands by the light of a summer day farther than your most adventurous warriors ever wandered. They carry men of many nations to gather wasting riches from the bosom of the prairies. Who would blot out the new life and restore the old?

Everything now shows that you are on the highway to prosperity. The last census proves that your numbers are increasing. The attendance in your schools is evidence that from year to year you have a higher appreciation of the means of making your children useful and happy. You have in your lands the most durable of all riches, the means of sustaining life for all coming generations. Honor the men who toil and at whose bidding the golden harvests come forth. The hunter and the warrior have disappeared, and in their place is the farmer. Honor and crown such men as Mr. Jemison, who annually produces his thousand bushels of wheat, for in the days of your fathers no hunter brought so much to sustain life from the most successful chase. In aid of your toil avail yourselves of the inventions and the labor-saving machinery of this wonderful age. Love nature in her primal beauty, and love her just as well when she is crowned with the graces and beauty of art, for man was made to rejoice in his labor. See how wealth and plenty come forth from the earth at the bidding of such men as your neighbor, Mr. Chapman. To all of you the earth is waiting to be just as generous. Put seeds in your gardens and fields in time

and care for them, and nature will do the rest. The sunshine and the shower will come unbidden for you all. Remember that the ties of kindred, the pleasure of social intercourse, the beauties of nature, the hope of immortality, are for us all. We all make for ourselves the threads that are woven into destiny. There is no fortune, no favor in the world; there are the same moral and physical laws for us all.

I trust that this fair has been a source of profit and enjoyment to thousands, and that with us all it will leave a pleasant memory. May your fairs be a perpetual institution, and, when we all shall have passed away, may the pale face and the red man still meet annually beneath these venerable trees upon the banks of the Cattaraugus, to rejoice in the prosperity that comes from intelligence, industry and virtue, and to give thanks to the gracious being who crowns all the years with fruitfulness and beauty.

## GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

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ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES AT FREDONIA, N. Y., ON AUGUST 8TH, 1885.

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This community, in common with thousands of others, has assembled to-day to pay its tribute of gratitude and affection to the memory of General Grant, the foremost American of this century. To-day a whole people mourn and lay their hero to rest away from mortal vision forever, and he silently takes his place in history among the immortals. What can I say of him that will be new to you? He has in this generation by his pen and his sword, by his life and his death, made his record, and his name and his deeds are freshly graven upon every American heart. As the mists clear away before that just and searching scrutiny that never comes until after death, the grand and heroic character of Grant stands out clear-cut and mighty as the mountain bathed in sunlight.

I shall endeavor to draw some lessons and contrasts for cheer and guidance from the life just closed. Not in all time has there been a day when so many, in so many languages and forms, in honest endeavors to do justice to any man, have so exhausted the words and the means which express gratitude and admiration among men. I may say generally that his was a life full of marvellous changes and experiences,—born in a Western cabin on the very outskirts of civilization; passing his childhood on a farm in a poor com-

munity, where life was a hard struggle for all ; then from the accident of another boy's failure receiving at West Point the best of education, both civil and military ; then as a Lieutenant in the army stationed at points in the North, the South and the West, where he came in contact with the people; then summoned to Mexico, where he saw the reality of war under Taylor and Scott, the great masters of military science, twice brevetted within five days for skillful and heroic service upon the field ; then a residence upon the shores of the Pacific until he resigned his commission ; then life upon a farm and in the workshop, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow ; then at the call of his country returning to the army, acting first as a clerk, then obtaining a Colonel's commission, and going from rank to rank and victory to victory, until he became the successful commander of half a million of men and ended the most gigantic struggle of modern times by receiving the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Then came eight years of successful administration as President, the most responsible and exalted civil position among men. Then occurred his journey around the world as an American citizen, when kings and peoples of every nationality awarded him such honors and respect as were never given to any other man. Then followed years of life amid the gratitude of his countrymen, until betrayal in business reduced him to poverty, and, until understood, seemed to stain his honor, and made him exclaim to a friend, "There are many things worse than death." Then came his long and heroic struggle with physical suffering which revealed the nobility of his nature, and excited the sympathy of nations. When we consider the changes in the condition of the world in the sixty-three years he lived, by the new material powers which promoted unity and sympathy among nations and enlarged the opportunities and recognition of human achievement, so that in his journey around the world he found no clime, no nation, where his fame had not preceded him, we must feel that in the ages no other man has lived so full a life.

A few days before his death, General Grant was carried to the height of Mount McGregor to look for the last time upon valley and mountain and stream. He must have thought of the wide expanse of the Republic he had saved stretching in beauty and bloom beneath the summer sky across a continent and of the millions of hearts to do him homage in all coming generations. What a contrast was this to the last days of Napoleon, who suffered from the same disease as Grant. In his anguish he only saw the rocky island and the restless deep rolling between him and his country, which he was never more to see. His sceptre was broken. His kindred were exiles. Another sat upon his throne. The flag his legions had borne in triumph in a hundred battles was never more to wave over him. Above the graves of hundreds of thousands of his faithful comrades who had perished for him there was no result save visions of military glory and the memory of hatreds to stir the world to strife. When the last hour came Grant died in peace. His great soul in the calm of the summer morning went forth into the sunshine. Napoleon's last dream was of the Old Guard in the storm of battle, his last words a military order, and his soul went into darkness and the tempest. To his spirit peace never came. History hardly reveals to us another so blessed as Grant in seeing the fruits of his life work. Lincoln died in the twinkling of an eye before the conflict was fairly ended. Washington only saw the beginning of an experiment. Jackson in the suffering and infirmities of age received no word of cheer or sympathy from one half of his countrymen. Even Moses, who had seen God face to face, was only permitted from the height of Mount Pisgah to have a vision of the promised land which he was never to enter. Such visions as came to Moses are all that have been vouchsafed to most of the great champions and martyrs for humanity.

I shall not attempt a history of the great chieftain's campaigns. The world awaits impatiently his own story of them. In that they shall live forever. It is enough for me to say

that he won the first and the last great successes of the war ; that when the brave armies of the East were unfortunate, he kept national hope and confidence alive by his victories in the West. His unconditional-surrender letter at Fort Donaldson stirred up the Northern heart like the blast of a trumpet. Whoever of the able Generals of the South Grant met yielded to him. Whatever city he besieged sooner or later the white flag hung from its walls. When he differed, as at Vicksburgh, from his able corps commanders, time vindicated his course and left his associates astonished at his foresight and his genius. He never turned back. In the terrible contest at Shiloh, when he was driven back the first day, he never thought of final defeat as a possibility. When an officer reminded him that if defeated he only had transports for ten thousand men across the river, he said that would be enough when he retreated. When others faltered, then came his order to advance. When General Meade said to him after one of the terrible battles in the Wilderness, "We shall have to recross the Rappahannock," he replied, "I guess not," and he certainly did not. After the capture of Vicksburgh, opening the Mississippi, and the battle of Lookout Mountain, the Rebellion was practically conquered in the Southwest. Lee, the great chieftain of the South, with the heroic Army of Virginia, still guarded the heart of the Confederacy and marshalled his legions within sight of Washington. Until that army was practically annihilated, there could be no peace. The country demanded that Grant should be assigned to this task, and he accepted it. He was strong enough to impose conditions. He was to have such resources as his judgment required, and was to command the army. The politicians at Washington who had carried on so many campaigns in Virginia were to stop playing war and filling graves. The battles of the Wilderness, day after day, were the most terrible ever fought. Our losses were appalling. The Confederate records are lost or destroyed, so we can never know what they suffered. General Grant undoubtedly acted upon

the theory that Lee's army must be driven to the wall, and, with their numbers, their heroism, their fortifications, this involved a terrible sacrifice. Slower, less aggressive action would have protracted the struggle, the waste of life, the spread of desolation upon the whole theatre of war.

When Lee surrendered the contest was closed. The Republic was saved. The glory of Grant as the conqueror pales before his magnanimity to his foes at their surrender. From this moment by his humanity he began the work of restoration. He scorned to humble a fallen foe. He did not enter the lines of the vanquished, or the fallen capital, for the defence of which a hundred thousand men had perished. He saw that, if the Union was to be restored in spirit and reality, it must be by healing the wounds of war and by the restoration of fraternal feeling. Force had done its work. Unless that love which is the very essence of Christianity, which is stronger than hatred, could return, all the sacrifices made for the life of the Republic had been in vain. Grant on the day of the surrender and in defending his parole against the clamor of bloodthirsty politicians won a place in the Southern heart which will grow warmer as time rolls on. Force may conquer an army, but the magnanimity that touches the heart lives through the ages. It is for this that brave men whom Grant vanquished stand to-day with uncovered heads and tearful eyes around his open grave, hoping to complete the healing process commenced at Appomattox. For this on the scroll of fame, high above all other names, the Republic will write that of Grant.

• We will close what we have to say of Grant as a soldier by the tribute paid to him by General Sherman, the one of all his commanders who could aspire to be a rival. He says: "The military critics of Europe are too ignorant of American geography to appreciate the condition of his campaigns. I have seen Grant plan a campaign for five hundred thousand troops along a front line twenty-five hundred miles in length, and send them marching to their objective points through sec-

tions where the surveyor's chain was never drawn and where the commissariat necessities would have broken down any transportation system in Europe, and three months later I have seen those armies standing where he said they should be, his plans accomplished, and I give it as my opinion that General Grant is the greatest commander of modern times, and with him only three others can stand, Napoleon, Wellington and Moltke." Such is the generous tribute of the second to the first soldier of the Republic.

We come now to the great lesson in Grant's career, which all the honors done him in life and in death only emphasize. He had no selfish ambition. Whether as a Lieutenant, a General or a citizen, he simply desired to do his duty. He never sought honors or place; they came to him unbidden; as a soldier he obeyed, as a commander he had no jealousies, no rivals. His tastes were all unostentatious. He acquired them in his humble American home, in his associations with the people, and he carried them into the palaces of kings and emperors. He was loyal to whatever cause he espoused to the last energy of his being. It is wonderful in our history how men who are content to do their duties with no thought for self come to the front, while the ambitious, the pretentious, the plotters for high places, however brilliant their genius, fall short of their aims. God seems to prepare men to let them grow and develop in small places to fill great ones. No man ever steps into and fills a great place who has not been faithful in smaller places. Mr. Grant went to Springfield to offer his services to his country in her hour of need. Who thought that he was to wield the sword of the Republic, that the aspiring, the ambitious, the pretentious were all to yield to him? It was not even in his dreams, yet when we look at his life we see how amply he was prepared.

The greatest legacy the Republic has given to humanity has been in the new type of greatness. Washington was its first exemplar, giving his career to the good of his country and spurning personal aggrandizement. Such men as Wash-

ington and Grant should teach every American youth that the plain path to duty in this Republic is the highway to immortality, that the same narrow path leads to the honors of this world and opens the gates of Heaven. Napoleon in his address to his soldiers said that from the Pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them. This was a mere vision of glory and empire. A nobler appeal was made by Nelson when he stretched forth upon the ensign from his flag-ship on the eve of battle the words, "England expects every man to do his duty." The pomp and circumstance and glitter of war of itself is ceasing to attract. I trust that to-day the honors paid the memory of General Grant will furnish the most conspicuous example in all history of rewards for duty done. It is homage simply to a great citizen, and it will be so marked, so grand, so full of the heart of the world and of everything by which humanity can speak its gratitude as to dwarf all honors ever paid to selfish ambition. Let us show how much more mighty in gratitude are a great people than a king, how much more expressive are the crowns woven by the hands and consecrated by the tears of millions than anything emperors can lay upon the biers of those who have enlarged empires and defended thrones.

Seven cities claimed the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Almost as many sought the honor of being Grant's burial place. Washington and Jefferson sleep in the South, Lincoln and Jackson in the West. Was it not proper that Grant, if his family consented, should sleep in the East, in the greatest centre of American population, on the banks of the river he loved and where he received the education that prepared him for his destiny, in the city where he found friends in his need and near the gates where all nations come and go? In truth, it matters but little where the illustrious dead repose. It is not their dust but their lives that belong to the world, and, as time rolls on and the marble crumbles, they come to represent nationalities and civilization. A narrow tomb holds the dust, but the soul pervades all time and space

England, limited in extent, could find a grave in Westminster Abbey for all her illustrious dead through the centuries, but we can find no single burying place for the illustrious dead of a continent. It is better here that every State and community should be hallowed as the resting place of its worthy dead of all generations. A life takes its proportions from the magnitude of the events with which it is associated. No mind can form an adequate conception of the interests involved in the struggle for national unity. The Revolutionary fathers established a Republic in a sparsely settled region skirting the Atlantic. Diplomacy and conquest had stretched our domain across the continent, our population had in a century increased from three to forty millions. An evil that preceded our national existence had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It had its roots in the national Constitution, in the reserved rights of States, in the material interests and social life of a part of our people. It was not a general but a sectional calamity. After half a century of agitation the South took up the sword to preserve it at the expense of the Union. The integrity of the Republic, the fate of free government upon the earth was at issue. If the Confederacy had prevailed we should forever have had a system of warring fragments instead of the great nationality which is now the light and promise of the world. In the Republic of to-day we realize the mighty work of its founders. As the centuries roll away it will be possible for men to comprehend how the happiness of millions in each generation hung upon the issue of Grant's campaigns.

We do not know what the future will bring forth, but it seems to us no more such men as Grant. After his comrades are gone there will be no more military heroes to bury. The sword has done its work. It cut the gordian knot of slavery, it prepared our vast domain for statesmanship, for humanity to have its best development. No foreign war can ever disturb us. The north, the south and the islands of the seas will in time ask to unite with us and share our destiny. There is

no longer any social evil or any cause to array one section against another. The old fraternal feeling between the North and the South, which Grant in his last days was so grateful that he had lived to see, is coming back. Do not Southern hands to-day assist as tenderly in bearing the old hero to his last resting place as Northern? We believe that most of the thoughtful men who wore the gray, now that the passions of war and the sting of defeat are passed, rejoice that the old flag waves over them, and, unchanged save as it is illumined by new stars, promises to wave over the Republic forever. If trouble comes to us it will not be in sectional divisions, but in want of respect for law and order, in the spirit of communism which now manifests itself in our large cities. This may be pandered to and be fed by politicians and demagogues instead of being mercilessly crushed out. There may be here, as in nations that have been blotted out, a gradual decay of public and private morality. The sources of national life are in the hearts of the people. If they are corrupted the whole social fabric, however mighty and extended, falls to pieces. The Almighty in the future, as in the past, will execute his judgments upon men and nations.

Against the decay that comes from social corruption, art, science, extent of dominion, all the mighty physical powers evolved by civilization will not avail. The sword of the hero is powerless. These are dangers from which nothing can save us but patriotism, universal education, and the spirit of Christianity. The battle for the pure life of the Republic must be fought in every school, at every hearth-stone, around every altar. Let the men summoned to serve the state, whatever their ideas of public policy may be, come with clean hands and pure hearts. Remember that the Republic may perish from the corruption of bad, but never from the mistakes of honest men. It is because this contest between the social elements which preserve and those which destroy will continue forever that we shall cherish the memories of such men as Washington, Grant, Jackson and Lincoln. No child

should in all the ages grow up that does not draw strength and inspiration from the lives of these and other great Americans as they draw life from the atmosphere.

While we feel how greatly the South erred in attacking the Union, yet we must realize how grievously it suffered, and that such men as Lee and Stonewall Jackson have won immortal names by genius and heroism which honor American manhood. The time has come when we should all, from our very hearts, say with Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." It may seem that in speaking of Grant's great qualities we have endeavored to raise him above the pale of humanity. He had his frailties. He does not seem to have had the qualities which commanded success in common life. His greatest errors were in misplaced confidence springing from the warmth and loyalty of his friendship. His rugged, honest nature could never comprehend the wiles and arts of the politicians who hung around him for place. The same misplaced confidence caused his financial ruin. The history of his campaigns was written in sickness and sorrow to provide for his family. The tenderness of his heart is apparent everywhere. In his writings he has said no unkind word. He declares that he had no taste for war. It was only a sense of duty that made him face its horrors. When abroad he rejected all the offers of military review for his gratification. He never did anything for display. The homage paid him at home and abroad was to the simple majesty of greatness. A militia Colonel would have scorned the uniform in which he received the surrender of Lee. In all his campaigns he never uttered a profane word. As the head of an American family he left an example of domestic virtues and affections for all time.

We can but think to-day how the generations come and go. We can remember when on public occasions the post of honor was given to Revolutionary soldiers who had stood face to face with Washington, but they are all gone. Then came the soldiers of the War of 1812 and of the Mexican war,

and but few of them are left. There are here men who fought under Grant, but their heads are touched with gray. Ere another generation passes they will have joined their comrades on the other shore. All who wore the blue or the gray will sleep alike beneath American soil and await the resurrection. God in his mercy will have healed all the wounds of conflict. All that any generation can do is to add its mite to the great heritage of physical development, of good examples and immortal names. When we look upon what is preserved of six thousand years of the stern struggles of humanity, we can but feel some pride in the contributions we have made in a single century of men whose names and deeds are bounded by no national lines, but are like the sun and stars to shine for all and forever. The voice of sympathy and appreciation from illustrious Englishmen has come to us from Westminster Abbey in recognition that another great life and name have been given to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The world has never witnessed such a funeral. The hundreds of thousands assembled at the place of burial are only the representatives of the millions who come forth from their homes and their workshops to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead. Grant's last utterances, which were appeals for the restoration of fraternal feelings between different sections of the Union, were the crowning glory and blessing of his life. They touched alike the hearts of the North and the South. A meeting of soldiers of the South says in response: "His words of kindly remembrance and peaceful parting so befitting the great, generous spirit just upon its immortal flight will be ever cherished in the holiest sanctuary of our memory. As it was peace and good will to us and ours, so be it peace and good will to thee and thine, great General, now and evermore." To-day the victors and the vanquished mingle their tears at his grave. Let us hope that from that grave shall arise the spirit of concord to touch every American heart that shall ever beat, so that we may have "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

## IS LICENSE DESIRABLE ?

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ADDRESS AT A CITIZENS' MEETING IN FREDONIA ON FEBRUARY 16TH, 1890.

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We have assembled in this sacred place to consider our duty to ourselves and our fellowmen in an emergency which is now upon us. It is beyond the power of language adequately to present to you the importance of the subject you are to consider. The artist might put upon canvas a tree, a patch of sky, a vision of water, but, when he attempted to represent on canvas the earth, the sun and the infinite hosts of heaven, he would feel the feebleness of art. So any man who attempts to convey an idea of the infinite suffering resulting from intemperance, aggregated from millions of wrecked and ruined lives, in every generation, will feel the narrow limits of human comprehension, the poverty of language.

There are evils that commenced almost with the first man, that have grown into customs and laws, and have been interwoven with the whole social fabric until they have won a sort of place, which would, if they were presented for the first time, startle men as they would be startled by the appearance of death when it had before been unknown. We have all of us seen the effects of intemperance ; its evils and ravages are ever before our vision and in our memories. Now we are to decide whether we will aid and encourage them by licensing in our beautiful villages eight or ten places, some

above ground and some below, to corrupt our boys, or, in other words, to manufacture drunkards, for such will be their inevitable effect. If we do it we are sharers in whatever responsibility, in whatever crime there may be in the business. We take money for it, we give it the protection of law, we endorse it as respectable. Here we are met by the friends of license with the statement that there will be drinking without license; but is there one within the sound of my voice, who believes that, if ten or a dozen places are licensed and fitted up for the sale of liquors, with every attraction of light and heat and amusement and kept open day and night for victims old and young, with the statement back of the bar that this place is licensed by a majority of the voters of the town, there will not be more liquors sold than when every sale of it subjects the seller to punishment, when it has to be done in secrecy and darkness as other crimes are, when the business is covered over with a pall of infamy? We admit that after the habit of drinking is formed many will have liquor at all hazards; light and darkness are the same to them. Poisoned body and soul, bound with a habit as resistless as the coils of the anaconda, they are staggering to the grave and the judgment seat. Their destiny is fixed; no human power can save them. They are the perfected fruit of licensed dram-shops. Cold and darkness and hunger are in their homes. Let us reflect that they were once innocent and happy boys, that light was in their eyes, joy and hope in their hearts. There are to-day hundreds of thousands of besotted beings in this Republic, hopeless and despairing wrecks of humanity, who were once the pride and joy of happy homes, who went forth to battle with the world with a father's and a mother's blessing, who have fallen victims to intemperance. We have sometimes thought how much better it would be if the whole work of the dram-shop upon humanity could be done at once; if one fell potion could change the innocent and happy boy who thoughtlessly takes his first glass into that wreck horrible to

look upon with which delirium tremens is revelling. If the first potion was so mixed as to kill at once, how much better it would be than the years of struggle, of suffering and despair and perhaps of crime, through which the victim goes in the slow transition from innocent boyhood to the last stages of human degradation.

We know that the highest and noblest temperance work is that which quickens the conscience, strengthens the will, purifies the heart and unseals the eye to the beauties of holiness. This would make men safe, if alcohol flowed in rivers. When men become masters of themselves, the work will be done, but its completion is not for this generation. The millennium is a vision and a hope for a future. Each year millions of children come upon the shores of being, are hurried into the currents of a corrupt social life, and too many are left in their weakness and helplessness to the buffetings of the waves that roll on to shores where all is darkness and desolation. To take care of this never-ending influx of life, to restrain evil passions, to develop and strengthen the best part of every soul, is the great work of every generation. If we can take but a single step, let that be forward instead of backward. While men are imperfect and erring, the strong must guide the weak. The avenues that lead to sin and death must, as far as possible, be closed. Do not let us make the fatal mistake of darkening the narrow path, and of lighting and garlanding the broad road that leads to destruction. If we could have one generation in which every man and woman was intent only upon the care and instruction of the young, in making all the lessons of life pure, in cultivating a taste for the beauty of truth and the glory of nature, which should be an everlasting source of employment and joy, a generation might be reared, if not perfect, far better than the world has ever seen. Unfortunately the energies of every age are devoted largely to the accumulation of wealth, and to the gratification of vanity. Men who have all their lives seen their fellow men destroyed, body and soul, by the temptations

and fascinations of licensed saloons will vote to sustain them for the incidental saving to themselves of taxes by what rumsellers pay for license. There are more than eight hundred taxpayers in this village, and, when forty dollars is paid for license, it pays the average taxpayer five cents per annum. That is his share of the blood-money. The rumseller says, "I will give you five cents for your share of the annual profits," and the voter snaps at the bait. The rumseller may wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, but his partner, the voter, sells his soul for five cents. But it may be the price is enough for what he sells; he is the best judge. Let us not condemn the seller too strongly; he pays the required price for a license that men vote to him.

What does license mean in this town? We may assume that if licenses are granted there will be at least ten saloons in this town, drawing from the public annually, at a moderate estimate, not less than fifteen thousand dollars. From whom does this come? Not from the rich as a rule, but from poor laboring men and from boys. It comes from the heads of families that suffer for warmth and shelter and food. The light may burn brightly in the saloon, the voice of merriment may be heard, but as a result there is darkness in the home and the wail of sorrow and hunger goes forth on the night winds. If only the drinkers suffered, it would be bad enough; but think of their children robbed of the joys and hopes of childhood, of all preparation for the battle of life, driven to unnatural toil in infancy, and finding no rest until their little hands are folded for the sleep of the grave. Against all these ills, does this drinking in saloons do any good to the citizen or the stranger within our gates? Are saloons schools of industry, intelligence or morality? A woman in a neighboring city said that originally between her home and the factory where her husband worked there was one saloon and that he always spent something as he passed it; but that now there are seven, none of which he can pass, and he comes home empty-handed, and the children are crying for bread.

Do we want to establish a similar gauntlet here for weak humanity? Shall the saloon have money, or shall the children have bread? Intemperance is a universal evil. If we could take the wings of the wind over the earth, in a thousand languages, in all the forms in which human woe is expressed, we should hear the wail of its victims.

We are not considering the general aspects of the question. We are to decide what we will do here in this village, upon which nature has set the seal of beauty, which three generations have toiled to embellish, and where the old Academy was established when there was no similar institution of learning west of it, where churches were planted in the shadows of the wilderness. Here children have come from the East and the West, and we still invite them to come. With a liberality without a parallel, this village has expended more than one hundred thousand dollars to establish a Normal school. We are not in a commercial or manufacturing centre. Our schools and the reputation of our community for morality and intelligence are the principal means of our growth and prosperity. Shall we throw all this away for the strange idea that some business men here profess to have, that no-license drives away trade? Are we anxious to attract men who come here with the primary object of getting a glass of whiskey, and who would otherwise shun us? If that is the primary object how much would their incidental or secondary purpose probably affect the business of the town? This village has sent from its halls of learning men who have been Governors and Senators and Judges, men who have founded institutions of learning, men who have commanded armies and navies and helped to make the history of the Republic glorious. It may also have sent forth in old license times some model drunkards, but some way we do not mention their names when we celebrate the achievements of the town.

We all know how drunkenness transforms a man. Now suppose that instead of this transformation from a man's voluntary act or from force of habit, it was a form of con-

tagious disease, that when it seized its victim it gradually palsied the arm, benumbed and destroyed the brain, drove reason from her throne, and blotted humanity from the heart. Would not those who were afflicted by this awful dispensation of Providence be separated from their fellows like eastern lepers? If one got abroad, a thrill of horror would run through the nation. Yet it is proposed to nourish and multiply this evil, to keep places open and licensed by law for its diffusion. This is because time, custom and the familiarity of drunkenness have benumbed the reason and conscience of nations. Men are prone to regard the fruits of their own crime and folly as mysterious dispensations of Providence.

How can we present this matter to weigh in opposing scales the reasons for and against license? How can we weigh the pecuniary interest of the few in acquiring unhallowed gains against every form of woe and suffering that can visit humanity? How much gold must one get to justify him in wrecking another's life? How shall we weigh dross against the soul with its infinite capacity for joy and sorrow? If you look at things simply in a financial point of view, I will say that you can not find a jail or prison, an almshouse or any of the great public charities, that are the necessities as well as the glories of Christian civilization, where the great majority of those punished or relieved are not directly or indirectly the victims of strong drink. Society, to exist, must protect human life. Not a week passes in which murders committed by drunken men are not atoned for upon the gallows. Men are executed who would never in their sober moments have committed any crime. Could not many a victim upon the scaffold say truly, "Society licensed for money the places where I, in the thoughtlessness of boyhood, acquired the habits that led me through all gradations of crime to murder? Is the blood all upon my garments?" Cain, after the murder of Abel, said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet he did not escape the curse of the Almighty.

We wish that this traffic in rum could appear in its true

colors. On one side of the entrance to it should be an innocent and thoughtless boy marked "raw material" and on the other a drunkard in the last stages of degradation and misery, labelled "a finished job." If there was a taste for the embellishment of art, what could be more appropriate than a few pictures upon the walls or windows of the serpents and demons that hover around the drunkard in his last agony, and bear his soul away into darkness ?

If we grant license in this town, in the next five years at least one thousand boys will be exposed to the temptations and dangers of the dram-shop. If all experience does not lie, at least fifty of these boys will become drunkards. We cannot tell who they will be, any more than we can tell where the thunderbolt may fall. Is it best to turn this number over to the worst miseries of this world and the dubious chances for the next, that a few rumsellers may garner up gold ? Are not the paths of honest industry and enterprise open to them as to others ? Are their places schools of industry, of intelligence or of morality ? Judas betrayed his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and, when we sell the bodies and souls of our fellowmen for license money, are we not following his example ?

I wish that the men who are working for licenses were here to present their claims, and that after doing so there could be a call made for voluntary victims. Would we expect a father to rise and say, "I have a boy to contribute to the army of drunkards, for the rumseller must thrive" ? Would we expect a mother to rise and say, "I have daughters that are the pride and joy and hope of my life, but I recognize the force of the rumseller's plea and am willing that they shall become the wives of drunkards" ? Do you think that the contribution would be large ? And yet, if license is granted, it will be forced. Forty years ago, when the question of local option was up, I was living in a distant village. In an address which I then delivered, I presented an estimate, similar to the above. To-day I could take any one to the graves of

more than fifty of the boys of that community who have died drunkards. The history of one family is so remarkable that I must give it to you. The head of the family was the wealthiest man in the community. He was terribly malignant toward the advocates of no-license. He had at that time one daughter and two sons, and two more sons were born into the family. The two oldest sons died drunkards more than twenty years ago. The daughter married a drunkard, and went to an untimely grave. Another of the sons set fire to the bed on which his sick mother was slowly dying, to hasten the time when he could reach what was left of a great estate. The last I heard of the remaining boy he was in State prison. It was my fortune in boyhood to attend schools in different places. I can now look back and see that about the same percentage from each school have become drunkards. Almost without exception they acquired habits of dissipation in licensed dram-shops. The victims have not been the poorest, or the weakest of the schools, but the best, the most promising. At the old Academy I had a fellow student who had more ambition, more of the elements of a great and useful life, than any other of my associates, but more than thirty years ago he was laid in the grave beside his two brothers, the three being victims of delirium tremens.

I ask you all to try and realize the responsibility of your position, that infinite results for good or evil may hang upon the action even of the most humble. A voice of warning against license comes from the wrecks of humanity around us, and from the unhonored graves where the inebriates of many generations sleep. I see millions of little hands raised up in solemn protest. I hear the appeal of the aged, not to rob them of their children and bring their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. The divine words which daily fall from a hundred millions of tongues, "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil," should ring in our ears and sink into our hearts. The voices of women come to us like the murmur of many waters asking, as they do not sin why

they should be doomed to suffer. Resolve, all of you, to do your duty in this most solemn crisis in which you will ever be called upon to act. Give a day to God and humanity. Let us have mercy upon others now, as we hope for mercy before the great tribunal to which we are all hastening.

## UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

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ADDRESS BEFORE THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT MAYVILLE,  
N. Y., ON OCTOBER 8TH, 1867.

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### *Teachers of Chautauqua :*

You are assembled the better to prepare yourselves as teachers to discharge the trusts committed to you. You represent six hundred schools and more than twenty thousand scholars. If the culture, the training of an immortal soul was of as much consequence, in the view of this generation, as the management of a thousand dollars of oil or railroad stock, then you would have as much importance as if you represented twenty millions of dollars, and thousands would watch your movements with unflagging interest. But as it is you furnish no material for gambling at the stock boards, for the results of your toil there is no standard of measurement or value. You plant in the invisible depths of the soul itself the seeds of destiny, which ripen into strength or weakness, joy or sorrow, in time and through eternity. Your presence suggests the grandest of themes, universal education. Without taking any particular subject from which I might be tempted to wander, I shall endeavor from an almost boundless range for thought to present to you without much connection such suggestions as to me may seem appropriate.

We live in a busy age, an age in which the all-absorbing passion is a love for gold. It is made the first dream of

childhood, and age grasps it more firmly 'as it feels the coldness of death coming on. A thousand are asking how shall I become rich, where only one is enquiring, how shall I develop my faculties so as to put them in harmony with the melody and the beauty of nature and the majesty of truth, so as innocently to enjoy to the utmost the great provision which the Creator has made for the happiness of every soul. A thousand millions make up the society of the world, and this society is ever changing. With every tick of the clock souls are ushered into eternity, and infancy is welcomed with joy into the world. To provide for the physical wants of this great family, to develop and illuminate this great mass of mind, is to be the chief task of humanity everywhere and forever. In all who have lived and who are to live there is a common humanity, the same senses, the same faculties, differing of course in degree and in relative power, yet all alike subject to the same unchangeable moral and physical laws. The same sun and moon and stars that smiled upon Eden will greet the vision of the last man who shall walk the earth. The contemplation of the vastness of nature, of the brevity of life, of the struggling millions that throng the earth and pass away as a shadow, should not make us feel as if a single life was of no importance, that we are powerless as a drop in the ocean; let us rather feel our dignity as parts of this stupendous whole, that we are objects of the watchful care of the great being who made the universe, that we are joint heirs of nature and of immortality, and that we each have a separate destiny to work out for ourselves, that our great task is self-development; that while our time for work is brief, yet we can act upon mind which is immortal.

As we look upon the varied condition of our common nature in different nations and periods of history, and even in the same community, we only see the influence of habits and education for ages. Contrasts so great could not be produced upon one generation from the same starting point, but the faculties, whether good or bad, which are developed by

education and habit, in any nation from age to age, become organic and hereditarily transmissible from generation to generation. Peculiar mental habits become national as much as peculiar physical form and features. You may take a child from each nation of the earth and bring up the ones thus chosen as members of one family, and you will find that national peculiarities have become a part of the very soul of each. So we see the influence of education and habit, not only working upon each generation externally but working themselves into the very texture of the soul itself, by hereditary transmission. In this way some nations reach such a stage of degradation that no human power can give them an upward tendency—they become extinct under the operations of the violated laws of nature. We believe that many nations of the earth are to pass away, that they cannot be elevated to a part in the great civilization that awaits the world. They are just as much doomed as the fig-tree was when the Saviour said to it, ‘‘Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever.’’ Is there any reason why whole nationalities should not in the future disappear from the world as in the past? The nations that by education develop physical energy, mental power and morality will in the future have the dominion over the earth, as their reward.

Every influence of parents, of books, of teachers, of nature, of incident, is a part of education and is felt by the soul. There is also in every state of society a public sentiment—made perhaps by the greater weight of conviction and emotion—which the soul absorbs as insensibly as the lungs inhale the air. As directly as the purity or impurity of the atmosphere affects the health of the body does the purity or impurity of public sentiment affect the soul. This public sentiment is what we may call the spirit of the age. It is the common fountain at which every child is inclined to drink and be satisfied. It is only by boldness, by revolutionary energy in commencing a counter movement upon the youth of a generation that this public sentiment of a nation

is ever changed. Every child thrown into the bosom of society is a power for good or evil just as he is developed. He has in himself all the elements which exist in society, and the culture he receives will determine whether reason or passion, virtue or vice, is to control him, and to which side he is to go in the scales in which national destiny is weighed. Neglect is fatal to him, for human passions have a spontaneous growth, while the better impulses of the heart and the reason of man are only drawn forth by most patient culture. In all ages unhallowed ambition has found it more easy to acquire power by taking advantage of ignorance and pandering to the worst passions, than by the slow and painful task of endeavoring to enlighten mankind.

The great problem in this and every other country is, what elements in society are getting the ascendancy. It is not a question of intelligence alone, for that is simple power. The fallen angels had that. The moral sentiments ever determine whether intelligence is a blessing or a curse. The intelligence and morality of the mass of the people have from the first been recognized here as the elements of self-government. The great means of diffusing intelligence and morality in this Republic are the common schools; their doors are open to all; there the children of the rich and the poor meet on terms of perfect equality; there is light for every soul. They are the nurseries generating and sending life and energy into society as the roots throw life and beauty into a tree. In the Roman empire there were magnificent roads that never turned aside for mountain or river, running from the imperial city to the remotest provinces, marked the whole distance by marble mile-stones, which indicated the sway of Rome and the boundaries of empire. Let us mark the most magnificent domain God has ever given to any people as thickly with schoolhouses; let them stand as the symbols and power of the dominion of democracy; let the first rays of the sun fall upon them as it rises from the east and his last rays linger upon those which deck the golden shores of the west. If we

as a people build on this rock "the gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

In every condition of society intelligence is the governing power. Democracy lives by its general diffusion and can live in no other way. Despotism lives only by its concentration. In all aristocratic governments there is a broad line of demarkation between the education of the governing classes and of the masses of the people. The European aristocracy are as a class the best educated men in the world. It is not as much their parchment privileges, as the ever living power of a superior intelligence, that has enabled them for ages to wield the destiny of nations. There are no schools in Europe like our common schools ; there are schools for religious sects, schools sustained by government for the people, but the teachers are as much under its control as the army, and dare teach no truth or sentiment that does not tend to uphold existing institutions. Of course in the masses irrepressible greatness will at times appear, that could combine all the elements of democracy against the throne. In revolutionary times two of the children of the people have acquired power, but they have used it to seat themselves upon the throne and to found a dynasty. As a general rule a man of genius in any field is bought up by titles and becomes the founder of a family. The poet begins with lays for the people, and, if he can move the popular heart, he becomes the poet laureate and gilds royalty with immortal song. Pitt, the great commoner, who, it has been said, wielded with one hand the democracy of England, is made Earl of Chatham, and becomes the champion of kings. Thus is democracy robbed of her children and goaded by the weapons she has forged. Kings dare not war with intelligence. They recognize its power, and bring it at whatever cost to their aid. The common idea that government is accidental is an error ; intelligence is everywhere, by an irrevocable law, the governing power.

After the community has provided schoolhouses and the machinery of education, the task of imparting instruction, of

commencing a systematic development of the human mind, falls upon the teacher. He cannot perfect, but he sows in the spring time of the soul, and the seeds, whether good or bad, will ripen into fruit in life's summer and autumn. An archangel, with his prescience of the value and dangers and destiny of a soul, would tremble at the responsibilities which many a teacher carelessly assumes. Let us compare the dignity, the importance of teaching with other callings. We all in every act may influence others indirectly, but the teacher is clothed with authority and commissioned to act upon mind at the time when it is most susceptible, and receives the impulses and forms the habits that will cling to it forever. Work upon the soul is the most enduring of all work. When the brightest colors fade, when the most solid structures of art crumble, when worlds are wrecked in the convulsions of nature, then the soul will only be in the freshness of its youth. The soul is the only thing that can feel and act. If the artist blot his canvas he may erase it, if he chisel too deeply into the block of marble he may cast it away, but who can erase from the soul, who can cast it away but the Almighty? And if he casts it away, it is to darkness and sorrow.

Some seem to act upon the theory that the soul is a sort of tender for the body, that its mission is to feed it, deck it, and perfume it, to invent new forms of sensual gratification for it, and that its mission is complete when death gives the body to corruption and the worm. The teacher finds in every youthful mind an eager curiosity for truth; this is designed to lead the mind into a field of discovery too vast and mysterious for it ever fully to explore. This curiosity is the impulsive stimulating power of the mind, and should grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength; but, instead of this, at the age of twenty nine out of every ten have become indifferent to nature and to the pursuit of knowledge. If the soul is ever animated to any effort, it is by avarice or some more grovelling passion. Where has the celestial fire

perished, in the general coldness of the breath of humanity, or in the contagion of impious examples? Have teachers obscured rather than exhibited the beauty of truth till they have made childhood reject its inheritance and turn from the smile of Deity as from a hideous image? I do not know the cause; I only see the result.

The first aim of a teacher should be to inspire the child with an enthusiastic love for knowledge, to keep alive and stimulate all the generous impulses of childhood, for the mind must get its warmth and glow from the heart. Newton, Audubon and Humboldt were men not pre-eminently gifted, but they pursued truth under the stimulus of affection with a patience that never yielded and a zeal that never flagged. I know that it is no easy task for the teacher to make labor pleasant, to exercise authority without generating hatred, to impose the burdens necessary to strengthen and not to discourage, to stimulate by praise without exciting hopes never to be realized. But if by toil, by patience, by tact, he arms one soul with power, warms it with love and sends it forth for a noble career, he has done a mightier work than was ever done upon canvas or in marble. The plan of education should be the harmonious and natural development of all the faculties of the mind, as each in proportion to its cultivation yields enjoyment and power. One with but little musical cultivation could enjoy simple melodies, but to enjoy the musical entertainments which the resources of nations are taxed to produce, and in which the skill of a thousand masters is blended in great waves of harmony, requires a cultivated ear. The mind has its order of development as much as anything in nature. The bud and the blossom must precede the ripened fruit.

In childhood you find extreme acuteness of the senses and a wonderful development of memory. The mere infant will learn the use and meaning of words more rapidly than the adult can acquire a foreign language. Memory early provides the material on which reason, imagination and taste

are afterward to act. We see in the early development of memory a hint as to its use. When it is most active the other faculties have not strength to make any use of its acquisitions. Then those who control education should direct its efforts to what experience has taught them will be most valuable in the future. There is a great deal that must be learned that is arbitrary, that must be learned early or never. The art of spelling is a pure effort of memory, and can be learned so as to be retained forever when the child can have but a feeble conception of the meaning or use of language. I should consider that spelling bore about the same relation to education that the corner-stone does to the temple, if there were not so many ladies and gentlemen who cannot write a page without misspelling simple words, who have certificates and diplomas and degrees from the highest institutions of learning. This is conclusive that good spelling is no part of education; still it can do no harm. As in childhood physical forms engrave themselves upon the memory, so maps become impressed upon the brain. Keep memory at work in childhood; if it commit poetry or prose which embodies the deepest philosophy, the expanding mind will soon appreciate such treasures. I certainly would lay the foundations of knowledge in childhood on a broader basis than the studies in any school. Let the child have his daily task, which he must perform, but occasionally lead him to the mountain tops where the beauty and glory of nature is revealed, to the page which records the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the immortality of the great champions of truth. Bring the child if possible into active sympathy with the great heart of humanity.

While memory is gathering materials, reason is slowly developing the power to use them. From scattered facts it forms theories and traces the relations of cause and effect throughout the material world. It grasps every element of power. It opens a way into the depths of the earth for its pent-up treasures to gush forth; it ascends and traces out the myster-

ies of the heavens. Were you to-day on the solitary slopes of the Rocky Mountains, you would hear the shrill whistle of the engine and would see the quartz torn from the bosom of the mountain and crushed by ponderous machinery, yielding up the gold which from the dawn of creation it has held with more than a miser's grasp. Imagination is the faculty that combines by no rule but its own caprices the materials of memory and observation. In childhood this faculty needs no cultivation. It forms and peoples worlds which melt away before the gaze of expanding reason, as mists before the sun. If in youth imagination tempts reason to heights which unaided it could never reach, at a later period, after reason has discerned the order of nature and the majesty of truth, imagination finds in reality a field to revel in more gorgeous than her early dreams. Memory may be ever so faithful, but, unless reason and taste and energy are developed, her effort will yield no fruit. So the teacher should labor at once to store memory and to discipline the powers that can use its treasures.

I wish to protest against the extravagant use of flattery by teachers. I do not object to deserved praise and encouragement for honest toil and real achievement, but persuading children that they are particularly gifted, that the great prizes of life are coming to them as a matter of course, is worse than a blunder; it is a crime against the soul. I would rather, if a teacher must stimulate unnaturally, that he would take a jug with the usual mixture of alcohol and strychnine and distribute it in the school. Flattery lays the foundations of indolence, of blighted hopes, of bitterness of spirit. It pictures out a world for which the spirit may sigh, but can never reach. Children should be early nerved to consider life as a hard, merciless struggle, in which there are no accidents and in which every one will succeed just in proportion as he develops his powers. They should be taught that labor is human destiny; that God has made it duty. No matter how soon children begin to taste of the mixed cup

of joy and sorrow which Providence prepares for us all. It is for discipline, and from it comes strength. Suppose that you could take a child, and let every wish be gratified, let him hear no tone but melody, come in contact with nothing but what is pure in literature, beautiful in nature and art and amiable in human character; let him know nothing of broken faith, of human passions as they exhibit themselves in society, or of the weariness or triumphs of toil or the bitterness of sorrow, and then turn such a child adrift to act his part in the world, and he would be a feeble, dependent, wretched being, as much out of place as a tropical plant in the frozen North.

Education must not be too much above the tone of society, or the stern conditions imposed upon human life. There is a perfect analogy between physical and mental education. If you would develop the physical constitution of a child, you would not carry him in your arms, expose him only to the sunshine, but you would encourage him to use his limbs and muscles, and to face the storm. If you took him out to walk you would not level down the hills and mountains, if you had the power, but you would try to animate him to climb them, that he might learn and rejoice in his new-born strength. So the mind must be strengthened, not by shunning, but by overcoming obstacles; so virtue must grow by overcoming, not by avoiding temptation. I would not hold up to children as a model the marvels of humanity, the historic figures that are scattered through the ages, and teach them if they do not equal them life is a failure, but I would exhibit to them the pure, self-sacrificing, toiling men and women, who are cheerfully bearing the burden of humanity and whom they can imitate and equal. I would teach them that all that can be claimed of them is their best endeavor. I would inspire them with a love for truth, for home pleasures, for nature, for humanity in its lowest estate, for the joys that God has provided for us all. Shall we refuse to drink of the sweet waters that gush from our hillside fountains, because we have heard of Castilian springs and the sweet waters of Helicon?

It is the common action of common powers that is the soul of the universe, not the occasional phenomena. The air in its repose is more useful than in the tornado ; the water as it falls in the dews or gentle showers is more useful than in the foam-crested wave. Chalmers, in the centre of civilization, enrapturing the learned and titled by his eloquence, was doing no better work than the humblest missionary in the wilderness, who is leading the most degraded in the way of life. The most learned professor in the university, imparting the profoundest mysteries of science, is less deserving than some woman in the city who gathers around her the ragged children of want and plant in their minds the light of intelligence and the hope of immortality. You will everywhere see poor parents toiling without rest, denying themselves the comforts of life, that they may educate their children for a higher destiny than theirs, and you will see men blessed with wealth, who alleviate no suffering, who deny themselves and their families to hoard up gold, and who live in constant fear of school taxes and death. I have learned to reverence alike the head where intelligence has its seat, the stalwart arm that represents physical energy, and the heart overflowing with human impulses.

There is another thing connected with education, which is government. In school there must be law and order ; the teacher's will must be supreme. If a teacher by affection, by appeals to anything there is in the nature of children, can make all wills yield to his own, that is the best way to rule. But if, after patient trial, he cannot do this, he must resort to some form of punishment or abandon his school. The Legislature that should enact a law and affix no penalty to its violation would be laughed at, but the teacher is asked by some to do this very thing, or else to let his rules be trampled upon with impunity. There may occasionally be a teacher who has the power of command, whose very presence is authority, to which childhood instinctively bows, but the foundation of this sway is fear. Children see in the very port of

such men the will that never yields, the power with which they dare not trifle. Marius, confined in a dungeon, drove back by the glance of his eye the hardened assassin sent to murder him. If occasionally men have this magic power, there are not enough of them for our schools. Cæsars and Napoleons are exceptions, not rules. The physical and moral laws of the universe are enforced by penalties. Do we not read that the Lord descended upon Mount Sinai in fire; that the mountain quaked and smoked; that the Mosaic law with its terrible penalties was proclaimed amid thunders and lightnings; that the people, impressed with the awful sight, said to Moses: "Let not God speak to us lest we die"? And Moses said unto the people, "God has come to prove you that his fear may be upon you that you sin not." Here was law proclaimed by Omnipotence, not in the soft words of persuasion, but with the majesty of power, and amid the convulsions of nature. If the child is not taught to respect the authority of parents or teachers, he will never respect any authority, human or divine. The greater part of scholars yield a ready obedience to authority; the majority of citizens respect law, but there must be punishment for the refractory or vice in its unscrupulousness would trample upon virtue and institute a reign of terror in society. Why should the teacher be asked to govern without punishment when no other human power can, and when Omnipotence does not, either in the physical or moral world?

Thoroughness in teaching is the distinguishing characteristic of a good teacher. All other qualities will not atone for want of this. To cover up ignorance with gloss and glitter will never do. The scholar should have a task that he can accomplish, and should be required to do it thoroughly, and never leave anything unfinished behind him. If he can learn no more than to spell five words in a day, let that be his task; let him learn that so that he will know it certainly and forever. If a scholar is driven to thoroughness in his first study, he acquires it as a habit, the next strengthens it and it

soon becomes a part of his nature. This very thoroughness early acquired is the secret of great achievements in life. If the common school does not impart this habit, the academy or the college can never repair the wrong done the child. You can bend the twig but not the tree, you can give direction to the course of the fountain but not of the river. Early mental habits cling to the soul forever.

Now, in most schools lessons are given out ; if learned, it is well ; if not learned, just as well. Scholars go through the spelling-book time after time and never learn to spell half the simple words. They annually or semi-annually go through the arithmetic, and never learn to work out half of its problems. They pour over grammar for years and have no more conception of its philosophy than a professional politician has of virtue. This is as great folly as it would be for a farmer to attempt to secure the product of his meadows by plucking a few spears of grass here and there. Is it quite certain that a majority of the teachers present have ever mastered the spelling-book ? Want of thoroughness is the fatal defect of schools. There seems to be an effort to dilute knowledge, to sugar-coat it, as you do pills, and in some way to get it down the child so easily and gracefully that he shall never know it. The theory is, that knowledge, pure and simple, would kill the child. My theory is not to remove obstacles but to teach the child to overcome them, that it is by overcoming obstacles that strength is born ; that as the child acquires certain knowledge, his confidence and faith in his own powers are increased ; that one ray of clear light is worth more than an infinity of twilight. There is nothing impossible for patient toil ; there are no long steps in the ladder that leads from earth to the heights of Heaven, for one step at a time carries us up, and, if in the ascent we become involved in clouds and perish, it is only because we leave darkness behind us and reach gates which we have not by thoroughness prepared the key to open.

There is another thing with which too much care cannot be

taken ; it is in teaching children to use language correctly. Words are not to be used for display but to express thought. Language is the vital medium by which mind acts upon mind. A man's force is not determined by what he may know but by his power of giving his thought expression. While children are acquiring treasures they should learn how to use them with force and propriety. Even eloquence is nothing more than truth and emotion expressed with the earnestness of feeling and conviction, and crowned with the beauty of simplicity.

I would say here that teachers without the aid of the community are almost powerless. If the action of parents, if the spirit of society is that education is of secondary importance, the teacher will labor in vain. If he is shut out from human sympathies, what is to sustain him in his toil ? If he is not respected by the community, how is he to get the respect of his scholars ? If the rules he establishes are discussed and brought into contempt around every fireside, how is he to enforce them ? If he is to be tried and condemned unheard on the one-sided statement of the scholars who spurn discipline and study, to what tribunal is he to appeal for justice ? If teachers are to be just to the community the community must be just to them. Teachers must be properly paid. There never is much earnestness or energy in unpaid labor. The money of the people goes unsparingly to feed political partisans.

In this county, the Commissioners of Schools for hard labor through the year each receive about the same compensation as the two Collectors of the flourishing ports of Barcelona and Silver Creek, and, if a man had to stay in either place till he could get away by water, he would remain longer than Robinson Crusoe did on the Island of Juan Fernandez.

Now let us look at things as they are. Does public sentiment give much aid to education ? Is much attention paid in many school districts in the selection of a teacher to any thing but cheapness ? Factories are being established where

farmers send their milk to have it manufactured into cheese. If there were applicants to do this manufacturing, would it not be a matter of grave consultation before one was employed? The employers would have to know that he was faithful, that he had had long experience in the best factories, that he could squeeze from the milk the last possible ounce of material that could add to the weight of cheese. We all know this would be so. All the swine are taken to such factories to be fed, and I believe that the man could not procure the situation of feeding the hogs of a neighborhood as easily as of educating its children. I will take the schoolhouses of Chautauqua county as evidence of indifference to education. There are in most of our large villages and in many of the rural districts creditable houses. But I will go into other districts and show more value in the furniture of a single parlor, more in a single horse-barn or cow-shed or carriage, often in a hog-stye, than the aggregate wealth of the community has appropriated for a place to educate its children. Some solitary spot has been found by the dusty way-side, where some man could be persuaded, for a few dollars, to move his rail fence far enough back for a house to stand. A little, unpainted, wooden structure, with seven-by-nine windows, has been erected at the very point where the winds of winter have the fullest sweep, and where the heat of summer falls most oppressively, and where there is not room enough for a shade tree to be planted. Seats are put on the inside which would not be considered fit to be put into a respectable hen-house for roosts, and the wealthiest men in the neighborhood are constantly suffering and some dying prematurely from fear that the majority will vote to build a new school-house. A man who had not learned what avarice constructs for schoolhouses, in passing through the country and seeing such structures in so many neighborhoods would be likely to regard them as temporary places of confinement for criminals until they could be removed to more comfortable quarters in jails or prisons. If he knew the provisions of the Constitu-

tion, that cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted, he would know that the humanity of the law would not keep human beings in such places long.

The Legislature should guard against such outrages by prescribing that schoolhouses should be built and furnished after certain models. If men were compelled to contribute largely, they would probably send steadily to get the worth of their money, on the same principle that the old lady took the emetic rather than to have it wasted. If you visit any neighborhood you will be shown well cultivated farms, how fine horses and cattle are kept and cared for, and various objects of local pride, but how often will you be invited to visit the school, where the great work of humanity is being done? The truth is, schools are tolerated rather than cherished. They are regarded as good places to send children to on rainy days in summer and when the snows preclude labor in winter. It is sometimes cheaper to send infants to them for care than to keep private nurses. The lessons taught by the lives of parents are not such as to inspire enthusiasm for knowledge in the minds of children. Did you ever know a neighborhood to mourn over a failure of the school as it would over the blight of vegetation by an untimely frost? Are not souls as precious as the grass of the fields?

I know that among the children of Chautauqua County, of the ages to attend school, there is not one day's attendance where there should be three; and I know that no county in the State has better or more energetic Commissioners or more faithful teachers. In many places the schoolhouse itself, from its very appearance and discomfort, will be shunned by scholars and no teacher can make it pleasant or even endurable. The charms of music are now introduced in well regulated schools, but to hear a tone of melody from some schoolhouses would startle like a voice from the grave; even the birds of heaven never light upon them to sing their morning song. Why should ugliness and deformity hedge up the paths to eternal truth, instead of having the blended beauties

of nature and art to tempt children to enter them ? Athens practically recognized that the intelligence of her people was her national power, and the whole energy of her society was turned to education. Such men as Plato and Socrates were proud to be teachers of youth. Temples such as art never reared elsewhere were not too good for schools. In such temples and in the beautiful groves of Academus philosophers discoursed to youth upon the mysteries of nature and of life. The consequence was, that in art, poetry and eloquence Athens has furnished the models for the world for twenty centuries, and her philosophy was only supplanted in her sway over the human mind by light from Heaven. General enthusiasm for education would produce equal results here. Genius and ambition would seek the school room. Now, a true teacher, who will have order, who will make the school a work room by giving tasks within the child's capacity, as parents impose physical tasks on their children, would hardly be tolerated. You will not endure the rigid discipline that makes giants.

Young America must be humored, and amused, and flattered, and fed on sunbeams and rainbows, and truth in homœopathic doses, and the two hundreth attenuation at that. It must be learned without study, wise without reflection, obedient without discipline, hardy without exercise, and venerable without age. Some one tells of seeing a boy seven years old in a hotel smoking a cigar ; he said that his father had used disrespectful language to him, and that he should not go home until he had made a proper apology. I know that there are in this age many children properly governed and educated and thoroughly prepared for usefulness. But I fear that there is a larger class being educated in the streets and in the contagion of bad examples, without any respect for age, or virtue, or authority, human or divine, and that there is a disposition to applaud pertness, insolence, profanity, in short, the adoption by childhood of the worst vices of age as evidence of spirit and smartness. I tell you that such chil-

dren, like premature fruit, promise rottenness before ripeness. I know deluded parents who take pride and see promise in careers thus commenced, but at the end of them I see stone structures with barred windows, scaffolds with dangling ropes, the potter's field with unmarked graves.

I am aware that the faculty to teach children well is one of the rarest and most valuable of nature's gifts. Truth never is impressed as when it falls from living lips. The teacher should illustrate and teach a pure morality, but he can do but little if the spirit of the age and the living lessons of life are against him. Let children see that the corrupt get wealth, applause and the dazzling prizes of life, and it will be very hard to lay the foundations of virtue. Let parents smile upon and fawn around men who have acquired wealth and position by conceded corruption, and talk admiringly of their shrewdness and success, and pass by honest poverty with contempt, and talk of it as a misfortune, and it will be of no use for them to tell their children that honesty is the best policy. Let a man live as he would have his children live, practise the virtues he would teach by his precepts, if he would engrave them upon the youthful heart. The teacher in harmony with a community is a mighty power, but he cannot alone resist the sweeping currents of an age. As I have before said, intelligence is power, but the sentiments and passions direct it for good or evil; they are the power behind the throne. It was love that led Omnipotence, in the person of the Saviour, to the suffering and ignominy of the cross. Every life is a search after happiness, some sentiment or passion seeking after gratification. Reason is cold. The heart, the affections, give the warmth and the glow to life. It is in childhood that the heart receives its impulses. Let it receive no strong impulse, no burning desire, and the brain will die like the sapless tree. The life is in the affections. Shape the youthful heart right, warm it with divine impulses, and I will answer for the head.

Take Stephen Girard as an illustration of the effect of

early impressions. In his childhood he was an uneducated, uncared-for orphan. Through a long life he was a toiling, self-denying man, repulsive, almost hideous in appearance, without kindred, a stranger to human friendship and sympathy; his heart never revealed its secrets. When his confidential clerk and companion for forty years died, he did not find time to attend his funeral. When the government was without credit the name and business credit of Girard brought it foreign gold, yet he never exhibited vanity. Men called him a miser, yet his life had a sublime purpose, which he pursued with a pertinacity that marks him as one of the world's heroes. In his childhood he was sick and no one watched over him, and in his eyes and features neglect left the scars that made him feel himself a sort of outcast from society. This taught him sympathy for the sick, and he founded a hospital. When the yellow fever raged so terribly that in the madness of fear parents fled from the bedsides of dying children and the dead rotted unburied in their homes, Girard closed his warehouses and hastened to the hospital. And there for months, with a woman's tenderness, he acted as nurse for the sick. Finally, in a little cheerless tenement, which he had long made his home, the old man died, and his papers and his will revealed that his own childhood's suffering had kindled in his heart a sympathy for orphanage, and that through life the founding of an institution where orphans should be educated and cared for was his impelling passion. Upon one of the most beautiful sites in nature, overlooking the homes of half a million of men, stands the most durable and elegant architectural structure in the new world, and at its entrance is seen, in marble, the form of its founder, to remind the orphans that assemble in those marble halls from age to age, of their illustrious benefactor.

Schools have their lessons, and life has its lessons. If you wish fruit, you must sow in the spring time of life as much as in the spring time of the year. Every child has a physical and mental nature. It has a right, from some source, to

food for the body and to light for the soul. The rights of the body are everywhere recognized, and there is no civilized nation that does not make ample provision by a tax upon property against starvation. I insist that just as ample provision should be made for the soul. I insist that it is justice and humanity, and, if that will not do, that it is economy. The soul is the source of power. It nerves the stalwart arm to achievements. As you increase intelligence you add to the wealth and power of the nation. Government is for protection, for the general good, for the development of the best fruits of humanity. An intelligent, moral man is an aid to government, a pillar of state; an ignorant man who will not respect the rights of others is a foe to government. For such men all the expenses of armies of police for the administration of justice are required. Is it not as cheap to educate a child as to let him grow up a criminal to be watched and restrained and governed by brute force?

The civilized world presents to-day the sad spectacle of two millions of men in arms trained to brutality and contempt for human life, supported by the taxes wrung from the sweat and toil of the people, and all to keep them in subjection and to defend governments against foreign and internal foes. Now does it not seem that if one-half the number employed to govern by brute force were employed as teachers to enlighten the young, to instill the precepts of morality in every heart, that it would mark a new era in the development of humanity? Now in this country we discard standing armies; we have a government of the people and for the people. Let us as a nation try a new experiment. Let us teach men to govern themselves, by providing all the machinery of education, by making education compulsory. One-fourth the expense of standing armies adequate to our rank among nations would dot the land with schoolhouses as the stars dot the sky, and would carry light to every soul. We have had a war, the offspring, like all wars, of ignorance and passion. More schools, more general education, would have saved the sacri-

fice of life, the waste of treasure, the taxation that is to burden posterity.

In Central America stand the remains of cities as large as any now upon the earth, unvisited save by adventurous explorers. There are palaces and temples and aqueducts carved with inscriptions which no living man can read. Crowds of restless life such as throng our cities have once inhabited those places. Warriors and poets and sages have there dreamed of immortality. Yet they have left no voice upon the earth. What has thus blotted out nations? It has been no pestilence, no visitation of Providence, no convulsions of nature, but it has been immorality and social vices. The evidences of a former civilization abound all over this country. We are only building up our national fabric upon a vast grave, to be overthrown, unless we avoid the vices of those who preceded us. There is no clear path but that of the individual, which is the foundation of national virtue.

Finally, we have to remember that now is our opportunity, that whatever of glory there may have been in the past, whatever awaits the future, every moment hurries us irresistibly toward a grave where we are to repose from earthly toil and from which we shall arise to reap in the fields of eternity the fruits of the seeds we have sown upon the earth.

## FREDONIA ACADEMY REUNION.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI ON MARCH  
12TH, 1867.

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I am happy on this occasion to see so large a representation of the alumni of Fredonia Academy drawn together from all quarters to renew the memory of the scenes and friendships of other days. I see gray-headed men, members of its earlier classes, who come with a full experience of human life to contrast with their school-boy dreams. I see the graduates of to-day, the younger children of the family, their faces radiant with the light of hope, but before whom lies the hard struggle of life and the mixed cup of joy and sorrow which fate proffers to us all. The Academy, which has had more or less to do with all our destinies, to-night ends its active mission forever. We may have other reunions, but no new accessions of joyous youth shall ever swell our ranks. Henceforth we move on a full band, to fall one by one by the wayside until the last has passed the shadowy vale. Every year of the Academy, and perhaps every term, is here represented; but from the North, the South, the East and the West, from thousands who cannot come, we hear the voice of greeting, like the murmur of many waters. A part of almost every class have "gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns." In the bosom of the deep, in foreign lands, on the green isles of the sea, on the prairies of the West, on the

golden shores of the Pacific, beneath a Southern sun in soldiers' graves where cities of the dead have been made in a day, they sleep and await the resurrection.

The venerable president and the trustees and teachers of the Academy, and all our citizens bid you welcome to this hall. While many of our citizens whom you know best have passed away, nature meets you in her own familiar forms; the Canadaway salutes you with its old murmur; the trees beneath which you sported wave their welcome; the Common, your old play ground, wears its ancient beauty. The everlasting hills which surround the village look down upon you and greet you; the gas which many of you beheld as a matter of wonder, bubbling up from the rocky bed of the creek, now flashes its welcome to you in a thousand jets of light. The old hall, by the magic of association, recalls a thousand happy scenes almost faded from memory, and forms of youthful beauty which now are dust.

I shall not attempt a history of the Academy, for it would involve the lives of the eleven thousand it has sent forth into every field of effort, to every form of human experience, strengthened and purified to act their parts in this most stirring and wonderful period in the world's history. An institution of learning is a source of light. No mind can appreciate or measure its influence. It goes into immortal souls, into the currents of national life, and all the power of the universe cannot quench or even dim it. The noblest and most enduring of man's creations in matter are only the embodiments of thought, which must sooner or later perish, while mind carries its treasures into eternity.

Forty-six years ago, in the very shadow of the wilderness, energetic, great-hearted men, with a just appreciation of the importance of education, by painful sacrifices founded the Fredonia Academy. They built a plain, unpretending structure, as it seems to us in the light of the wealth and architecture of to-day, but ample for its purposes, and imposing in a county where nine-tenths of its people lived in

rude log-cabins. The original subscription for the Academy in 1821 has been carefully preserved, and it shows the limited resources and the self-sacrificing spirit of the pioneers of this region. In vain the cattle multiplied upon the hills, and the golden harvests waved in the valleys, and the fruit burdened the trees. There was no market. It was with the greatest difficulty that men could pay their moderate taxes. Mortgages to the land company, upon which the settlers could not even meet the interest, hung like a funeral pall over the whole of Western New York. A tailor of that period assures me that for work done for home customers he did not receive in money five dollars during a year.

The subscription was drawn in such a form that every man might contribute as he could, from his mill, his store, his field, his workshop or by labor. The whole cash subscription was seventy-five dollars, barely sufficient to buy glass and nails. To this General Barker contributed twenty-five dollars, John Crane ten dollars, Henry Bosworth ten dollars, and Doctor White ten dollars, and others smaller sums. General Barker and Colonel Thomas G. Abell were the committee to receive the subscription and carry out its purposes. They each contributed in some form one hundred dollars. Colonel Abell hewed some of the main timbers for the building with his own hands. They were, perhaps, the leading men in this great enterprise. Doctor White's subscription of sixty dollars was next in amount. He was for forty years a friend to the Academy, and ever ready to aid struggling students with means and encouraging words. Every kind of material for building is upon the subscription, besides cattle, rye, corn, chairs, cabinet work, shoes and hay. Solomon Hinckley gave thirty dollars in pork, ten bushels of corn, ten of rye, and three hundred pounds of beef. There were stalwart arms to labor, money, material, provisions, but still there was a lack, the wheels did not move. Lyman Ross perceived it and subscribed twenty gallons of whiskey. Now to the music of merry voices the trees of the forest fell, and the pillars of

the temple went up. I have forgotten to mention that the second story of the building was reserved perpetually for the use of the Presbyterian Church as a place of worship. Of the original subscribers only four are now living, Joshua Turner, Pearson Crosby, T. W. Stephens and Thomas Gillis. I am happy to see that Mr. Gillis is here on this occasion, and that the features of many of the departed, which art has preserved from the common decay, smile upon us from these walls. I may say to Mr. Gillis, in the language of Webster, that "Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your life that you may behold this hour."

When this Academy was established it was on the very verge of civilization. It was the lone star of the West. No other such light glittered in the wide expanse between it and the Pacific. It soon exerted an influence beyond the hopes of its founders, who looked mainly to the education of their own sons and daughters. It not only drew scholars from all of Western New York, but in 1839 the Canadas and thirteen States and Territories and the red men west of the Mississippi were represented in its halls. It has during its existence had students from every State except South Carolina. It has contributed to the Republic its full share of men distinguished in all the walks of life. From a long list I can only mention a few names. R. E. Fenton, the present Governor of this State, is too well and widely known to require any eulogy at my hands. There are Major-Generals Scofield and Stoneiman, who bore a conspicuous and glorious part in campaigns grander than those of Napoleon. The Academy has sent forth hundreds to battle and die under the old flag. I may mention Erastus D. Holt, who volunteered as a private, who by gallant service upon various battle fields rose to the position of Colonel, and who perished at the head of his regiment in the final battle around Richmond. He toiled and suffered through the long night of war, but was not permitted to behold the cloudless glory of the morning. There was Alonzo H. Cushing, a Captain in the regular army, who

commanded a battery at Gettysburgh. Thrice wounded, he refused to leave his guns, and died beside them after they had belched their last fire in the very face of the foe. No other battery did half as much to resist the terrible charge, the success of which would have been the death of the Republic. The old war-scarred veteran, General Sumner, said of him, "He was the bravest man I ever knew." Watson, long a student and then a teacher in the Academy, was the first of the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment to fall in battle. In the navy we are represented by Captain William B. Cushing, who sunk the "Albemarle," and who at the age of twenty had enrolled his name high among the naval heroes of the world, and until recently by Doctor Thomas K. Chandler, a surgeon in the navy, who died at St. Thomas, on February 5th, 1867, on his way to China. He was a young man of great acquirements and ability, and with as pure and warm a heart as ever beat. "Grace Greenwood," formerly Sarah J. Clark, whose first literary productions were published in the *Fredonia Censor*, represents you creditably in the general literature of the world. Douglas Houghton, State Geologist of Michigan, who was drowned while pursuing his scientific investigations, was the great and growing man of the West. He gave a new impulse to science, and first revealed the mineral treasures of the Lake Superior region. Samuel Nellis is president of Queen's College in Canada. Silas H. Douglass is one of the ablest of the professors of Michigan University, a university which is the pride of the West and the crowning glory of that State, as in its halls it proffers free collegiate education to all her children. It is in its educational facilities taking rank with Harvard and Yale.

Madison Burnell, of whom I may speak with freedom as he has finished his earthly career, was born in a neighboring town, and received his academic education here. As a lawyer he had but few equals at the bar. I have heard men who studied the graces of oratory more, but no man who appealed more earnestly and successfully to the reason and sym-

pathies and passions of men. His words fell like blows, and will linger forever in memory. I may mention Benjamin F. Green, one of the ablest Justices of the Supreme Court of this State, called in the prime of life from the bench to the grave. Silas Seymour is Chief of the Engineering Corps that is marking the way for the great Pacific Railroad across the waste places of the continent. I might enumerate Oliver L. Barbour, John M. Barbour, Carlton B. Curtis, Charles H. Lee, Samuel Douglas, Nelson Walker and Hanson A. Risley as names not unknown to fame.

I cannot further mention names. Your living sons are scattered as widely as the bones of your dead. I see them everywhere filling their mission in life, sailing upon the seas, planting upon the cotton fields of the South and the prairies of the West, toiling upon the plains of Mexico, waiting for the stars and stripes to wave over them as hopefully and confidently as the mariner surrounded by night and tempest awaits the morning. In our great commercial cities some are struggling for and some holding a place among the merchant princes. Others are administering justice in high tribunals in many States, sitting in State Legislatures, and in the halls of Congress, pleading in the forum, digging for gold upon the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, laying the western end of the iron highway upon which the engine is soon to whistle across the continent, diffusing education as teachers of common schools, academies and colleges, filling the pulpits of all denominations, and as missionaries proclaiming the word of life in the East where day begins, and on the western verge of civilization.

It is perhaps a singular circumstance that all the principals of the Academy are now living. I will name them in their order. Hon. Austin Smith opened the Academy in 1826, and has since attained eminence in professional life. Joseph E. Eastman is now a leading lawyer in Rochester. The Reverend Mr. Bradley was over the Academy for a short period only. Henry Chaney left the Academy to the regret of all its pat-

rons, to assume a professorship in the University of Vermont. Charles H. Palmer, a faithful teacher, was principal of the Academy during my connection with it, has since been extensively engaged in mining, and has had wonderful success in transmuting copper into gold. F. A. Redington was assistant during my connection with the school, and afterward principal. Thousands can vouch for his efficiency as a teacher, and some for the thoroughness of his discipline. Charles A. Seely is now of New York city, with an enviable reputation as a scientific man. D. H. Cochran left the Academy in a high state of prosperity for the presidency of the State Normal School. D. J. Pratt was for ten years the able head of the Academy, and is now Secretary of the Board of Regents at Albany, working in a commanding position with an energy that never tires, and a zeal that never flags for the educational interests of the Empire State. Homer T. Fuller, the present able principal, has by the aid of Miss Wright in the Ladies' department, made the last years of the Academy as honorable and successful as any in its long history.

I well remember, when a mere boy, the first day I entered the Academy, and the awful reverence I felt for the teachers, men who had not only seen but actually been all the way through a college. I have seen many such men since, but I do not think that my reverence for them has increased. I hope that you will pardon me for speaking of a few of my associates. There was a little circle of six of us, coming to school by the same road, pursuing the same studies, and bound together by the strongest ties of friendship. They were Joseph Kingsley, a good scholar and a genial companion, but wanting in the steadfastness of purpose necessary to success in life; Holbrook Leonard, with a sturdy frame, a will like Martin Luther's, intent upon an education, walking in the winter two miles to build the fires in the Academy for his tuition, studying through the long winter nights and starting before the dawn of the morning to build his fires; Rus-

sell Hatch, an excellent scholar, with a clear head and a warm heart—a universal favorite, and the only person I ever knew who it seemed to me could have passed through life and never wounded a human feeling or made an enemy ; Frank Cushing, known to you all, gifted with intellect, graced by the highest literary culture, with an almost marvellous memory, in which were stored the choicest treasures of English and classical literature, and with the most genial social qualities ; Luther Clough, a most critical and thorough scholar, who at sixteen had greater acquirements than I have ever known in any one else at his age, ambitious and hopeful. Now, what has been their fate ? Hatch died long ago among strangers, and sleeps in the bosom of the prairies upon the sunset side of the Father of Waters. Leonard, Kingsley and Cushing I have helped bear to the grave. For more than twenty years Clough has been hopelessly insane. His fine mind is a shapeless ruin. I alone am spared to a little longer experience of the joys and sorrows of this fleeting life.

There is much for reflection in such a meeting as this of the founders of the Academy and the scholars and teachers of almost half a century. Here we see the December and the May of human life. Those who have passed through its fields and gathered as they have sown and almost completed their record in Heaven and on the earth, and those before whom are all the possibilities of the future,—the aged living in the memory of the sunlight of life's spring, the young looking forward to a world painted with the rosy hues of hope.

Since I was a member of the Academy I have watched the careers of those with whom I then associated, and there are lessons to be drawn from them worthy the consideration of the graduates of to-day, who have life before them. I have found that those whose school-boy life was a struggle with poverty, whom necessity early compelled to help themselves, are most able to do so now. Those who flattered themselves that they possessed genius and who spurned hard study have

been outstripped by the patient toilers that they ridiculed. Children of the sunshine, they glittered like butterflies in the rays of the morning, but perished in the first storm. Those who did not learn to obey have not since been called upon to govern. The pampered sons of the wealthy, who depended upon riches they had not earned and influence they had not acquired, have, as a general rule, signally failed, and now sleep in unhonored graves. Those who had no apparent marked endowments but energy, self-reliance and patience and who embraced toil as duty and destiny have worked their way to fame and fortune. Wealth may come by accident, but wisdom, that light in which God reveals himself to mortals, comes only to honest toil.

There have been many of our citizens prominently connected with the Academy who deserve mention. John Crane, one of its founders, acted efficiently as its secretary for more than thirty years. Alvah Walker, always its fast friend, was for a long time its treasurer, and kept the captain's office where the boys had to come up and settle when I attended school. I well remember paying him two dollars for a half term's tuition, which I had earned by working four days in haying for Thomas Osborn. It was in that hay field that I learned to appreciate the full length of a summer's day, and I have always believed those days were more than twenty-four hours long. E. A. Lester, David Barrell and the late Philo Stevens have been able and efficient friends of the Academy. Daniel W. Douglass was for a long time its president, and labored to promote its welfare. A. Z. Madison, a man always faithful to every trust, has been its secretary and treasurer for the last twelve years. Doctor Benjamin Walworth, its venerable president, has for a third of a century been connected with it as trustee and president, and all that time has watched over it as parents watch over their children. Although distinguished in his profession and upon the bench, still what he has done for the Academy is the crowning glory of his long and useful life. C. F. Matteson of this

place, the worthy president of this occasion, read the first composition in the Academy and his subject was "Drunkenness." He has since claimed to bear the same relation to the great temperance reform of 1840 that Wickliffe bore to the reformation of Martin Luther. In speaking of the temperance reform, he always uses the same language that Benton did on a great occasion, "Solitary and alone I put this ball in motion."

I will say to Mr. Gillis, the only living representative present of the founders of the Fredonia Academy: Do you not to-night feel proud of your work? Has not God blessed it beyond your hopes? Has not the little rivulet that you and your neighbors opened in the wilderness, that your children might have the waters of life, become a mighty river, to flow on through time and eternity? You have lived in a wonderful period. You have seen such changes as centuries have not witnessed elsewhere. In your youth you came here into the wilderness. West of you was a sort of dreamland, but the restless tide of life from all lands has swept past you until it has become the home of eight millions of men, and still the unwasted wealth of its fields and the gold of its mountains say, come. The Atlantic and the Mississippi are removed from you by less than a days' journey. An occasional mail once gave you your knowledge of the world; now you read its daily history at your own fireside.

I say to the young here, sow good seed, and God shall give it bloom and beauty and increase, and crown your gray hairs with glory. We are only enjoying the accumulated treasures of the past, and such scenes as these, in which several generations clasp hands in holy sympathy, remind us of our obligations to the past and our responsibilities to the future, and keep alive the holiest emotions of the heart. It makes some difference whether our hills and valleys are to be trod by uncultivated men, who see in them no beauty and who value them only for the flocks and herds they can sustain; whether our temples, as they grow venerable from age to age, are to

be regarded as only so much brick and mortar, having no sacredness, because in them men and women have worshipped who have been summoned to a higher communion ; whether our burial places are to be regarded only as so much waste land, instead of hallowed places where saints are sleeping and awaiting the resurrection ; whether the acts which consecrate our, common humanity are to be remembered or forgotten. The first duty of government, and of every citizen, is to see that education is universally diffused. Governments are not organized to create offices, or to pander to classes, but to elevate the great mass of humanity.

This is not the last of the Fredonia Academy. It will live in the grateful remembrance of its children ; it will live in the ever widening influences it has sent into the social currents of the world ; it will live forever in the lessons it has impressed upon ten thousand souls. It has educated and refined this community, given it reputation abroad, and inspired its citizens with that spirit of liberality in the cause of education that led them to meet the heavy burden of locating one of the State Normal Schools here, a school that is to be more comprehensive in its purposes than any Academy, that is under the same roof, not only to educate its hundreds for professional teachers, to go forth on a mission almost divine to the waste places of the Republic, but to take children into its keeping and carry them to the highest grade of academic education. So, we see, the Academy does not die ; it only assumes a new, a more comprehensive and glorious life. It goes into a nobler temple, graced with a higher beauty, to be sustained through the ages by the strong arm of the Empire State. Its ample library, its apparatus to illustrate every art and science, will be open to larger crowds, and from them shall flow in more copious streams upon a wider field the same immortal light. When this new structure is completed and dedicated to learning, let us in its ample hall have another reunion, and rejoice with a joy kindred to that which saints shall feel at the resurrection.

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## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. •

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ADDRESS AT THE REUNION AND MEMORIAL SERVICES ON  
MARCH 23D, 1874.

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I shall not attempt to give the history of the Presbyterian Church of Fredonia. The sermon of Doctor Wright last evening fully and completely covers that ground. I shall only make a few general remarks, such as the occasion naturally suggests. We meet for the last time in a church which has been built only forty years, but still long enough to seem venerable in these changing times. To the younger members of this congregation this edifice is associated with the first memories of childhood, and it carries the oldest back to the days of log-cabins in the wilderness. The greater part of those who first worshipped within its walls are upon the other shore, to which we are all hastening. We have here to-day not only the present members of this congregation, but former members from remote places, from distant States, to whom this place is dear and hallowed, to whom it has been as the very gate of Heaven. They are here to take the last look of these walls as they would of the features of the dead. This is a time for contending emotions of sadness and rejoicing. This edifice, hallowed by the most sacred associations, is to disappear, but in its place is to rise a more spacious, comfortable and beautiful temple which is to speak more impressively of the gratitude of this people for the wealth

and marvellous prosperity God has given them, and which we are to bequeath to the future of the society as the fathers and mothers of the church gave this edifice to us.

While we recognize the propriety of change, still the heart clings to places associated with the joys and sorrows of life, and where the web of our destiny has seemed to be woven. Who can tell what emotions the faithful and earnest men who have stood in this pulpit for forty years have awakened in human hearts—what seed they have sown, to blossom in eternity? Here from year to year merry children have had their Christmas tree, and its light and its green have gone forever into youthful hearts. Here marriages have been celebrated. Here saints, the representatives of three generations, have met at the communion of the church. Here funerals have been attended, and friends and kindred have for the last time looked upon the faces of the loved and lost. As we enter this temple to-day we feel the power of association. The forms of the departed seem to be in the midst of us. Voices long hushed in death come back to memory. We seem to catch the notes of old songs, the singers of which have been transferred to the great choir above. We can hardly hear a foot-step at the door without turning to see if some of the recent dead—Mr. Day, Mr. Frisbee, or Mr. Taylor—are not moving up the aisle to their accustomed places. Here are the aged representatives of a former generation, to whose memories come back the faces and prayers of saints who for more than half a century have walked the streets of the New Jerusalem.

It may be asked, why should this edifice, with all its sacred associations, give place to another? The reason is obvious. The church has outgrown it as families outgrew their early log homes. This church was a noble structure for its times, and was built with ten times the sacrifice that the new church will require. Forty years ago most of the homes of Chau-tauqua and more than three-fourths of the schools were in log-houses. The best places of business were little wooden structures. Stone from our fields and quarries, rudely let-

tered, was the best affection could do to mark the resting places of the dead. Now all is changed. The log-cabins have given place to luxurious homes, some of which with their adornments have cost more than any church. Magnificent temples have been reared in our villages for popular education, our Normal school here costing more than twice as much as all the churches upon the corporation. Our cemeteries, instead of rough stones from the fields, now exhibit marble and granite brought from across the deep and worked into forms of grace and beauty by the highest of American and Italian genius. None of the structures of fifty years ago is in keeping with the improved taste and architecture and resources of the present time. It does not seem meet that the home, the school, the place of business and the monuments marking the resting places of the dead should be improved and beautified, and the temples for religious worship remain unchanged and be the only monuments of the poverty of an earlier age. In all times and nations, whatever may have been the religious belief, art has caught its highest inspiration in erecting temples which should worthily express religious emotion and gratitude. The Creator not only made the world with ample provisions for the physical wants of men in all generations, but he adorned it with a profusion of beauty intended to appeal to and purify the heart. So in our temples for religious worship, we should build in humble imitation of the Great Architect, and, as far as our feeble art extends, adorn them as he has the great temple made for all humanity. Solomon's Temple was built by inspired men, and time has not left one stone upon another, yet the description of its choice material used with divine art makes an inspiring vision of beauty for all generations.

The Presbyterian Church was organized here in the wilderness in 1810; the Baptist Church in 1808. None of the original members of either church is now living, but the churches remain with strength and numbers beyond the hopes or dreams of their founders. A church organization has a continuous

life like society itself. When we reflect that the existence of this church does not cover the whole term of the life of some of its present members, Mrs. Lydia White being twelve years old, Mrs. Parna Stevens sixteen years old, and Deacon Seymour seventeen years old when it was organized; that for fifteen years it had no fixed place of worship; that from the necessities of its growth it is now about to build its third home; that already each of its original members has been represented by more than one hundred in its communion; when we contrast its two hundred and fifty Sunday school scholars now with its class of fifteen in 1820; its present strength in all things with its original weakness, what may we not hope for the future? How much more mighty is it now for an onward movement than in 1810. As the centuries pass away, what but some change or convulsion of nature, in which all life in this beautiful region shall perish, shall blot out this church?

The organization of churches seems to have been the first care of the pioneers. Who shall say that their surroundings had not something to do with this; that these feeble bands in the solitude of the great wilderness did not realize more fully their dependence upon a higher power? Do we ever think what the early pioneers had to endure? At first there were no mails, and accident alone furnished them knowledge of the kindred they had left in eastern homes. The roads were marked trees, streams were unbridged, sickness came but there was no physician, men and women died but there was no clergyman to attend their funerals, and a few neighbors tenderly carried the dead from their log-cabins through forest paths and laid them to rest beneath the shadow of the great trees. So amid privations and sufferings, men and women who feared God and walked in his ways cleared the fields, reared the homes, established the schools, organized the churches, and laid the foundations of the marvellous prosperity of this generation. It was for them to pass through the wilderness, but the eyes of this generation opened upon the

promised land. In 1807 the first death occurred in this town, that of a little girl killed by the falling of a tree. She was buried in the old burying ground and left to sleep there alone; yet one might then have said :

"The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

In 1841 I was a student in the Fredonia Academy. Its annual exhibition that year was in this church. I had a part in a comedy in which there were five actors, each of whom if living would be about fifty years of age, but for more than fifteen years I have been the only survivor. One of the number died among strangers on the sunset side of the Father of Waters. The other three I have helped bear to the grave. In strange contrast to this mortality, the Academy, which was opened under the principalship of the Hon. Austin Smith in 1826, during its existence had eight principals, all of whom are now living, and this church during its existence has had eight settled pastors, commencing with Doctor Gregory in 1831, all of whom survive except the Reverend Daniel Clark, who was drowned in 1869. Being the only one of the many able and faithful men that have been settled over this people, who has been called away, many have suggested to me that I should say something in remembrance of him.

I was attached to Mr. Clark by the ties of friendship as well as kindred and had every opportunity to know him well in all the relations of life. He was settled here from 1851 to 1856. When a young man and preaching with great acceptance in the city of New York he was called to take the agency of the Educational Society to raise funds from the churches for the education of the ministry. His enthusiasm and tireless energy seemed to recommend him for this necessary work. The demand that he accept the place was so imperative and universal that he could not resist it. For twelve

years with marked success he gave to his work every energy of his being. Churches were filled to overflowing to hear his annual appeal. He always felt that the twelve years spent as an agent interfered with his after usefulness. A single sermon confined to one topic answered for the year, and he lost the mental development, the experience, the varied fruits of duties which twelve years of pastoral labor would have brought him. About 1845 he was settled over the Presbyterian Church in Norwich, New York. He removed from there to Fredonia, and then to Lyons in Iowa. He felt that Lyons was to be a great city and that he could plant a church there that should exercise a wide-spread influence in the West. He built the church but the growth of Lyons did not justify his hopes. After leaving Lyons he preached for a time at Galena, then at Galesburgh, and was then settled over the church at Plainfield, Illinois, where he closed his labors.

Mr. Clark, as you all remember, was a man of commanding presence. His delivery was always earnest and impressive. He was uncompromising in his nature. He had some ideas which were not generally entertained by Christians, and always produced a conflict, but no earthly power could persuade him not to present them, as he felt it would be shrinking from declaring all the truth as God had revealed it to him. To preach the gospel in its purity, to spare no form of wrong however venerable or strongly entrenched by fashion, was the aim of his life. All his errors were those of a resolute, iron-willed man who moved wherever duty seemed to call and who never stopped to balance his words or acts in the scales of a worldly policy. All could see his energy and the force of his convictions, but only those who knew him well understood the warmth and tenderness of his heart, the depth of his sympathy for every form of suffering, and the true nobility of his nature. I know that Mr. Clark loved this people, that the happiest years of his life were spent here. After a faithful ministry of more than thirty years, while still in the vigor of his strength and not yet weary in his

Master's service, he was called to his rest and his reward. His church mourned his loss, and erected a beautiful and appropriate monument to his memory. I have stood beside his grave and could hardly realize that his great heart was still, that his manly and stalwart form was mouldering back to dust, and that the man who had given most of the labors of his life to the churches of the East was sleeping and awaiting the resurrection in the West, in the bosom of the boundless prairie, with its strange wild flowers blooming above him.

This church carries us back but sixty years ; but in human progress, in mastery over nature, in improved means of transit by which the extreme ends of the earth have been brought together, in the general diffusion of knowledge, the last sixty years have been the most wonderful in human annals. Nowhere has the change been greater than in Western New York. If some of the founders of this church who passed away in its infancy could now return, they would find no trace of the work of their hands. Not a familiar forest tree would greet them. They might recognize the stream, the valley, and the everlasting hills, but what would excite their wonder would be the luxurious homes, the temples, the railroads, the telegraph and the other improvements of the age. They would wonder how many centuries it had taken to work these marvellous changes upon the site of the wilderness. What would be their surprise to find that a few of the friends of their youth still lingered upon the shores of time and that their children and grandchildren were the busy actors in this new and changed life.

The forty years since this church was built have worked wondrous changes in its membership. Of the building committee of nine Calvin Hutchinson is the only survivor. He helped build the old church and is the largest subscriber to the new, which he cannot hope to enter as he must soon be removed from his pleasant home to the house of many mansions. Leverett Barker and Judge Crane, the largest sub-

scribers to the old church, have long been gone. No one of the trustees of forty years ago is now living. At the communion yesterday not more than five participated who took part in the first communion in the church forty years ago. This is the order of nature. Individuals pass away, yet the church remains and presents the same types of life.

Here is Deacon Seymour, who has passed by many years the time allotted to human life, who has fought the good fight and kept the faith, and little boys yesterday united with the church some of whom we hope in three-score years and ten will have earned their crowns as well as Deacon Seymour has his, and even then ever beautiful childhood will be crowding upon the shores of being and enlisting in the Master's service.

All the works of hands shall perish. Truth engraved upon the soul is alone immortal. The Temple of Solomon is gone—not one stone stands upon another—but the songs first sung there are now sung in all the Christian temples of the earth and will be forever. Athens is in ruins, yet the words uttered by St. Paul on Mars Hill will never die. This building may be destroyed, but the truths that have here entered into souls will give them joy forever. All earthly scenes and forms will live forever in memory, and when death is passed the image of this church and its worshippers will live in souls upon the shining shore.

## FREDONIA NORMAL SCHOOL.

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REMARKS ON DELIVERING THE DEED TO JUDGE GEORGE  
BARKER AT THE DEDICATION IN AUGUST, 1868.

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I have been authorized by the corporate authorities of the village of Fredonia in their behalf and in behalf of its citizens to tender to you as the representative of the State of New York, the conveyance which vests the title of the Normal school in the State. I need not say that we feel some measure of honest pride in these beautiful grounds and in this imposing and durable edifice, which is to-day dedicated to popular education, and accepted by the State under its solemn pledge to sustain a school within its walls from generation to generation. Our citizens have invested in this school one hundred thousand dollars, a sum equal to one-tenth the assessed value of all the property upon the corporation. We say without fear of contradiction that so cheerful and munificent a contribution to the cause of education by any such community is without a parallel. To know why it has been made you must go back to the energetic, great-hearted men who laid the foundations of society in this western wilderness. As soon as they had reared the log-cabins that sheltered their families from the tempest, they reared the schoolhouse and the temple for religious worship. While by honest toil, amid privation and suffering, they sought material wealth for their children, they did not neglect any of the means for the mental and moral

culture which they recognized as the true and imperishable riches of the soul.

In 1823, in the very shadow of the forest, by self-denial and painful sacrifice, they established the Fredonia Academy. It was placed on the western verge of civilization. The long track of iron highway, which is soon to reach the golden shores of the Pacific, and by which we are now borne westward for two thousand miles in sight of beautiful villages, of great cities, of schoolhouses and temples, of the waters of mighty lakes and rivers whitened with the sails of commerce, of fields waving with the most ample harvests of the earth, traverses a region then hardly known to civilized men. This Academy prospered beyond the hopes of its founders, and in its successful life of more than forty years assisted in the education of eleven thousand students, and every State but one was represented in its halls. It was revered here as the work of our fathers. It was interwoven with the whole social life of the community. It had added to its material wealth ; it had given it character abroad. Upon a circle as broad as the spirit of adventure has led men in this restless age, in every field for honorable achievement, its students were bearing a manly part. Honor clustered around the memory of its dead.

It was under the inspiration of these facts that this community, with a spirit as noble as that of our fathers, resolved to do something for local and general education worthy of its prosperity and resources, worthy of this beautiful and fruitful region, worthy the enterprise and taste of this wonderful age, something that should endure forever as a memorial of the interest felt in popular education by this generation ; and this elegant edifice, in which we are this day assembled, is the result of this resolution. The school established here is upon a novel and comprehensive plan. The Normal Department, which is ample for the accommodation of three hundred students, is designed to give them, in its four years' course of study, a thorough scientific and classical education, and to

perfect them in the theory and practice of teaching. Its doors are open to students from all parts of the State, and books and instruction are free. As auxiliary to this department is the Model or Training School, which furnishes the material upon which it acts. This is designed for the children of the village, and to be as perfect a school as the largest learning, the ripest experience, and the highest art can furnish. In teaching and in observation in this department teachers are to be formed worthy of their high and holy mission. It has been required in all ages that the worker in iron or stone or wood should prepare for his task by long and patient practice, that he might not mar the material confided to his care, and men are but beginning to comprehend the preparation and discipline required by those entrusted with the impressible souls of childhood, with their capacity for good or evil, joy or sorrow, through time and eternity. There is also in the school the Academic Department, designed to take the place of the old Academy, and to furnish the highest grade of academic instruction. In this our citizens have a peculiar interest. They feel that the old Academy, with all its hallowed associations, is not dead, but that it has been transferred here to a fairer temple, and that, sustained by a stronger arm, it is to begin a new and more glorious life. They forget the grave in the promise of the resurrection.

As citizens of the State of New York, we feel a just pride in her educational system, which is the most perfect ever devised by man. Hon. Victor M. Rice, who is with us to-day, has done more to perfect our system of popular education than any other man living. With her common schools free to all of her thirteen hundred thousand children, with her Normal Schools to prepare fit teachers for them, with her academies and colleges sustained largely by her bounty, with Cornell University with an endowment and educational facilities which should make it equal to the most renowned universities of the old world, and opening the way in every department

of investigation to all attainable knowledge, tendering free tuition to the best students from other schools, there is nothing wanting but the enthusiastic educational spirit in the people, which shall set all this complicated machinery in motion and inspire it with life. If other means fail, let the State make education compulsory. Let its vigilance make it impossible for a child to grow up in its whole domain who shall not have proper instruction in the primary branches of education and in the principles of Christian morality, which are the bases of all civilization. The object of government is not simply to guard property as if life were a mere scramble for gold, but it is to protect the weak, to elevate the lowly, and to develop in all the best fruits of humanity.

After the great pecuniary sacrifices our citizens have made, they ask for a thorough school—one in which earnest work shall be done. With the ample compensation the State is able to afford teachers, they demand in every department the fullest measure of zeal, learning, ability, and experience. They realize fully that a school, to command success, must deserve it. The gloss and glitter and pretension which in some places pass for education will not satisfy them. They want the substance and not the shadow. They do not believe that truth, pure and simple, ever kills children. If this school is properly conducted no human intellect can measure its influence; it will be as extended as the world, as enduring as the soul.

In the convulsions of nature, or in the slow process of decay, or in the mysterious social changes in which nations and languages disappear, the work of our hands and the treasures of our civilization may leave no trace upon the earth, but even then the impress of this school, for weal or woe, will live in the souls of every one educated within its walls. The completion of an enterprise like this is surely an occasion for a common joy. Childhood rejoices in this fair temple which is dedicated to its use forever; manhood rejoices in an achievement that is to attest its energy and public spirit

to all coming time. A few of the aged pioneers who are present, who have helped to build log schoolhouses in the wilderness and who have been spared to see this noble structure arise, crowned with all the graces of modern art, may almost say with Simeon of old, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

And now to the Empire State, of which we are all proud, a State no more distinguished for its commerce and its magnificent physical resources than for its liberal provisions for education and for the support of all the charities that give relief to every form of human infirmity and suffering, the village of Fredonia delivers this property, with the fullest confidence that the State will sustain it by its bounty, and make it a public blessing to all generations.

## THE NATION'S CENTENNIAL.

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ADDRESS AT THE COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES IN FREDONIA, N. Y., ON JULY 4TH, 1876.

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[Hon. George Barker, the president of the day, in introducing the orator, said :

*My Friends and Fellow Citizens :*

Without much preparation and with meagre display, but moved by the love of liberty and a sense of gratitude, we have assembled here this morning, to salute with our hearts this centennial day, bright and hopeful with the achievements of a hundred years ; to acknowledge manifold blessings from Almighty God ; to speak immortal names and recall glorious events ; to manifest our love of country ; to declare our loyalty to the Constitution and laws of the land ; to swear before God and in the presence of each other, firmly but reverently, in the language of the most distinguished citizen of our day and generation, who was manifestly inspired with the spirit of our fathers, "government of the people, by the people, for the people" shall not perish from the earth. At other places multitudes of our countrymen will give vent to their joys and make their devotions amidst more imposing ceremonies, surrounded with more inspiring scenes, gathered on those sacred and consecrated spots, the battle fields of the Revolution, over the revered graves of the first martyrs, in historic halls, where orators with more than Grecian eloquence and statesmen with more than Roman firmness proclaimed the principles of government and nationality, and maintained the right to independence. Yet we, thankful for our prosperity and privileges, come from our quiet and happy homes with our patriotism as fervent and our blood as warm as any portion of the people.

You have chosen another as your orator and historian, a selection wisely and happily made. I will not detain you from the felicity of hearing him. He will discuss the themes and sentiments which I have barely named.

Standing on the threshold of the second century, let us entertain high hopes in the future of our country, and place our confidence on the supreme fact that the proud and superior race to which we belong and of which we have advanced to be a conspicuous part bears most largely the civilization of the age, maintains all that is best in government and civil polity ; has wherever it rules banished every form of human slavery ; stands at the head of the best forces in society ; leads the course in learning and in art ; fosters with a just pride institutions created to alleviate the unfortunate, protect the poor and helpless, and to reform the vicious ; and above all never fails to give to the State, when the occasion comes, men with the wisdom, courage and learning which the affairs of nations demand. A hundred years ago a few men of this blood, living in simplicity and in poverty, guided by their patriotism and intelligence, sustained by their fortitude, courage, self-devotion and self-control, gained this independence and established this Republic—their descendants, so numerous, so favored, so educated, so triumphant, will not suffer it to perish.]

*Mr. President and Fellow Citizens :*

The record of the first century of the Republic is closed. It opened in civil convulsions and blood ; it is replete with grand events, with immortal names, with examples and words of inspiration and cheer, which transcend the limits of nationality, and, like the sun and stars, are to be a part of the universal light for all nations and generations. To-day in prosperity and sunshine, with assured strength, with all the means for happiness as a nation, we commence history for the second centennial with a hope that God's blessing will continue to rest upon us, and that no foreign or disloyal hand shall ever close our record as a united people. Never before has such a holiday come to any nation. From ocean to ocean, in the valley and upon the hill-tops, on the shores of our inland seas, upon the banks of a hundred rivers, forty-five millions of grateful people are making all the demonstrations that indicate joy among men. To-day we commemorate the virtues and the sacrifices of the dead. Each community will endeavor to erect its humble landmark upon the highway of the centuries, that this and preceding generations may not quite be blotted out from human memory.

A century ago, mostly in the region skirted by the Atlan-

tic, was a scattering population of about three millions. While Germany and France had contributed something to the colonies, they were mainly of English origin and sympathies. To protect themselves from the dominion of France they had freely given of their money and their blood. Descended largely from men who came into the wilderness to enjoy civil and religious liberty, educated in schools which taught equality and brotherhood, democratic ideas had not only grown in every heart but had a practical life in the organization of every community. How wonderful have been the changes of a single century. A century ago George the Third reigned; Oliver Goldsmith was writing the works which have not yet lost any of their charms for youth or age; Burke, Pitt and Fox were in the meridian of their splendid powers, making immortal records for eloquence and statesmanship. Then the grass of the second summer was growing upon the graves of the dead of Bunker Hill. Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Washington, Green, Schuyler, Putnam and Ethan Allen were in the vigor of manhood, and unconscious of the magnitude of their work and the great destiny awaiting them. Then the heart of the youthful Lafayette was warming with love for a people struggling for liberty beyond the seas. Then the curtain had not arisen upon the first act of the French Revolution, the wildest tragedy in the records of humanity. Then Napoleon Bonaparte, a mere boy, sported in his humble Corsican home and had not dreamed of crowns or sceptres. Then all of Western New York, now the beautiful home of two millions of men, was an unbroken wilderness.

In 1679 La Salle, a French missionary, with thirty-two companions built and launched a small vessel upon the Canada side of the Niagara River, and on the seventh day of August first unfurled a sail to the breezes of Lake Erie. They passed westward about the middle of the lake, gazing with admiration upon the luxuriant forest upon both shores. They were the first white men who ever gazed upon the forests of Chautauqua.

On an occasion like this we should not forget to do justice to the Catholic missionaries, who through perils and suffering first explored this continent, following the course of the waters and planting missions among the Indians from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. They took possession of this great domain in the name of the church and of France, engraving the cross upon the trees of the forest, and erecting it in the solitude of the prairies. When their missions were attacked and their followers murdered by hostile tribes they never abandoned their posts, but died while baptizing the children and praying for the impenitent. They chanted the hymns of the church in the midst of tortures and astonished savage warriors by their faith and fortitude. Juges, a missionary, was in company with a converted Huron, Chief Ahasistair, when he was captured and stripped for torture. The Indian made his escape but soon returned to the missionary, saying, "My brother I made oath to thee that I would share thy fortune whether death or life, and here I am to keep my vow."

La Salle, Joliet, Marquette and others of the fathers were the pioneers of empire. They realized that millions were to occupy the beautiful land they explored, but the starry banner under which they were to move had not then been unfurled. What a change from the solitude of nature to the happy homes, the cultivated fields, the villages and the cities smiling upon the banks of the lakes and rivers La Salle explored. Both the Catholic and Protestant colonization on this continent was led by men laboring for the salvation of souls and not forgetting the red man in their zeal. In the lives of men are wide antagonisms, but in time they disappear, and men who oppose each other stand out alike above sect, or party, or creed, and are crowned by posterity as common workers and sufferers for humanity.

As it has been requested by the national and State authorities that the addresses upon this occasion should embody something of local history, I shall comply with that request

although in doing so I shall present in nearly the same form material which I collected and used in a sketch of the late Judge Cushing. Some who hear me bore their part in the early hardships and struggles in the wilderness, and it does not admit much variety of expression to record

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

The survey of the Holland purchase was commenced by Joseph Ellicott in the spring of 1798. In 1799 the first crop was raised upon the Holland purchase, it being oats and garden vegetables in the town of Stafford. The first crop of wheat was raised at Clarence Hollow in 1800. The number of taxable inhabitants upon the purchase in 1800 was twelve, three of them in New Amsterdam, now Buffalo, and none west of that point. The first white child born in Western New York was Harry B. Ransom in Clarence in 1801. The same year the first Justices of the Peace were commissioned by George Clinton, all of Western New York then being a part of Ontario County. On November 26th, 1800, Mr. Ellicott issued handbills first offering any part of the Holland company lands for sale. The first contracts issued to settlers were in 1801, and numbered forty-one, and there were only fifty-six contracts made in 1802. The first attempt at a road was in 1798, improving the Indian trail from Stafford to Buffalo, so that wagons could carry surveyors' supplies over it. In 1801 James B. Palmer applied to Joseph Ellicott for permission to raise a schoolhouse upon a vacant lot in Buffalo, writing that the New York Missionary Society had been so good as to furnish them a schoolmaster clear of any expense **except** furnishing a schoolhouse, and that they required an **immediate** answer as they had the timber ready to hew out. The request was granted. This was the first schoolhouse in Western New York. The first deed was given by the land company in 1804.

I have stated these facts to show that the foundations of society in Western New York were laid within the present century. The first settler within the limits of the present

town of Pomfret was Thomas McClintock. He located within the present limits of Fredonia and sold out to Judge Cushing in 1807. David Eason located upon the western side of the Canadaway in 1804. Judge Cushing removed in February, 1805, from Oneida County. His family consisted of his wife and five children, and the family and his goods were conveyed upon two ox-sleds. He also brought four cows, a barrel of salt and half a bushel of apple seeds, which were the germ of the first orchards in the county. He took an article of the farm now owned by the descendants of Samuel Marsh between Fredonia and the mouth of the creek. Seth Cole and his family, who accompanied Judge Cushing, settled nearer the mouth of the creek. Aside from McClintock and Eason there were no other settlers within the present limits of Pomfret or Dunkirk. The nearest neighbor west was John Dunn, ten miles off. The nearest neighbor east, a Mr. Stedman, was eight miles. Later in the season of 1805 Benjamin Barnes, Samuel Geer, Benjamin Barrett and Orsamus Holmes settled near enough to be called neighbors. The first white resident in the county was Amos Sottle; he settled near the mouth of Cattaraugus Creek in 1797.

James McMahan made his home upon the present site of Westfield in 1802. From 1800 to 1804 several families had settled at the mouth of Cattaraugus Creek and at Silver Creek. John McHenry, born in 1802, was the first white child born in the limits of this county. Hezekiah Barker came to this village in the fall of 1806. Our ample and beautiful Common was his gift to the village. Doctor White came here in 1808 and he was the first educated physician in the county. He taught the first school in 1808 in a log-house in the present limits of Sheridan, reserving the right to dismiss the school if he had any calls to visit the sick. He afterward attained a wide influence as a citizen and an extended reputation as a physician.

Up to March in 1808 the whole of the present county was included in the town of Chautauqua in Genesee County.

The town-meetings were held at the cross roads now Westfield, and at the town-meeting in March in 1808 Judge Cushing rallied every voter in this part of the town, and the town-meeting was voted here. This led to a division of the town, and Pomfret, which embraced about half of the present county, was organized and held its first town-meeting in a barn in the present town of Sheridan. It was opened with prayer by the Reverend John Spencer, and Philo Orton was elected the first Supervisor. The whole number of votes cast was fifty-one. In March, 1808, an act was passed for the formation of the counties of Niagara, Chautauqua and Cattaraugus. Niagara embraced the present counties of Niagara, Erie and Chautauqua, and Chautauqua was to be united to Erie when it had five hundred taxable inhabitants. In 1811 the organization of this county was completed. Zattu Cushing was appointed first Judge and Mathew Prendergast, Philo Orton, Jonathan Thompson and William Alexander Associate Judges. David Eason was the first Sheriff, and John C. Marshall the first County Clerk. The first Grand Jury had their secret deliberations in the second story of a log-house. They reached it by a ladder, which the last one would draw up after him so that no one could come unbidden into their august presence.

Timothy Goulding settled one mile west of Dunkirk Harbor in 1808, and Solomon Chadwick settled upon the present site of Dunkirk in 1809. From him the place derived the name of Chadwick's Bay, which it retained for years. In 1809 Stoughton Gaylord, Daniel Pier and Luther Golding located at Dunkirk. In 1810 Samuel Perry brought the first vessel into its harbor.

Elijah Risley came here with his parents in 1806, and in 1808 at Fredonia opened the first store in the county, and for more than half a century he wielded a strong business, social and political influence. Leverett Barker removed here in 1809, and built the first tannery in the county. His business sagacity, enterprise and public spirit contributed largely to the public good. From this time the accession was too rapid for

me to speak of the pioneers individually, and I can only discuss the general features of their social life. Hardly had they provided a shelter from the tempest before they organized churches and established schools.

The earliest record of the Baptist Church in Fredonia is November, 1805, and reads : "A number of Baptist brethren having removed to this wilderness, where we have no knowledge that there was ever a religious assembly before, whose number was small, consisting only of five brethren and four sisters, thought proper to meet on Sunday to commend the cause of Christ." In October, 1808, this meeting ripened into a regularly organized church of nine members. The church was organized in the barn of Judge Cushing, which for years was used for religious and other gatherings that could not be accommodated in the small log-houses. A few months before, in the same year, a Presbyterian Church had been organized at Westfield. A missionary society in Connecticut in 1807 commissioned Brother Joy Handy to preach the gospel to the heathen upon the Holland purchase. About the same time the Reverend Thomas Spencer, a Congregationalist, began his missionary labors upon the Holland purchase. In every cabin he was a welcome guest. He united in marriage ; he found his way through forest paths to the bedsides of the sick and dying, and performed the last sacred rites for the dead. He preached sometimes in log-houses, oftener beneath the great trees. If these fathers of churches could now return, they would see the churches they organized strong in wealth and numbers and worshipping in gorgeous temples, but whether they would find more of the Christian graces that then dwelt in the hearts of the fathers and mothers who kneeled beside them in log-cabins and around rude altars, is not for us to judge. By painful pecuniary sacrifices, not only in this town but in all Western New York, the pioneers early laid the foundation of intelligence and morality in the hearts of their children. Not content with the education of the common schools, they established

higher institutions of learning. The Fredonia Academy, built in 1823, was the crowning achievement of the fathers. The subscription was for money, labor and almost every species of property, the distiller adding whiskey to the common stock. The Academy had a prosperous existence of more than forty years, and aided in the education of eleven thousand students. Its history is written in eleven thousand lives and the influence they have exerted upon human affairs in every walk of life. Its children have commanded armies and navies, sat in the executive chair of States, adorned Senates, worn the judicial ermine, and proclaimed the word of life upon the wilds of the West and in the jungles of India. A little light kindled in the wilderness by self-sacrifice has pervaded the world.

In 1821 Henry C. Frisbee started the *Fredonia Censor*, which has had a prosperous existence of fifty-five years, and is the oldest paper in Western New York.

The War of 1812 called for great sacrifices from the pioneers. Who should care for the wife and children left unprotected in the wilderness if the pioneer never returned? The quota of this region was filled by volunteers. The Indians on the border were more numerous than the settlers, and the influence of their great chief, Red Jacket, was the only guarantee of safety. Sixty-four years ago there was a Fourth of July celebration in this village. All the men, women and children in the surrounding settlements had assembled, and Judge Cushing was the speaker. In the midst of his speech word came from a guard at the mouth of the creek that the English were about to land. The call now was for action rather than words. Men seized such arms as they could and hastened to the scene of danger, and, for a wonder, the orator was there as soon as any of his audience. Judge Mullett and Daniel Douglas attempted to ride one horse to victory and were thrown into a ditch. It was said at the time that they were covered with mud if not glory. Rapid is the march of improvement. Two of the pioneers could not ride

one horse successfully, while a well-trained modern politician will ride three or four at a time, and do it gracefully.

I regret that time will not permit me to speak fully of some of the latter pioneers whose names are inseparably connected with the history and prosperity of this community. Judge Houghton, Benjamin Walworth, James Mullett, Ebenezer A. Lester, Daniel Douglas, Alvah H. Walker, Henry Bosworth, Charles Burritt, Abner Clark, Thomas Gillis, Henry C. Frisbee, Joel Parker, John Crane, Colonel John Forbes, Allen Hinckley, Philo Stevens, Calvin Hutchinson, David J. Mattison, Thomas G. Abell, George C. Rood, Elisha Norton, Jonathan Sprague, Roselle Greene and Benjamin F. Greene, and many others, were marked men and deserve an extended notice. Then there are the soldiers of the last war. Their names are written in history. A day is set apart each year, in the beauty and bloom of spring, to recount their virtues and to decorate their graves. It is not meet that I should mention a few prominent names, for all who make the last great sacrifice of life to a cause deserve an equal recognition.

The Holland Land Company offered its lands at a moderate price and upon long credit to actual settlers. To the poor and enterprising of the East this became the land of promise. They hastened to it with strong arms, iron wills and restless energy, to lay the foundations of new communities. The journey, which is now performed by rail by the light of a summer's day, then required weeks to perform, through wilderness paths and across unbridged streams. A stranger meeting one of the pioneers, carrying upon a single wagon or sled all his worldly goods, with his wife and children trudging along on foot, would have wondered what outrage upon society he had committed that he was forced to leave his home and flee to this western wilderness. He would have wondered at the devotion of the woman who was going to share his perils and exile. After a few years of the inevitable hardships and self-denials of a life in the wilderness, most of the settlers had abundance for their own use, but there was

no market. It was only by converting ashes into black salts that they could get money to pay their taxes. The interest upon the debt at the land office was accumulating from year to year. The company was indulgent, but still, sooner or later, the debt must be met. A shadow rested over every home. Here men and women had come by painful sacrifices to prepare a home for their old age, an inheritance for their children. Here in honest toil they had worn out their strength. Here their aged parents had been buried and their children had been born. Here were the rude schoolhouses and altars they had helped to rear. Here were the orchards and vineyards they had planted, and the fields that had grown green and beautiful beneath their toil. Here they had hoped to rest when life's fitful fever was over. This region was hallowed to them by toil, by joy, by sorrow, by all the ties and associations the heart ever knows, and yet there was the fear that in their old age they would be driven from their lands. Each day they saw the steamers and the sails upon the lake, promising to waft them to cheap lands upon the fertile prairies. Many sold their land contracts for a mere pittance, and began life anew at the West. It was not any wrong of the land company, but a feeling of desperation among just and honorable men at the prospect of losing their homes that led to the destruction of the land office at Mayville in 1837.

This town is not barren of materials for history. It has been a part of the nation, sharing its aspirations, its pride, its literature and its spirit of nationality. Here have been felt all the social agitations over the great problems which have excited and divided men into sects and parties. Here hearts have been thrilled by every great deed and word in our history. Here the families of pioneers, coming one by one into the wilderness, have been organized and developed into a great and intelligent community, the peer of any community, by the same causes, the same inspiration of liberty that has been felt through-

out the Republic. We have kept step in the general march to greatness with ten thousand other communities. Here have been felt all the emotions that cheer or sadden human hearts. Here has been revealed as fully as elsewhere every type of human character and the whole problem of our common humanity. Here childhood has sported and dreamed and hoped; manhood has plotted and struggled; age has felt the shadows gather around it that darken to the inevitable grave. From here in two wars heroes full of life and hope have gone forth to battle, and the mangled remains of many have come back to repose in and hallow our hills and valleys until all graves shall yield up their dead.

The pioneers had their peculiar enjoyments. Health rewarded their toil. Nature spread her unwasted charms around them. Every new-comer was greeted as a friend and brother. The latch-string of every cabin door hung out. Mutual dependence formed the strongest ties of friendship ever known among men. If a pioneer was sick, his neighbors watched over him and made "bees" to do his necessary work. If one died, he was missed and sincerely mourned. What a contrast the pomp and parade of many funerals now presents to those in the wilderness, when the dead were borne tenderly, by a few neighbors, through forest paths and laid to rest beneath the shadow of the great trees.

Where now can you find more heartfelt enjoyment than was experienced in many a log-cabin fifty years ago, when the neighbors assembled for an evening visit, those living near coming on foot, those more remote upon their ox-sleds, when the blazing fire in the great fire-place threw its radiance over the room, where seats were blocks of wood, when it mattered not how the guests came or how they were dressed, when the haunch of venison, or spare-rib or wild turkey, suspended by a string from the rafters, roasted before the blazing fire, and apples and cider and doughnuts passed around, when all had a keen relish for social enjoyment and revealed in all sincerity their joys, hopes and sorrows.

Let us now consider the great Republic, of which we are a part and the destiny of which for weal or woe every community must share. The great structure of free institutions has not arisen like an exhalation; it is no accident, but the most valuable and costly structure the world has ever known. Its germ is in the spirit of Christianity, asserting the divinity, the brotherhood, the equality, the immortality and the infinite worth of man. Consider the revolutions, the social convulsions, the dungeons, the stakes, the scaffolds, the battle fields of ages, and the slow development of truth from generation to generation, before such men as the Puritans could be produced; then the circumstances that drove them from their country, and left them and their descendants away from all restraints, to begin anew, to make a new departure in human progress; how they gathered strength by communion with nature, by warfare with the savage, and by the hard struggle with the barren soil for daily bread. And when they had acquired sufficient wealth to be robbed they had their eight years' struggle with the mother country. When peace and victory came they had an undeveloped land, but with vast resources, which a century has only partially revealed. History exhibits a few great names and events, but the great work of humanity, as an army, is done by the undistinguished and forgotten dead. A million perish in carrying some banner to victory, and above their mouldering bones and unmarked graves history inscribes a few immortal names. Nothing on this earth has been as costly as truth, justice and liberty enthroned in laws and institutions. They represent the wisdom of the wise, the toil and suffering of all the good and the blood of all the martyrs. Each pioneer as he came into the wilderness of Chautauqua was the most perfect embodiment that six thousand years of progress could furnish of all the elements to lay rightly the foundations of new communities. Providence has permitted this continent to remain untouched until in the fullness of time men should be developed worthy to fill and occupy it.

The contrasts witnessed here are such as a single life never witnessed elsewhere. Here is Mrs. White, who came into the wilderness with her father, Judge Cushing, in 1805, at the age of seven years. She used to help pound out corn for use by the aid of a spring pole suspended from the rafters, before there was a mill in Western New York. Here is her sister, Mrs. Philo Stevens, the first child born in the limits of this town. Here is William Risley, who came here a small boy in 1806 and who remembers crossing the Canadaway with his father upon the fallen trees to attend meeting at Judge Cushing's barn long before there were any bridges. Here is Mr. Handy, son of the good missionary, of whom I have spoken, who came here in 1807 at seven years of age. Practically they have seen all the change from rude pioneer life to Western New York in the pride and glory of to-day. The first road was by marked trees. They have now two hundred miles of railroad in the county and cars passing their doors daily that would bear them three thousand miles westward to what was in their childhood an unexplored solitude. They have seen the weekly messenger carrying all the mail from the East to the West in his pocket handkerchief. They have seen trains moving with the speed of the wind and carrying daily hundreds of tons of mail matter between the millions of the East and the West. When they came here they were on the western verge of civilization; now they are in the East. Elisha Norton informs me that it was late in February, 1815, before they received here the news of the treaty of peace signed on December 8th, 1814. Now he reads in his morning paper the great events of European history for the day just passed. In a lifetime Western New York has become the garden of the State. Buffalo has to-day a population as large as the combined population of New York, Boston and Philadelphia in the Revolution. What a contrast between the solitary and excluded pioneer in the wilderness and the resident of Chautauqua to-day by new means of communication made a citizen of the world, sharer in its art, luxury and glory.

As a rule the early pioneers were men of stalwart frames, of energy, of dignity of character, of marked intelligence. They had gained strength by the necessity of overcoming obstacles, and it is worthy of consideration whether their descendants, with all their luxuries and opportunities are developing a higher type of manhood.

"Ill fares the lands to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

With awe we contemplate the future of the Republic. One-half the ratio of increase for the last century would make a population of three hundred and thirty-seven millions at the next centennial, and still the resources of our great domain to sustain life would only be partially taxed. This would be an aggregation of population, wealth and power such as the world has never seen in a homogeneous nationality. When we see the improvements and changes of the last century, what invention has done to overcome space, to diffuse intelligence, to multiply man's power over nature, to crown the world with the beauties of art, we can but ask what of the future? What has the next century in store for the children of men? What may some of the children of to-day live to behold?

A century ago our fathers at Philadelphia sent forth the Declaration of Independence. It was at once a charter of human rights and a declaration of war. It was a day of sadness as well as of joy. To-day in the same city are hundreds of thousands, the representatives of all nations, in a friendly contest exhibiting the resources of modern civilization, the triumphs of peace. There Queen Victoria, who wears the crown of George the Third, sends her own handiwork and that of her daughters as a token of the amity and fraternity of the great Anglo-Saxon family. May it last forever. The shout of joy to-day at the very cradle of liberty in which all nations and tongues join proclaims "peace on earth and good will to men."

The physical achievements and triumphs of man on this

continent are assured. Here are all the means for the fullest and best development of humanity. If public and private morality are preserved, if men shall love their whole country better than a part, if patriotism shall be stronger than party spirit, all will be well. But if general corruption is to be engendered by prosperity, then will the Republic become a sad and mournful wreck, and above the graves of the champions of liberty and national unity in three wars posterity will write, "Martyrs in a Lost Cause."

Let us begin history for the next centennial with gratitude to God for his blessings to us as a people, with a humble prayer for its continuance, "with malice toward none, with charity toward all," and with the hope that at the close of another century a mightier and happier throng may gather under the same banner that waves over us, unchanged save as new stars shall glitter in its ample folds.

## FREDONIA NORMAL SCHOOL.

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ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE ON AUGUST 7TH, 1867.

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*Fellow Citizens :*

We have assembled to lay the corner-stone of the Fredonia Normal School. To lay the corner-stone of public edifices with appropriate ceremonies, to deposit beneath them something carefully guarded from decay, by which even from their ruins we may speak to the future, is a custom as old and as extended as civilization. If laying the foundations of any edifice is an occasion for a common joy and for gratitude to Almighty God, it should be of one to be consecrated to the education and elevation of the children of successive generations. Let it rise in strength ; let grace and beauty crown it, and let it endure to bless humanity until the everlasting hills that stand as sentinels around it shall grow weary of their watch.

I am glad that this occasion has been honored by the presence of this vast concourse. We behold here venerable men—the pioneers in this western wilderness—, rejoicing that they have been spared to see and to aid in this splendid contribution to posterity ; manhood is here in its pride of strength ; woman is here to aid this work by a holy sympathy ; childhood is here with its wealth of beauty and promise, to behold the foundations of the temple, whose gates to it are to be for-

ever open, and whose walls are to be everlasting light. Here, too, are brave men who have shed their blood upon the battle field for national unity, and who know it is not by blood alone, but by intelligence and morality that the Republic is to live. Here all the sister villages and towns of Chautauqua have their representatives to attest their interest in the cause of popular education. Here, gathered from all of Western New York and from the Keystone State, are the members of the Masonic fraternity, who have laid the corner-stone with the impressive ceremonies which have in various languages and in all lands been used for centuries in laying the corner-stone of so many temples dedicated to art, science and humanity.

The presence of the venerable president and trustees of the Fredonia Academy upon this occasion suggests marvellous changes. Less than half a century ago, upon a square close by, in the very shadow of the wilderness, energetic, great-hearted men laid the foundations of the Fredonia Academy. A few of them still linger upon the shores of being. Then there were not fifty thousand people within a day's journey of this place; now there are at least ten millions. Then this was the extreme West, the land of adventure and promise; now for three thousand miles, over new mountains, and rivers, and valleys, we can follow the restless tide of westward emigration, until it breaks upon the golden shores of the Pacific. Then our magnificent chain of inland lakes were almost a waste of waters, but upon them now floats a commerce rivaling that upon the seas, impelled by a power that outstrips the winds, and cities and villages and happy homes crown their long shores with beauty. Within that period Buffalo, which is so largely represented here to-day, has grown from a hamlet to a city of one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, a city no more distinguished for its enterprise and the opulence of its commerce than for its schools and its noble organizations to aid every art, science and charity. Then there were no institutions of learning west of us; now schoolhouses and

temples dot the prairies as the stars dot the sky.

When we consider the circumstances under which the Fredonia Academy was established, the influence it has exerted through the eleven thousand it has sent forth, to act their part in all the walks of life, when we think of the honorable record of many of its dead, when we see its living sons as Governors of States, as Judges, as legislators, as teachers, as commanders in both the army and navy, as clergymen filling the pulpits of all denominations, and as missionaries toiling in the jungles of India, upon the plains of the celestial empire, upon the western verge of American civilization, we can realize something of the magnitude of this enterprise, and of what we may justly hope for it, commenced under circumstances more auspicious, upon a plan more comprehensive, at a time when intelligence acts upon a broader circle, and with the Empire State pledged to its perpetual support. We are establishing a school of a class absolutely needed to perfect our educational system. Its primary object is the thorough preparation, both by theory and by practice, of professional teachers for our common schools. It has always been understood that the worker in wood or stone or marble must be prepared for his task by the special practice and discipline of years, and it begins to be realized that the man who does his work upon the souls of children should have some preparation, some knowledge of the divine element upon which he acts. The soul is more complex than the universe. From its depths spring all acts, all history. Immortal joy or immortal sorrow is its destiny, and, more sensitive than the musical instrument, it yields discord or harmony as it is touched. Woe to the man or woman that tampers with it by ignorantly and carelessly assuming the divine task of shaping it for time and eternity; but

“Fools venture in where angels fear to tread.”

An artist at work upon a block of marble said there was an angel in it and he was going to bring it forth. So in the soul of every child is an angel and a devil, and, if the teacher

and careful culture do not bring forth the angel, the devil will come unbidden.

In this building is to be every provision for the free education of three hundred and fifty teachers, to be drawn from Western New York. There is also an academy, most perfect in all of its arrangements, for the accommodation of two-hundred and sixty-four scholars; also an Intermediate Department for the same number. Our union school buildings upon the same grounds are ample for a Primary Department or Model School, with four hundred scholars; thus we are making provision for more than twelve hundred students. It is in the instruction of the children of the village, in the manner most approved by modern experience, that those preparing for teachers are to learn the practical part of their profession. This is no experiment. Prussia has had such schools for thirty years, and the result of them was victory upon the bloody field of Sadowa.

The great change demanded in education in this Republic is schools for the practical education of all who assume to teach, and of schools and colleges for the practical education of all men for their specific callings in life. No art, no science, no profession, no branch of human industry should be left out. The common schools will always be the foundation of the whole educational system; as there, free as the air, all children will receive elementary instruction and acquire the art of reading—the magic art that brings its possessor into communion with all the learning of the world. To crown our whole system, we want our great universities for general culture, whose teachings shall be as comprehensive as all human knowledge.

The theory of American society is not that government is established to elevate a part and give them wealth, culture and position at the expense of the millions, but that governments are instituted for the governed, that all alike are entitled to protection and to mental development, to make the most of life. If it is asked why government should provide

from common resources for universal education, we would answer because it is the source of individual happiness and national greatness, the guarantee of social order, the cheap defence of nations. Europe has to-day five millions of professional soldiers, withdrawn from the ranks of productive industry, trained only in the arts of destruction, to preserve her artificial governments and the supremacy of her aristocracy. For this are the hours of labor lengthened for the weary laborer, for this woman toils in the fields, for this the vision of famine never flees from millions of homes. Let our government continue based on justice and popular intelligence, and let it for popular education give one-fourth what an empire of our power and extent in Europe would give to sustain a standing army and it will carry light and culture to the darkest spots in our cities and the most hidden habitations in our forests. It costs as much to sustain a soldier as a teacher, but it would seem that a teacher to give the enthusiasm and energy of a life to the education of children would be the better for society. We must rely upon popular intelligence for internal security, or upon great standing armies, and, when they become a perpetual necessity, the knell of American liberty may be tolled, and the starry flag which has represented it may be mournfully furled and laid aside forever.

The Saviour took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Shall society forget them? They need protection from the rapacity of man. In the manufacturing centres of the old world are hundreds of thousands of children employed; there are eyes in which the light of hope never shone, cheeks that the hues of health never visited, weary little hands that will find their first rest in the grave. I know of no higher crime than robbing childhood of the joys of life, and of all preparation for the great hereafter. Better is the pagan morality that murders children outright than that which coins their protracted sufferings into gold. This same use of childhood

is beginning in this country. Let the State make it impossible by law, and by prescribing the years childhood shall have for education. Let it, like Prussia, make the education of every child compulsory.

I have only spoken of intelligence, which is simply power, but the moral sentiments the heart yields for good or evil. There is with individuals or nations no evading moral laws. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of fallen empires, and they have all perished from social corruption, after the highest achievements in art and science. To escape their fate, our common schools should teach every child in the Republic obedience to authority, habits of systematic industry, the principles of Christian morality, a patriotism fed by all the inspiration of our history, a knowledge of the principles of our government, and an appreciation of the sacred responsibilities of citizenship. Common schools, scattered all over the Republic giving the same instruction, should be the great bond of national unity, the crucible in which all the varied elements which enter into our national life shall be fused into a common brotherhood with a common heart, so that

"The Union of States, the union of lands,  
The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
And the flag of our Union forever,"

may be a glorious reality and not a poet's dream. Each generation brings the same elements into society to be disciplined and trained, and I know of no reason in nature why civilization may not be perpetuated and grow more fruitful in its provision for human happiness, except the social corruption and decay produced by prosperity. If this can be resisted, it is only by universal mental and moral culture of childhood, it is only by life warmed and vitalized by the stimulus of liberty. When a child leaves the school room at the proper age, the seeds have been sown that will ripen into destiny, the currents of being have taken their course for weal or woe as they will roll on to the bosom of eternity.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has changed the course of many a river,  
A dew-drop on the tiny plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever."

To-day around the fireside, in the streets, in the school rooms, in the populous places, in the solitude with nature, in seven millions of souls, the threads of national destiny are being woven; history is being prepared. As is the blossom so will be the fruit. Never let the clatter of politicians about this measure or that lead you to forget that the social institutions and laws of a people will be no better than the hearts from which they spring. It seems to me the future is full of perils. We have the social demoralization which follows all great wars. We see shameless profligacy and corruption in public life. Childhood is not imbued with a respect for age or authority, human or divine. In almost half of the Republic common schools are yet to be organized. Four millions whose condition has changed from slavery to freedom demand education. In the most favored States not one-half of the children of the proper age are in schools, and from a lack of trained teachers education is wanting in thoroughness. A million of foreigners, ignorant of our institutions, are annually coming to our shores. The government, the press, the pulpit, the schools, and all good citizens, have the mightiest work ever attempted, to enlighten and purify American society. This building with its grounds to cost one hundred thousand dollars, and to be vested in the State upon its pledge to sustain such a school as it is prepared for, is the cheerful contribution of this beautiful village to local and universal education. The State of New York, by the free schools it has created, by the Normal Schools it has pledged to sustain, by its support of academies and colleges, by the institutions it is sustaining to minister to every form of human infirmity, will, unchallenged by the ages, keep its proud motto, "Excelsior," and stand as the exemplar in the glorious and growing sisterhood of States, the strongest and

most beautiful pillar in the temple of American liberty.

It is proper that I should speak in this connection of Hon. Victor M. Rice, an honored son of Chautauqua, who is now, for the third time, Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. It is in a great measure due to his zeal and indomitable perseverance that the new Normal Schools are established, and that the common schools of the Empire State are free to her thirteen hundred thousand children. To accomplish so great a good seldom falls to the lot of any man.

We hear much of the physical achievements of the American people, which are only mind asserting its dominion over matter. Six years ago England held the undoubted sceptre of the seas. An American constructed the "Monitor," and England's wooden structures became worthless rubbish, and iron-ribbed monsters assumed the mastery of the deep. A century ago the use of steam was an idea in a single mind; now steam is the right arm of civilization, and the whistle of the engine is the music of the nineteenth century. Thirty years ago telegraphing existed only in the vision of Morse. Now upon the electric wire thought traverses oceans and continents, and soon from the farthest points where life has wandered it can, upon the wings of the lightning, send its greeting to those who sit around the cradle of the race. Fill the mind with light and beauty, warm the heart with love, and hands will be strong and cunning in moulding material nature, and in giving her strength and beauty to humanity. We do not know what changes time may work upon matter, but we do know that lessons impressed upon the soul share its immortality. In departed spirits all the beauty and glory which has faded from the earth still lives. There are souls in which are embalmed for eternity the light of Paradise, the flowers that bloomed in the hanging gardens of Babylon, the architectural splendor of Athens, the graces of all the lost arts, the beauty of all faces and forms that have mingled with the dust. It is a cheering thought that all the conceptions expressed by art in the past, and which are to be ex

pressed in all the future, and what must perish in the wreck of matter, will still live in perennial freshness in the souls from which they sprung. The time may come when some other race, delving in the ruins of our civilization, will find the deposits we have to-day made beneath the corner-stone, and to whom they will be as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics upon the Pyramids are to us. But, if this should be so, even then away in realms of light will be souls purer, richer, happier for our work.

We must not forget that the world with its material forces, its profusion of beauties, and all the necessities, joys and sorrows that attend human life, is the Creator's school to develop the soul. Although no man was present when the Almighty Architect "stretched the line upon the earth and laid the corner-stone thereof," yet we know from the divine record that he dedicated this great temple to the spirit he was to breathe into the beings he was to create in his own image, and give dominion over the earth and every living thing. So in humble imitation we dedicate this perishable work of our own hands to the souls of childhood, that, like the great temple not made with hands, it may aid to warm hearts with divine love, and to unseal eyes to the beauty of holiness.

American mothers must imitate Cornelia, a noble Roman widow, who gave her whole energies to the careful education of her children. A neighbor exhibited to her her costly jewelry, and asked to see hers. She presented her well trained children, saying, "These are my jewels." From her instruction her children became illustrious, and are known in Roman history as the Gracchi. Rome erected a splendid monument to her memory, inscribed: "The Mother of the Gracchi." We have sometimes thought this inscription was as honorable to her as if it had been, "She neglected her family to attend to public affairs." We want the enthusiasm in education that inspired the society of Athens when Socrates and Plato were proud to instruct youth in the mysteries of nature and of life, when as gorgeous temples were dedicated

to education as to the gods, when the sacred groves were thrown open to children, who were treated as the hope of the state.

Next to the vision of Heaven is the vision of what this Republic, with a proper educational spirit, may become. With a population of thirty-five millions, increasing in a ratio that will within the lives of some of the children present swell it to two hundred millions, the largest population that ever recognized a common country or spoke a common language, with a domain almost boundless in extent and watered by a hundred rivers, with a million of square miles of untouched fields inviting freemen to gather wasting riches from their bosom, with iron and gold and all mineral treasures for the ages stored away in the earth, and piled up in the mountains and the everlasting hills, with a people pre-eminent for energy and invention, with a government adapted to stimulate and develop the best fruits of humanity, may we not have a Republic which shall eclipse all other earthly greatness, and by the moral power of example change the social condition of the world? For such a Republic let us toil and suffer and hope, and let us realize that intelligence and morality are the only pillars upon which it can rest. In the time-honored Masonic ceremonies by which the corner-stone was laid, corn is used as the emblem of plenty, wine of joy and oil of peace. This beautiful region is the land of corn and of the vine, and, if the olive does not flourish, where there is plenty and joy, peace will surely come.

All who now live will pass away as a shadow, and as large a throng will still crowd the shores of being to taste the same mixed cup of joy and sorrow which fate presses to all human lips; for generation follows generation as wave follows wave upon the sea. We are enjoying the ripened fruit of the toil and suffering of all the friends and martyrs of humanity in all the ages, and to-day we recognize our obligations to the future. We seek to place one landmark upon the sea of time, to make our contribution, humble though it may be, to those

who are to succeed us. May this day's work, this scene of beauty, leave a pleasant memory in thousands of souls, and when we all rest in the grave may the happy faces of youth look from the windows of this temple upon the beauty which is no more for us, and may the voice of gladness long echo in its halls.

## EDUCATIONAL TOPICS.

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### EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE TEACHERS' INSTITUTES IN THIS STATE.\*

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Now there is one of two things certain, either at every beat of the heart we are nearing the gulf of annihilation, or we are heirs of immortality, taking the first steps to garner up treasures for an endless journey. If the first supposition is true, if in teaching you are only feeding a flame whose light is as precarious as that of a taper in the tempest, liable at any moment to be quenched in endless darkness, there is but little dignity in your task, but little use of stimulating aspirations never to be realized, hopes that are only a dream ; knowledge is hardly worth the toil it costs. I would then have no regret at the grave of a childhood that had been spared the joys and sorrows and struggles of this fleeting life. If I believed this theory I would not have heart to speak to you to-night. If the Bible is not fiction, if the hope of immortality, which is innate in all souls and which has in all ages been the inspiration of humanity, is not a cheat, if the expansion, the light, the purity of the soul is treasure, and strength, and joy beyond the grave, then has the teacher of childhood the noblest

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\*This address was given before the teachers of Buffalo and before teachers' institutes at Lockport, Albion, Spencerport, Warsaw, Batavia, Rome, Kingston, Clayton, Belmont, Ellicottville, Saratoga Springs and other cities and towns in the State.

of earthly missions. You, teachers, do not write upon sand or water, but upon deathless spirits. Do not degrade your calling, but grasp its full significance. To you of right belong the royal robes. When the gems that glitter in the diadems of kings have lost their lustre, the light you kindle will sparkle in the gaze of angels. Men and women enter a gallery filled with the choice creations of art with a sort of awe, they uncover their heads in the temple consecrated by genius, they dare not by even a touch run the risk of marring some beauty. All this is well. But I ask, if a teacher when he goes into the school room does not find a more awful presence, beauty of face and form such as never glowed upon canvas, capacities for joy and sorrow bounded only by eternity? He is not a mere observer, but a worker. A hundred eyes look to him for light; a hundred ears are open to catch his faintest accent. If he does not tremble at the responsibility of his position he only justifies the line of the poet, that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Let me say a word as to my ideal of a teacher. He should be the apt interpreter of God, and nature, and art, and the lessons of human experience, to the soul of childhood. His business is not simply to store the memory, but to develop the soul in all its powers, so that it can grapple with its destiny and extract the utmost of good and power from human life. If he cannot carry children to the heights of knowledge, he can put them upon the highway that leads to them, and teach them the industry, the patience, the faith that in the end shall open the very gates of Heaven. He should have knowledge far beyond the prescribed circle of study in any school, that he may occasionally carry his scholars to the mountain-tops of knowledge, and give them glimpses of the coming glory in which they may revel; just as John the Revelator for encouragement gives to all the saints visions of the golden pavements, the pearly gates, and all the splendors of the new Jerusalem. The soul that is not early awakened by some teacher

to the glory and fullness of life will never find it. A teacher should have the highest appreciation of the infinite value of the material upon which he acts, and feel that he sows for joy or for sorrow, and for the double harvest of time and eternity. Poor teachers are tolerated because they work upon an invisible element. Good ones cannot exhibit the beauty of their work, but it all goes into human lives. In ancient times vestal virgins were selected to watch and keep the flames forever burning upon the religious altar which represented the happiness of home, and unfaithfulness was promptly punished with death. We can almost say that those trusted now to watch over and feed a flame more precious and divine than ever burned upon an earthly altar should find no more mercy than the vestal virgins if they forget their trust.

The teacher should love his work. Every energy, every hope in life should be centred upon it. He should have the lofty enthusiasm that communicates itself to all under his care. Elijah and the false prophets each erected similar altars and put the same sacrifices upon them, and, while the altars of the false prophets were untouched, to Elijah's came the fire from heaven and tongues of flame licked up the waters. Now enthusiasm is the fire from heaven and you must have it or fail. Rules, discipline, machinery, will never do. Earnestness and enthusiasm, in the school room and everywhere, are the secret of power over mind. It was because Dickens had a great heart and wrote from it, that he had an array of mourners when he died such as never sorrowed over the death of any king. As Dickens studied nature and life in all its phases to get lessons for his books, so you should study in the same field for daily food for children entrusted to your care, and the best will be that most freshly garnered.

The teacher should have most careful knowledge of physical laws, and the amount children can do. All knowledge acquired by a violation of physical laws costs too much. We have all our lives seen a procession of sad, pale faces moving from the school room through despair and sorrow to untimely

graves. We consider the body just as much the care of the teacher as the soul. A good physical constitution, developed by exercise and obedience to the laws of nature, is the first requisite to happiness or success in life. If health and education are not compatible, let education go. Precocious development is a misfortune. If forced by teachers it is a crime—a kind of slow, torturing murder. It is sacrificing a life for an untimely glitter.

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To see what education can do, we may take the widest contrasts that society has exhibited in the circle of the ages. We claim that the education of the heart and of the moral sentiments is of more importance than that of the head, for the heart for good or evil sways all the energies of man. It makes every life a blessing or a curse. In the beginning God gave man dominion over the earth and every living thing, but it was a promise to be made good by the development of his own nature. He had in his reason the element of certain triumph, and now, six thousand years from his creation, above the graves of two hundred generations of men, each of which have by toil and suffering contributed something to human power, when the deep is made a highway for the wealth of nations, when the sweeping winds and the rushing river are made servants, when the steam is made to do more work than all the hands upon the earth could do, when the lightnings are sent upon errands across the continents and the seas, let man be crowned king of the physical world, for he has won his inheritance. One purpose of his creation has been subserved. But is there not another and a higher, and the one for which he receives more than an earthly crown? I mean the victory over himself, that discipline that plants and nourishes all the Christian graces, and that must rule all hearts before the millennium can come. See the course of Diety toward man. Our first parents lost Paradise, and they and their descendants were left to subdue the earth, to work out physical good by toil; but not so as to the moral nature,

for celestial visitants early whispered in the ears of the fallen hopes of a better life, and of a paradise regained. The living God proclaimed the moral law upon Mount Sinai amid the convulsions of nature. In due time the Saviour came upon the earth to leave his appeal and his example for the human heart, and to die upon the cross to elevate man's moral nature. There has been no such sacrifice for physical science, that is the mere machinery by which man sustains his animal life.

So we say that in the education of the young the object of supreme importance is the education of the heart. Children should be taught the duties of life. Leave the heart untouched and depraved and add to knowledge and you are only placing a sceptre in the hands of devils. A child had better be impressed with the letter and spirit of the golden rule than with all the mysteries of science. Bacon was a moral monster. Convicted of selling justice as a Judge, in his appeal for mercy he says, "My lords, I am a broken reed." So is every man whose moral nature is perverted. Galileo denied the truth before the Inquisition. Science never makes men great enough to be martyrs. Now we believe that children's moral natures are just as capable of cultivation as the intellectual. Schools cannot do all, but they can do an important part. While we believe that the schools should be free from all sectarian influences, yet we believe that a portion of the Scriptures should every day be reverently read in them. Are the teachings of men to be given to the young, and those of the living God excluded, under the mistaken plea of avoiding sectarianism? Is there anything sectarian in the Lord's prayer, in the sermon on the mount, in the ten commandments, in the only history that goes back to the cradle of the race, in the psalms which were first sung in the holy temple, and which have since been sung in every Christian church of every sect upon the earth? We would as quickly blot the sun from heaven as the Bible, the moral light of the world, from the school room.

Perhaps history furnishes no illustration as good as that of Athens of what education can do for the young. A few thousand people have given the world its models in heroism, art, eloquence and song. But it was all by the care bestowed upon education, physical, mental and moral. The gorgeous temples, the sacred groves, were thrown open to children. Such men as Socrates and Plato discoursed to them upon the mysteries of nature and of life. With equal care could not American children, with the light of Christianity, with the lessons of a longer history, be trained to every ennobling virtue ?

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I say to parents present, if any of you were to bring your children to this hall for an evening's entertainment, you would endeavor to get a seat for them where they could see and hear and enjoy, yet they are under your care attending a more splendid entertainment than man can furnish. You are, by education, to give them a sharpened vision, a cultivated ear, a favorable point of view, that they may enjoy the great exhibition which the Creator daily makes for all of his children in the temple not made with hands. The sun and the moon and the stars are the lights. The world with its wonders and varied beauties is the stage. The great struggle of humanity is the play. The first act in the drama ends at the grave, and then the curtain rises for grander revelations. If you will by education give a child a front seat now, he will hold it through time and eternity.

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The teacher who sends children forth with no love for knowledge, which will lead them in after years to seek wisdom, is a failure ; he has let the celestial spark die out, instead of kindling it into an immortal flame. The school room should be made as attractive and beautiful as the children's homes. I do not know why toil should not be relieved by music, for the picture of the desolation of Israel was when they hung their harps upon the willows ; by physical exer-

cises, which are at once invigorating and amusing ; by occasionally reading to a school literary gems, in prose or poetry, calculated to amuse or to reach the sympathies and teach some valuable lesson of life. Where would be the harm, if the teacher took his scholars forth into the green fields and the sunlight, and tried to make them feel the inspiration of nature ? Well has the poet said,

"How wearily the grind of toil goes on where love is wanting.  
How the eyes and ears and heart are starved amidst the plenitude of nature,  
And how hard and colorless is life without an atmosphere."

It speaks volumes for a school to see children going to it with happy faces. School government should not be of force, although force may sometimes have to be used. One teacher may keep order by the fear of physical torture ; another may do it by love, by teaching the children the duty of obedience. One is making Christians ; the other is only frightening sinners. Among my early teachers there is only one that I remember with gratitude and affection. I do not remember him from his intellect or his attainments, but as the man of sympathy and of a great heart. When severity was the rule, his sceptre was love ; children sought his approval as a blessing, and wept when accident kept them from the school room. He has long rested from his labors. He died a humble village teacher, but his voice lingers in my ears, and his sunny face comes back to me in my waking hours and in my dreams. The zeal with which he worked for others would make it seem that he realized with the poet,

"Heaven's gates are opened not to those who come alone ;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."

No gift God ever gave the artist, to work upon the canvas, or in marble, is as valuable as the gift a few teachers have to write upon the human heart.

The path of knowledge should be made as pleasant as possible, but we cannot have rainbows and flowers and sunshine always at our command, for hill and valley, light and shadow,

joy and sorrow, toil and repose, are in the path of life. It is a mixed cup which Providence commends to our lips. We must suffer and grow strong. I have no sympathy with crowding childhood beyond its strength, a process that has filled so many graves, but I only ask that what is done be done well. It is not the mind properly trained and fed with truth that wears out its earthly tenement, but it is the mind burdened and weighed down by what it does not comprehend. A hundred children are irreparably injured by superficial teaching where one is injured by over tasks imposed.

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Every child is born to an inheritance. It is an heir to the beauty and inspiration of nature which dwarfs all art and which no wealth can monopolize. To it belong the ties of kindred, the pleasures of social intercourse, the joy that comes from the aspirations and hopes for something better than the present, which sweeps over every age. It has an interest in the grand events which make history, in the social life of the world, in the great sum of truth garnered up by all the study and toil and experience of all the ages. For each one that lives the Saviour died, and all the great workers and martyrs for truth have toiled and suffered for all humanity. The feast of life in its fullness is spread for all, the cheering light of Heaven falls upon it, and will forever, and what we want is some one to take all children by the hand and lead them to their Father's table and assert their right to a place. There is now light enough in the world, but we want it diffused impartially, as God diffuses the sunlight, so that every soul shall have its share and rejoice. It is not light from the heavens, but the light bursting from all the schools and homes on earth, that will make the millennial glory.

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I have a word to say for childhood. The State carefully protects its rights of property, but does not establish any compulsory system of education. It will not let the body

starve, but the soul may. Go to the great manufacturing centres of the old world and you will see thousands of children of both sexes who are never to attain manhood or womanhood. Care and despair sit upon youthful faces that are never to know the light of joy. Cheap wares are made of young lives. The oriental practice of murdering children at birth is humanity compared with coining their lives and sufferings into gold. The same tendency is growing up here. I would make it impossible by law. Human rapacity should not make life's May a December or a grave. No child should enter a manufacturing establishment until he had proper age and a good common school education. Where parents cannot give this, or in case of unprotected orphanage the State should do it. Am I to be told that property cannot afford to do this, that the most sacred of duties is not economy? We who have lived for the last ten years have seen this land belted with desolation, the sky has been lighted at midnight by the flames of burning cities, half a million of lives have been sacrificed in war, a debt has been created that will weigh upon the toil and resources of generations to come. Now, if from the first, every American child North and South had been properly educated in common schools this war would have been impossible.

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There is one thing I would above all others impress upon you, that is, that the want of thoroughness in teaching is the radical and fatal defect of teachers. It stands in the same relation to education that Paul tells us charity does to religion; if you have all else and have not that, you are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. All other qualities will not atone for the want of it. A school without thoroughness is like the play of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* omitted. To cover our ignorance with gloss and glitter will never do. The Almighty has placed some things above gold. That may come by accident, but wisdom only to the brain that earns it. The path to it is as narrow and rugged as that to salvation.

Lord Eldon, the most learned Englishman of his time, when a child was given as a motto by one of his teachers, "Fast enough if well enough." He adopted it as the rule of his life and had it inscribed in letters of gold upon the panels of his carriage. I have heard eloquent clergymen endeavoring to impress upon audiences a sense of the duration of eternity by saying that when the sands upon the seashore were all carried away one at a time, each after the lapse of a thousand years, eternity would hardly be begun, but, if they had said that it would endure as long as it would take to make a thorough scholar upon the superficial teaching pursued in many of our schools, I should have had a more overpowering sense of infinite duration.

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#### HONORING TEACHERS.

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EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION DELIVERED AT JAMESTOWN  
IN OCTOBER, 1870.

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A man imbued with the spirit of this material, money-loving age, visiting Jamestown, would note its workshops, its stores, its factories, its beautiful homes crowning the hills, and would be impressed by its wonderful material prosperity. But if angels could descend here, as we read they sometimes did of old to hover around the tents of the patriarchs, with their prescience of the worth and destiny of souls, of their infinite capacity for joy and sorrow, they would note what lessons the fifteen hundred children of the village were receiving at the fireside, in the street, and in this great temple dedicated to their instruction. I know that it is of some importance that machinery shall properly weave good material into Jamestown alpacas, but it is more important that good moral lessons and wholesome truths and happy memories and divine aspirations shall be woven into the souls of Jamestown children. In this age we are apt to forget that it is souls, and

not machinery, that are being fitted for Heaven. This county each year has many important meetings of citizens. Men annually assemble to hear political discussions, to bring together at fairs the varied products of the shop and the field, to pay a debt of gratitude to the worthy pioneers who are rapidly passing beyond the reach of human applause, and to each of these gatherings thousands come. Yet none of them compares in importance with the annual gathering of the teachers of Chautauqua, to receive instruction and inspiration from the masters of the art of teaching, before they go forth to sow the seeds that are to develop into joy or sorrow in twenty thousand lives. As I have to-day observed the beautiful arches of living green reared to welcome and honor the noble firemen of sister villages who are to be your guests tomorrow, I have wondered if in the changes of the remote future the time might come when arches will be erected and flowers strewn in the pathway of the teachers, who give their lives to elevate and bless homes.

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#### INTELLECTUAL EMINENCE.

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PARTS OF A LECTURE BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF FREDONIA  
ACADEMY ON SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1849.

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The intellectual destiny of every one is colored by his age to some extent, but never less than now, as, in the infinite variety of sentiment and effort elicited by freedom, you can gratify your tastes and make a choice of the influences that give character to your own nature. In ages of more circumscribed action there has been only a narrow and single path to fame, and it has too often been made to pander to the corruption of despotism, to cover it over with newly invented forms of adulation, and to close the avenues through which light was bursting upon benighted nations. Tyrants have by various arts employed the best genius of the world to oppose

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the natural tendency of the most degraded and oppressed classes to an elevation incompatible with despotism. Now you have the advantage of freedom, and, as a natural result, a more vigorous competition, which renders vain all ordinary efforts.

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Burke breathed forth the spirit of true ambition in his speech to the electors of Bristol. He had lost his popularity by several votes in Parliament, but, instead of cowering before the storm of indignation, he said to his constituents, "Now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are preferred against me. They are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, farther than a cautious policy would warrant, and farther than the opinions of men would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind these accusations and be comforted."

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We often see men of great learning who are destitute of real wisdom, and command no respect. One reason may be that they have made books too much their companions and have neglected communion with those around them and the means of practical efficiency. Too many cultivate memory alone and amass intellectual treasures without preparing to use them. The native vigor of the understanding, unused, is actually weakened or confused by the vast amount that is cast upon it. Their minds may have all the riches of a world, but it is a world in chaos and ruins, where everything is misplaced and nothing can be used. Others with limited resources use them with so much skill and enthusiasm that truth takes new charms from the beauty of her attire. One class we may compare to an object of black which absorbs all

the rays of light ; the other to the objects that reflect the varied tints and hues which charm our vision. The differing treasures of memory are connected and assume some form and the soul feels its majesty and can use its power when it seeks to impress its convictions and emotions upon others, under the stimulus of social feelings and sympathies. We cannot without sorrow read of the few in the dark ages who were familiar with the pure spirits of Greece and Rome, but who could not speak without danger, and who in their thoughts were without the circle of human sympathies. But were they more deserving of pity than those who are now shorn of strength by a radical defect in their education, which prevents their ever realizing "that it is more blessed to give than to receive" ?

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It has been a matter of surprise to ages how the Jesuits acquired such unbounded influence over the minds of men. But when we read in the pages of a Protestant historian, "When a new and terrible pestilence swept around the globe, when in some great cities fear had dissolved all the ties that held society, when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks, when medical succor was not to be purchased with gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which Bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, holding up to the last before the patient the image of the expiring Redeemer," the mystery is solved. Men sincere enough thus to suffer, or ambitious enough to assume the sincerity in the face of death, however great their delusions, will have influence.

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The method of arriving at general principles from particular facts, which was taught by Bacon and applied so well to matter, has been applied to history. It is since his day that the first philosophical one was written. Theories as to the

effects of certain causes upon society can be drawn from history with as much certainty as any law of nature can be drawn from matter.

Never fear that there will be no opportunities for the use of acquirements when the whole world is agitated and each year is more fruitful in great events and changes than former centuries have been. When the time arrives that all men look around them and see no mysteries, that there is no place where a single rose might be planted to cheer some desolate heart, no vice to reform, when mourners go no more about our streets, then will be a period for repose. Until then no noble nature will shrink from toil. The true soul does not see the form of happiness reclining in the bowers of indolence. The inspired pen does not paint indolence as the attraction of Heaven. Let your only fear be that you will not be worthy when fortune distributes her crowns, and that those with more faith and energy in youth will receive them and laugh at your despair. You may perhaps complain of the long and weary way to eminence; of a life in which there is no cessation from toil; of the finer sensibilities being worn out in the desperate struggle for fame; of the pain it may give a noble nature to triumph over a generous competition. You may be startled by the frequent graves beside your path, where those travelling the same way have been early laid to rest far from the hoped-for goal—to be forgotten. But remember that “death is in the world,” that it no oftener visits the solitary chamber of the student than the halls

“Where youth and beauty meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.”

Graves are more thick around the castle of Indolence than on the hill of Science. Look a moment to the splendid rewards of success. The independence of wealth is something. It is more after death to be numbered among those who have produced the mental illumination in which millions of grateful souls are bathing. Do you consider the silent empire that Washington holds over the minds of men worth nothing?

The mortal remains of such men are borne from our sight, but even then their thoughts have double force and sacredness when they come to us as a voice from the grave. But more than this, you live in the smiles of gratitude, your presence will ever be a delight to the pure spirits who seek for wisdom and revere virtue. You will have the consciousness of doing good, the pleasing excitement of effort, and the occasional joys of repose which you have earned. You may say that the lives of great men have been stormy. That is true. But the soul is not like the plant that expands only in the sunshine—its brightest energies, its deepest emotions and its purest joys are called forth by adversity.

Happy is the man who has a nature capable of a love for some great principle of truth or justice, for which he is willing to suffer, and if necessary to die. There is a noble theatre for effort. If you aspire to be an author, you speak the language of a conquering race. It is to be the language of new empires. Before you have attained the age of three-score and ten, it will be spoken by polished communities in places where a white man's voice has never yet been heard. If you devote yourselves to art, you live in a country where there is a growing refinement of taste. If to science, any discovery that you may make will soon be communicated to and bless the whole civilized world. It may be, that no amount of toil or discipline will give all fame, but your influence and enjoyments will be in proportion to your efforts, and no one can tell what he can do without trying. It makes no difference what your vocation in life may be, for fame and fortune have visited the mechanic in his toil; they have visited the humble abode of poverty and want, and have taken its children into their keeping and blessed them and through them mankind. But they have never visited the couch where indolence reposes and idly dreams of immortality. "The world is before you where to choose and Providence your guide." You have only to go on calmly, and with a self-reliant spirit, to work out for yourselves a noble destiny, remembering in toil that

it is duty; in sorrow that it is the doom of mortality; when unjustly assailed that sooner or later "returning justice lifts aloft her scale;" amid obstacles that each one overcome gives you strength; and that if there were no obstacles there could be no glory. You may have the noble prerogatives that follow the efforts of which we have spoken, or fritter away the spring time of life in pursuit of phantoms, and, when the spell of delusion is broken, find yourselves without influence, with no other retrospect than that of a life misspent, with no prospect for the future but of groping your way through the thickening mists of ignorance to a grave at which no one will ever pause to shed a tear or speak of a virtue.

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#### THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF OXFORD ACADEMY, CHENANGO COUNTY, IN 1850.

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In the twelfth century a desire to possess the tomb of the Redeemer was the only passion of many nations. To gain it, Europe was precipitated in a mass upon the shores of Asia. The strange character of the Crusaders best appears in the hour of their triumph. No sooner had they scaled the walls of the consecrated city than they burned the supplicating Jews in their synagogues, murdered thousands of unresisting Saracens on the site of Solomon's Temple, and sullied with blood the holy threshold before which they had come to offer adoration. The foremost in the work of death mingled their devotional tears with the blood that dripped from their garments upon the tomb of the Redeemer, the great Prince of Peace. These men were truly honest. Their conduct illustrates the absorbing power of a single idea upon uneducated nations. The attention of some ages was employed and the whole social fabric was agitated by disputes on metaphysical points on which reason can never arrive at

any conclusion, and which have not the remotest bearing on any human interest. They were more absurd than a dispute among nations would be as to the construction to be given to the "Tales of the Arabian Nights." The following is one of the most important of them: It was the custom in Europe to wear shoes with long toes that turned upward. It was affirmed by a part that this was an attempt to belie the Scriptures, which say that no man can add a cubit to his stature. This matter was gravely discussed in councils of the learned and seriously agitated Europe. This wild and visionary action will ever take place in a society unable to comprehend its essential interests, and filled with restless energies and all the elements of life.

It must be apparent that the general cultivation of the human understanding would protect society from extreme action for a single purpose, and enable it to comprehend the whole circle of its interests, their mutual dependence and relations, and to pursue them all at once. There is something in the movements of uneducated masses analagous to those of a man with strong passions and an uncultivated intellect. We shall see him eager in pursuit of phantoms, heedless of his real good, learning nothing from experience. When education gives reason an ascendancy, society will move to its true destiny, calmly and safely as a clear-headed man moves through impediments and dangers to the attainment of a cherished object. The day of agitation which tends to no good result has already passed. The elements that give modern society its elevation and distinctive character began to enter into its composition about the fifteenth century. The first step in the great change was freedom from spiritual domination; it was the partial emancipation of reason. The church had adopted certain theories in science, and she had all the power to protect them from doubt or investigation that she had over her standard articles of faith. There was not any thing for the mind to do but to believe. Centuries passed without any rebellion against the sophistries and absurdities

of distant ages, without the production of a single original work or thought, without the least enlargement of man's knowledge. Age after age, in patience and sorrow, traversed the same dark and fruitless circle. Some of the arts, the offspring of fancy, flourished under the patronage of the church, as she took them into her keeping to dazzle the masses by the outward pomp and splendor with which she could invest herself but they were not the arts that supply the wants of mankind. The extent of her usurpations is shown by the following facts, narrated by Gibbon, the historian, of Lord Say, one of his ancestors, who was beheaded in 1450. The following is a part of the indictments: "Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a Grammar School, and, whereas before our ancestors had no other books than the score and the tally thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill, and it will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about you who usually talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

The church well knew that man could not be allowed to reason on subjects legitimately without her pale, and then he was made to throw his reason aside as he entered the portals of her gorgeous temples. The Reformation dispelled the hideous image that, with all the implements of human torture, and claiming power over the souls beyond the grave, had stood on the verge of the unknown, and forbade man to explore it. The philosophy of the church fell with her spiritual authority. Amid the general agitation and decay of old systems, Bacon appeared to give an entire change to the movement of society. A distinguished writer has said: "The keen glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the archangel from the golden threshold of Heaven darted down into the new creation." Bacon saw that the way to social was through physical melioration. The earlier guides of the human mind had despised every thing

practical, had treated with disdain the body with which the Creator has mysteriously connected the soul. They struggled for the soul's unattainable independence by endeavoring to raise it above physical wants and sufferings to the contemplation of what they termed essential abstract truths. They slighted the investigations that form the basis of even speculation, and theorized on the mysteries of the universe. Plato, who had been the guide of the learned for centuries, breathed forth the spirit of his philosophy when he remonstrated with a friend who constructed a machine on mathematical principles. He declared that he was degrading a noble exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpenters and wheelrights, and that the object of science was not to minister to base physical wants. Archimedes was ashamed of his mechanical inventions that astonished the world: He excused them as the relaxation of a mind wearied with application to the higher branches of his science. The popular idea of a philosopher was a man dressed in the skins of wild beasts, sleeping in dens and caverns, keeping himself aloof from his species, or laughing at their weaknesses and wants, indifferent to the comforts of life, slighting the most obvious lessons of nature, and losing himself in the mazes of unguided contemplation. He was a character nearly allied to and more disgusting than the monk who tortured himself in solitude. Bacon was the opposite of this. He taught that nothing is unworthy of the greatest, that can add to the happiness of the least—that truth is not obtained by dreaming, but by rigid investigation. He turned man's attention to the universe of matter, and gave him a key to its boundless treasures. He called his the philosophy of fruits, and its fruit is to be seen in the arts and sciences of the nineteenth century. It is a more splendid harvest than his great and sanguine spirit ever contemplated, and it will increase forever.

## AGRICULTURAL SPEECHES.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS AT CHERRY CREEK, N. Y.: ON  
OCTOBER 11TH, 1861.

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This is a holiday of labor. The farmer has been blessed with a bountiful harvest, the mechanic has not wanted for prosperity, and here to-day the mechanic comes with his handiwork, the fruit of skill, patience and taste in the workshop; the farmer comes with the pride of his flocks and herds, the grain of his fields, the fruit of the tree and the purple clusters of the vine. Woman is here with the blooming flowers of the garden, and with the graceful handiwork she has prepared to embellish the home of which she is the light. Childhood is here with its wealth of beauty, joy and hope. What has brought this assemblage here from hill-top and valley? Is it a miserly struggle for a few paltry premiums, or have you met to compare the fruits of labor, to learn from each other, to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and to rejoice over perfection and beauty, no matter whence it comes? The man and woman who shall return from this festive day with additional knowledge which they can make practical, with pleasant remembrances of the many forms of animate and inanimate beauty they have seen, and of kindly greetings of friends and neighbors, with a higher ideal of the dignity and requirements of their vocations, with more of human sympathies in their hearts, are the ones to whom this occasion will

be blessed, and not to those who have drawn no inspiration, no joy from a scene like this, but who may go away with a premium for some undeserved bounty Providence has given them.

You have in your association blended the interests of agriculture and the mechanic arts. These interests are everywhere dependent upon each other. Agriculture is the primary interest, as it draws from the soil the necessary means for sustaining life, but the mechanic furnishes the farmer with the implements of his toil. His necessities create a market for surplus production ; his hands rear and adorn the farmer's home, his skill and taste enlarge the field for agricultural production, by converting things which are of no value in their crude state into forms in which they become indispensable to civilized man. Take wool, cotton, and the silk as it is left by the worm that spins it, the three products which clothe the world, and the manufacturing of which is the life of nations, and you will see that the inventive genius of the mechanic has been successfully exerted for ages to make them valuable. The mechanic gives value to every tree of the forest, to the stone and marble of the quarry, to the cattle in your fields, and even to the monsters of the deep. From all the kingdoms of nature they find material and powers to add to the convenience and luxury of life. They make the mountain torrents and steam do the work of the world, and send forth the lightnings upon errands.

Aside from these great interests, there is another just as important to your prosperity. I mean the commercial interest. Ours is now among the most favored of nations. The largest commerce that floats upon the seas goes under the protection of the stars and stripes. Great rivers and lakes and railroads from our whole domain bear our products to the great deep and the marts of trade. Old Chautauqua has a favored location for commerce and a market. Aside from railroad communication with the East and West, Lake Erie washes its northern shore and carries the waters of some of its streams through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while other

streams run by your doors which mingle their waters with the Mississippi. You have a voice as to whether this Union shall be dismembered and the waters which gush from your hillsides shall roll through a foreign country, or whether they shall forever continue their joyous course beneath the star-spangled banner until they mingle with the deep.

We can this year learn from our own observation the relations of agriculture and commerce and manufactures to each other. In 1858 and 1859 there was a light crop in the great valley of the Mississippi, and in Buffalo you could see ships rotting at the wharves. The ship-yards were deserted, but 1860 and 1861 have given to the West an unparalleled harvest. Every sail upon the lakes is now pressed into service ; the ship-yards are swarming with busy mechanics ; the ship-owners and builders are not only growing rich, but they are giving to the West a market and restoring her prosperity, bringing us the needed supply of grain and carrying it also to the millions of Europe, to whom the season has been unpropitious. In 1848 we were able to save millions of Europe from perishing by famine, and, while we enrich ourselves, we will do it again this year. We are blessed as a nation in having each year a surplus of the necessities of life. Foreign nations cannot do without them, while we only import luxuries, with which we might dispense, and it is our duty now as patriots to do so, that we may contribute more largely of our means to the wants of our country in this crisis of its destiny.

Contemplate for a moment the noble position which commerce gives you. Instead of being confined to your neighborhood and having of some things a surplus without a market and suffering for others, it makes you citizens of the world, sharers in all its arts, luxuries and glory. You produce wool, butter, cheese, lumber, or any great staple which is of value in the markets of the world, and with the products of that what luxury has the world that you may not enjoy ? The worms of Italy shall spin silks, and the looms and dyers

of France work them into beautiful fabrics to grace the forms of your wives and daughters. The goats in the distant vale of Cashmere shall grow the material for their shawls. The hand of genius at the homes of ancient art shall mould for you the marble into forms of divinest beauty. The highest inspiration and wisdom of all ages shall come to you upon the printed page. The Chinaman shall grow for you his teas ; the sun of the tropics ripen your fruits ; India send her spices ; the North, its furs ; the great deep, its pearls, and, if, as we trust, Japan opens her gates to commerce, her dusky sons and daughters shall toil upon ornaments to grace your parlors. Commerce not only gives to each part of the world the physical luxuries of all, but it is the great means of diffusing civilization ; the bond which unites the whole human family.

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Talk not of the weakness of our government, when half a million of men are voluntarily in the field to lay down life, if necessary, upon her altars ; when those who are not Americans by birth go forth to the sacrifice with the same cheerfulness as those who have never known another country. I believe that there is to-day loyalty at the South, that it will appear in resistless force when it can be protected, and that the infernal traitors who have imposed upon the credulity of the ignorant and forced a revolution against the best government the world has ever known will meet the traitor's doom, which is death and everlasting infamy. Let the North do no unnecessary act, which shall alienate from her the loyal men of the South. Let her cling to the Constitution as the storm-tossed mariner does to his compass. It has been our shield in the past, let it be our guide now, our hope and strength in the future. Let us do what we do in the same spirit in which the Almighty executes his judgments upon men and nations, not from malignity, but answer the necessities of eternal justice. Great material interests, the ties of blood and language, the hallowed associations and glories of the past, the spirits

of the dead, the interests and destiny of millions yet unborn, the highest hopes of all the great mass of humanity which is yet to people the earth, plead for the Union. The reasons which demand its perpetuity are as lasting as the world, imperative as the demands of successive generations of men for happiness, strong as eternal truth, while those which sustain the madness of treason are only temporary, and based upon unmitigated depravity and passions stimulated by falsehood.

If all Americans shall do their duty, you may not only hold your fairs in this beautiful valley forever, but we will in all the future have our great national fairs, where New York and New England may come with the products of their energy and capital; Pennsylvania with her mineral treasures; the sunny South with her snowy cotton and her blushing fruits; California with hands filled with the golden sands of her valleys and the rich quartz of her hills; the great valley of the Mississippi with her golden cereals and her mighty herds; new States upon the shores of the Pacific with the productions of their virgin soil, to compete with their elder sisters of the East, and from all this realm all shall meet as brothers beneath the star-spangled banner, having a common country, a common destiny, and a common hope of happiness and freedom for their posterity forever.

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#### TILLING THE SOIL.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FAIR IN FREDONIA, IN  
OCTOBER, 1869.

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This is the tenth annual fair of the Chautauqua Farmers and Mechanics' Union, and the thirty-third of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society. At the close of a generation the mother unites her treasures with those of the child, and hand in hand they greet the thousands present. With the close of the work of the county organization for its first gen-

eration we naturally look back to its commencement, and review its history and the changes it has witnessed. The first fair was held upon the Common in this village, in 1837. Since then it has alternated between different localities of this large county, to give each a fair share of its benefits. Of the old men who had an active part in this organization perhaps all have gone to the grave ; those in the prime of life have become the venerable fathers of whom only a few now linger upon the shores of being. The children of that day have become the men and women who are now meeting the active responsibilities of life, and, we trust, doing their part to hasten "the good time coming" of which poets sing. These changes remind us how noiselessly a generation, one by one, go down to the dead, and how quietly their successors take their places until all life is changed. The change is not in nature or in her laws, but in men and their works. The everlasting hills still keep their patient watch around the village ; the Canadaway glides on with its old murmur ; the Common has the same beauty as when the fathers spread the agricultural tent there thirty-three years ago ; the sere and yellow leaves are falling from the same trees, the same quiet, autumnal beauty is in the air ; the birds sing their old songs. The Creator spreads the same table in the sunshine, but new faces sit around it. The life of this society in time represents one-half the history of the county.

Upon this stand is Israel Lewis of this village, who was one hundred years old the nineteenth day of last January. For a century he has walked the humble paths of duty, and to-day he comes from the quiet home where he awaits patiently the summons of the Master, to greet the new generation that has grown up around him, and to give you all an old man's blessing. In 1808, in the prime of manhood, he cut the first trees upon the square where the Academy and the Presbyterian Church now stand, so that he has witnessed all the changes from the wilderness to the picture of cultivated fields, happy homes, beautiful villages and great cities, which West-

ern New York presents to-day. He was born the same year with Bonaparte ; lived through all the excitement and changes of Napoleon's career, and has survived him almost half a century. Darmouth College, one of the most venerable of American institutions of learning, was incorporated the same year Mr. Lewis was born. In his childhood the idea of an American Republic only existed in the imagination of such men as Adams and Franklin and Patrick Henry. We may almost say that in his time democracy, which is rapidly moving to be the government of the world, has been born. Perchance some child may be present whose days may be lengthened out to a century, and who is to witness as marvellous changes as Mr. Lewis has done. With the means already acquired, with the spirit of inquiry awakened in every department of human knowledge, who can fix limits to the achievements of the next hundred years, or say what harvests fields are to yield to a more generous culture, what new inventions are to lessen the necessity of human toil, what new luxuries are to cluster around homes, how moral and intellectual culture is to reach the masses, and add new dignity, and joy, and wealth to human life ?

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Another thing of as much importance as that your fields yield ample harvests is that you have a pleasant home. It makes your own lives purer and happier, and all the sunshine and beauty and light of social joy will be infused into the souls of your children. Even if your rural home is humble, you can have in and around it the blended beauties of nature and art, such as no city home can exhibit. If costly paintings do not hang upon your walls, you look from your windows upon varied forms of animal life, upon changing beauties of field and sky and forest, which no art can put upon canvas. We know of nothing to make men and women equal to resisting the temptations, bearing the disappointments and sorrows of life, like the memory of a happy childhood. Your children may lose gold, but who can take from their

souls "the light of other days"? How little it takes to surround a home with attractions. A few shrubs and trees and vines to be set, a few flower seeds annually committed to the earth, a little care, and nature will do the rest; beauty will grow around you as if by magic. There are too many homesteads "blistering in the sun" without a tree or vine, "where no flower tells that spring has come."

God has made the earth to produce; he has also made it beautiful. In humble imitation beautify the little spot he has committed to your care; do it for those who are to succeed you, for others cleared the fields that wave with your harvests, others planted the trees whose fruits you gather. You may not always hope to see the fruit or flower, but it will gladden some heart. We are placed here to possess and enjoy for our fleeting day, but the earth belongs to all generations, and each should leave it richer for the future. In all your efforts to beautify, you shall be cheered by the smiles of woman and the sympathy of children. Well has the poet said:

"How rich and restful even poverty and toil  
Become, when beauty, harmony and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent."

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Farmers of Chautauqua, you have a goodly inheritance. The efforts of two generations have subdued the wilderness, and in its place is the grand panorama of green hills, blooming villages and happy homes. The energy that has made this change, properly directed, will in another generation engraft all that art and taste can do upon a natural beauty unsurpassed, and make this county as near a physical paradise as any place upon this earth can be. But remember that it is not material wealth that constitutes your highest riches, for we are all moving with the same measured tread to the rest of the grave. One by one we shall be gathered to our fathers. These hills and valleys we have loved shall fade from our view

forever, and then when the power and pomp of earth are nothing to us, the serious question will be, how have we discharged the duties of life ?

I say to farmers and to all men present, that next to preserving your own moral purity is the duty of carefully educating your children and preparing them for usefulness and happiness. This is the greatest trust the Creator has confided to you. Above all things cherish schools. In them the web and woof of individual and national destiny are being woven. By precept and example sustain public morality ; that is the only foundation for social order. Be true to your duties as citizens. Remember that the men whom you elevate to political positions, which the young regard as the highest prizes of life, fix in their minds your estimate of the worth of character. As long as the popular voice shall give position to men known to be corrupt, so long the purity of every ambitious young man in the Republic is in danger. Do not lead them into temptation. Success must not sanctify crime ; lying must not be called tact ; or stealing, having the shrewdness to improve one's opportunities. The cut-worm, the curculio, the weevil, the midge, all the forms of insect life which sting your fruit, eat vegetation in its germ or suck the life from the ripening grain, do not cost you as much as the race of vagrant professional politicians with their schemes for public plunder. They take the gold from your pockets and the ripened grain from your garner. You can nourish them and thus teach your children to imitate them, or you can kill them ; it is all in your hands. The cities are always sores upon the body politic ; they are the places "where wealth accumulates and men decay." When virtue leaves the rural districts and the hearts of its yeomen, then there is no hope for the Republic. Remember it is not of as much importance in the future what races of horses or cattle or sheep shall roam in your fields, as what kind of men and women shall take your places. Nature is only to minister to man's wants and to develop his mental and moral nature. He is

the central figure, and wisdom and moral purity are all the imperishable riches he can gather from the world. If you sow tares, better do it in your fields than in the souls of your children.

We have a right to some credit. Chautauqua is doing more to-day for popular education than any of the older counties in the East. All of our large villages have temples dedicated to popular education, such as can not be found elsewhere. In them are to be laid broad and deep the foundations for manhood and womanhood. The knowledge acquired there will go to the home, to the shop, to the farm ; it will write itself upon material nature. When I see happy and pleasant homes for the living, cemeteries for the dead, ornamented with pious care, churches so plenty that one can hardly be out of hearing of the bell that summons to the worship of the living God, and institutions of learning with "free" inscribed upon their walls by the State, where all children can learn the elements of knowledge, the graces of art and the beauty of holiness, I can but feel an honest pride in old Chautauqua.

Honor belongs to all who toil for common good, but pre-eminently

"Honor waits over all the earth,  
Through endless generations,  
The art that calls her harvests forth  
And feeds the expectant nations."

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#### CHAUTAUQUA'S GREAT INTERESTS.

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PARTS OF AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CHAUTAUQUA FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' UNION, OCTOBER 7TH, 1865.

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*Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:*

This is your seventh annual fair. Never have you assembled on these beautiful grounds when you had more occasion for gratitude and rejoicing. Industry in every department

has been amply rewarded and a fruitful season has again filled your garner to overflowing. The period since your last meeting has been replete with great events. War has ceased, and, instead of the roar of artillery and the clash of arms, we hear the echoes of the song once sung by angels, "Peace on earth and good will to men." The cheering conviction has come to every soul that the unity and indivisibility of the great American Republic is assured forever, and that the most energetic people the world has known, with the most perfect social institutions, are here to develop from age to age the best fruits of humanity, and the most magnificent domain God has ever given to any nation. A million of men are released from wasting war, and the energy that has made a hundred hard-fought fields glorious is now employed in every department of productive industry. I see before me faces bronzed by exposure to Southern suns—the faces of those who have returned from the triumphs of war to add to and to enjoy the more blessed fruits of peace; and they remind us of their companions in arms, the noble dead, some of whom have been conspicuous in your organization, but who will act with you no more. The sere and yellow leaves of autumn are falling around us, yet spring will again clothe the trees with beauty, verdure will spring up again over the desolating track of armies, cities rise, phoenix-like, from their ashes, but no power can restore the dead; they are the great, the irreparable loss of war. For the promise of a life they leave the inspiration of a hallowed memory upon the earth. An era of suffering, of waste, of sorrow has closed and passed into history, to be followed, as we hope, by another era to contrast with the past as day does with night.

Agriculture is the means by which the one thousand millions of the human family receive their daily bread. The first man was placed in a garden to keep and tend it, and went from it to till the ground under the sentence, for himself and his posterity, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground, for dust thou art and

unto dust thou shalt return." The patriarchs of the ancient world appear to us in the primal bloom and luxuriance of nature, spreading their tents and watering their flocks and herds by the sparkling fountains or upon the banks of the great rivers. Man is given dominion over the earth and every form of animal life. The earth is his inheritance. His reason is given to him that he may assume his sceptre, and make all the resources of nature minister to his power and enjoyment. As in the beginning in the soul of uncultivated man the germs of almost infinite power existed for development, so in the rude earth existed almost infinite resources to be developed and made tributary to human happiness. The soul and nature are adapted to each other, and have been jointly developed. If you would know the history of the soul and its growth, read it in cultivated fields reclaimed from the forest, in the houses and temples, villages and cities, and iron highways which mark the earth, and the ships which traverse the waters, each bearing at its mast some flag which represents the pride and glory of nationality. In nature man finds provision for his physical wants, he finds gratification for his love of melody and beauty, and material more enduring than his life, on which he may inscribe every emotion and aspiration of his soul to act upon the future. There is this limit to his power : he may simply use and mould material nature to his will, but he cannot create or destroy ; he cannot even preserve his own body from decay and from entering into new forms of life, for the earth is for all generations. As man is placed here for development, life is not an undisturbed, sensual dream ; he must toil and suffer, or die. Most of the fruits of the earth are produced by annual cultivation and are perishable, so that there shall be no long rest, no living on accumulated stores, no escape of any generation from destiny. But a small portion of what any civilized man requires grows on any piece of land he may cultivate, so that he must raise a surplus of something to exchange for the products of other regions, and thus he enters into the

currents of commerce and the life and glory of the world. Upon so great a theme as agriculture and the mechanic arts, which it is your object to promote—a theme as old as history, as comprehensive as nature and science and art—I can present nothing in detail. I have always considered such fairs as the holidays of labor, where we might enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and properly take a general view of our pursuits and our relations to the social and physical world. I see here some of the venerable pioneers of Chautauqua, meditating upon the change since they built their cabins in the wilderness. I see childhood with its wealth of beauty, just beginning to comprehend the glory and mystery of life. Manhood is here in its pride of strength, exhibiting its achievements. Woman is here to enliven the scene with her smiles and to embellish it with grace and beauty. I see here noble horses, cattle the pride of many herds, sheep whose ancestors drank at Castilian fountains. I see the golden butter that makes your wealth, huge cheeses from factories, that relieve home of toil. I see the ripened fruit of the tree, the blushing flowers from the garden, the purple clusters of the grape from many vineyards. I see the hardy serials that make the staff of life. I see art represented in every form, from the decorations of the living home to the marble that is to mark the city of the dead. Music lends its enchantment and floats like a joyous spirit upon the breeze.

Improved means of communication have almost brought the extremes of the earth together, so that a man everywhere may have all the productions of nature and art. As gold is the common representative of value, the most important question with every farmer is not, "To what is my land best adapted by nature, but what can I raise in view of prices, competition and the resources and wants of other regions, to secure the best returns for labor?" The cotton fields of the South are well adapted to corn, yet none but a madman would raise it, when the universal demand for cotton and the limited region for its production make one acre of it worth five of corn. A

land otherwise barren may be on an equality with the rest of the world by a single product. There is a region in Germany where no grain or fruit or grass will grow, yet the barren hills produce a species of soft pine, which the inhabitants carve into various forms for other nations, and receive in return all the luxuries of the most favored regions.

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It seems to me that there are two great interests in this county, and that both are to grow in importance, while all others are to diminish. One is the dairy interest, the other is cultivating fruits. The cultivation of the grape has already become an important business, and its success has more than vindicated the most sanguine hopes of its friends. Thirty-five years ago Elder La Hatt of Portland, a Baptist clergyman, whose youth was spent on the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, believed that this region was peculiarly adapted to the grape, and he persuaded Deacon Fay, Elisha Fay and Timothy Judson to procure some Isabella vines from Long Island. Mr. Judson planted one, and each of the Fays two in the town of Portland. This was the humble beginning of the grape culture in Western New York. These vines, the fathers of vineyards, are to-day alive and burdened with fruit. From these others were taken, until bearing vines soon graced almost every garden in the vicinity. But it is within the last ten years that large vineyards have been planted, and that the demand for the crop and its value has been appreciated. The period of timid experiment is passed. We no longer appeal to faith but to sight. A man can now plant a vineyard with the same assurance of fruit that he can an apple-tree. As to the certainty of a crop, I can safely say that it is demonstrated to be the most certain of all crops. In the changing seasons, for thirty-five years, there have been one complete and two partial failures of a crop. During that time the peach has flourished and almost disappeared; the apple has failed as often as every third season; year after year the potato has yielded to disease, and insects and rust and unpro-

pitious winters have made wheat fields a waste. A man who has cultivated the grape and other fruits for twenty-five years assured me that the grape was the only thing he cultivated upon the certainty of which he was willing to incur pecuniary obligations. We not only claim to have a region here in which the vine will grow, but we claim to have grape lands equal to any in the world. It is a mistaken idea that Europe is better adapted to the vine than the United States.

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Plant for posterity, out of respect to the memory of those who planted the trees whose fruit you gather. Orchards and vineyards are the most beautiful sight in nature. There is a tradition that Mahomet, on seeing the beautiful vineyards and orchards that surrounded Damascus, would not enter them. "Man can enjoy but one paradise," said he, "and, if I enter one on earth, I cannot expect to be admitted to one in Heaven." There is a consideration of importance to all farmers in planting crops or trees or vineyards. The future is in the germ. Everything will bring forth according to its nature. The cost of the germ that will bear valuable fruit for ages is no more than of one that will bear worthless fruit; the care required is no more. No industry, no effort can make up the difficulty if you start wrong. All the world cannot make figs grow on thistles. To plant a poor tree is worse than a blunder. It is taxing nature in vain; it is a waste—a crime. It is just so with regard to all forms of animal life. No man can afford to raise a poor animal. The differences in blood in races are marked. If you start wrong you cannot repair the error. It costs but a trifle more to have the best to start with, and no more afterward. The difference in these points between care and intelligence and careless ignorance in results is the difference between failure and success in life.

The marked feature of modern civilization is the facility with which every man draws for his convenience from resources which nature has scattered over the whole world. I will enforce this idea by a single illustration. In the exten-

sive carriage manufactory of Taylor, Day & Company in this village, they use in the process of constructing carriages timber from New England, Canada and the West, iron from Sweden and Norway, coal and petroleum from Pennsylvania, turpentine from the Carolinas, plating from Mexican silver, leaf from California gold, pumice-stone from the crater of Vesuvius, silk from France and Italy, colors from Naples and Tuscany, vermilion from the Celestial Empire, leather made from the hides of wild cattle of Texas, varnish the base of which grows in Africa and the Indies, India rubber from tropical trees, and whalebone from the monsters of the deep. Thus are all quarters of the globe taxed for a single article. There is another thing worthy of consideration. The population of cities is rapidly increasing; that of the rural districts is diminishing. With the net of railroads and the concentration of skill, capital and machinery, cities are becoming the great national workshops. With the love of excitement which characterizes our people, all are moving to cities who can possibly eke out an existence in them. Wealth that elsewhere prefers a home in the country, where the charms of nature and art can be blended, here chooses the maddening excitement and whirl of city life. This is a wrong state of things. It can only be prevented by farmers discouraging, instead of encouraging, boys in going from home. This can be done by making home pleasant, by so educating them that work on a farm shall not be mere drudgery, but an intelligent use of the resources of nature. Nowhere else do intelligence and taste so nearly wield creative power, and so readily and surely ripen the conceptions of the mind into utility and beauty. There is no stronger affection in the human heart than the love of nature and rural pursuits. It has been the passion of all great souls. It is the first love of childhood, and, after man has tasted all the vicissitudes of life, in his old age he would again seek the farm and be buried under the shadow of the great trees. But there is a period in the restlessness of youth when the world is tinged with romantic

colors, and the desire to go abroad into the excitement which exists where great masses of men are congregated is controlling. I wish that both sides of the picture could be seen by every farmer's son who stands at the turning point of his destiny, deciding whether he will be a farmer or seek fortune in other pursuits. On one side are certainty, respectability, independence, health, communion with nature, a reasonable competency, in short, all the natural pleasures which belong to life. On the other are uncertainty, dependence, the merciless struggle for power and place, in which the heart withers and the brain burns; there is exposure to all the nameless temptations of corrupt and artificial life; there is the fixing of the affections upon things which, if they fail, bring blighted hopes, despair, criminal recklessness; if by unmeasured toil they succeed, they have only gained Dead Sea fruit, which turns to dust and ashes to the taste. Go to the cities, and where you can point out one country boy who has grown to wealth and fame, I will find you ten besotted beings, going through the last stages of degradation ere they find a resting place in the potter's field. Yet they went from pleasant country homes, with a mother's blessing, and with innocence and hope, and were overcome by temptation. I say to parents, reflect before you send your children abroad. I say to the young with happy homes in the country, who can become the owners of land, who can have all the joys that legitimately belong to life, you are like our first parents in Eden; partake of what God has given, do not hazard it all to taste the fruit of some forbidden or fabled tree which fancy paints somewhere in the distance. Life admits of but a single experiment. After you have failed in some other pursuit, you cannot go back to industry, to a quiet country home, and to content, for when the demons of pride, avarice and ambition take full possession of the soul it is forever.

Bonaparte said to a page the day he abdicated the throne of France, "It is only in a situation like your father's, with his few acres and contentment, that there is happiness." The

country has always been the nurse of greatness. Let it give to the city its cereals, its flocks and its herds, but not its children. The boy that goes to the city and succeeds and rears marble palaces would, if kept in the country, in cultivated fields, in orchards and vineyards rear more beautiful and imperishable memorials of his energy. The source of prosperity and power is in the soul ; from that emanates the physical energy of a people ; from that spring social institutions and laws. The ship, the temple, the piece of statuary, the well regulated farm, are but conceptions of the brain worked out into realities. Cherish your schools, for they are the nurseries that develop and give direction to the powers that sway all physical energies and make the glory of the people. I see the future power of the Republic, the broad expanse of untouched fields, inviting freemen to gather wasting riches from their bosom, new forms of wealth gushing up from the laboratories of nature beneath us, gold being wrenched from the rocky bosom of mountains, a commerce as extended as the seas. There is this great problem, whether morality can control and give proper direction to the power freedom creates.

This county has raised horses that have a place in the annals of the turf, sheep the weight of whose fleecés has been heralded by the press, fat oxen that have been ribboned and driven through the streets of cities to the slaughter pens ; but has it not done something better, has it not raised heroic men, men who have been tried in the terrible ordeal of battle, and not found wanting ? Have not the men whose bones are scattered on the banks of the Potomac, in the wilderness of Spotsylvania, upon the shores of the James River, in the sands of the Carolinas, upon the slopes of Lookout Mountain, left a memory upon the earth that is a nobler inspiration than brute life ? Is not the memory of heroism, of duty nobly done, better than material wealth ? If you would, in every town, be worthy that the earth should yield you her increase, and the heavens shed their dews upon you, somewhere

erect a pillar where the name of every one of your children who have died upon the battle field to vindicate the unity of the Republic shall be inscribed in enduring marble. Greece did this for her heroes. The marble tablets are broken, but the memory of Grecian valor still warms human hearts.

You have some thing more to live for than merely to make money. You are placed here to toil, also to enjoy the fruits of your labor. Great are the resources for enjoyment. This fleeting life is your opportunity. Nature, with a beauty and grandeur which dwarfs all art, and which no earthly power can obscure or appropriate, is as much yours as the monarch's. As God has blended utility and beauty in his works, so blend them in your handiwork, and upon the little spot of earth committed to your care. As God has been merciful to you, and as you hope for mercy hereafter, be kind to all the forms of animal life dependent upon you for protection. Do not let your souls dwindle down to a single passion, and that a thirst for gold. If, by denying yourselves the feast of life by toil, by recreancy to all the claims of humanity, by overworking your children, by dwarfing them body and soul, you succeed in getting the thirty pieces of silver, it will do you no more good than it did Judas. It depends on how you educate your children, what principles you instill into their minds, more than all else, whether your life is a success or a failure. You may have old age made pleasant, or may have your gray hairs dragged down in sorrow to the grave. Give your influence socially and politically to virtue. Remember that the ship of state cannot make a prosperous voyage through the ages with devils at the helm, no matter if they do quote scripture and try to assume the robes of angels of light.

This fair has been an occasion of enjoyment to thousands. Let this institution be perpetual ; let this scene of beauty and prosperity linger long in memory. The interests which you represent will never lose their importance while man lives upon the earth. All who now hear me will sleep in the grave ;

but even then, let our successors come beneath the shadow of these venerable trees, under the same smiling sky, in this indestructible temple of nature, and exhibit the products of a higher skill, and of an art beyond our dreams.

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There is consolation for the farmers and laborers of this county in the thought that in the next generation the mighty of the earth are to come from the ranks of their children. The poets, orators, statesmen and heroes of the next age are not now in cities, which have never in this Republic produced one great man, but they are building up constitutions in the pure air of the country, developing in the companionship of nature, many of them learning self-reliance by their early struggles with poverty.

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#### NATURE'S GIFTS.

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PARTS OF AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CHAUTAUQUA FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' UNION, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1863.

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This is your fifth annual fair. The four years your organization has existed have been crowded with the most momentous and startling events, which are to make them forever memorable in history. Four years ago no seer could foretell the full measure of national calamity which awaited us. We are now in the midst of the profound darkness which no eye can penetrate to see what lies beyond. But in this whirlwind of human passions, this banquet of death, amid all the wreck of happiness and hopes, nature has continued her beneficent operations; the seedtime and the harvest have come, and your garner has annually been filled to overflowing with the bounties of Providence. So it has ever been. Empires have arisen and fallen, the angry din of human strife has continued from age to age, strewing the earth with the

dead and with the wrecks of human achievements, yet nature has from the beginning been constant and true. Six thousand times has vegetation put forth in spring, and clothed the field, the tree, the shrub and the vine, with fruitfulness and beauty. Six thousand times has autumn mellowed the fruits and ripened the golden grain. Your material prosperity has hardly been affected by the rude shock of war. The tramp of armies has not approached your borders or blood stained your fields. Yet war has taken from this county its choicest treasures, thousands of its noblest men. There are vacant seats almost around every fireside. In this costly way you are all made to bear your part in the national sacrifices and national sorrow.

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It is one of the misfortunes of this Republic to-day that, as the giants of the past have one by one gone to their rest, none has arisen worthy to take their places. Who does not wish, in this whirlwind of human strife, that we had some man with a hold upon the popular heart like Washington, who could reiterate from living lips the great and solemn truths uttered in his farewell address, but now fast being forgotten: "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and alter their Constitution of government; the Constitution which at any time exists till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people is sacredly obligatory upon all; it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any one portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together its

various parts" ? Or who does not wish that Clay had been spared to us, again by his august presence and persuasive eloquence, to expel sectional pride and passion from the popular heart by kindling in it anew the embers of fraternal feeling and pride in the glory and promise of national unity ; or that we had Silas Wright, with an integrity as unsullied as that of Cato, with an intellect as comprehensive as the Republic, to restore order out of chaos and to lead us again as a people to the old paths of prosperity and peace ? Or would that the voice of Webster could again be heard by the whole American people, vindicating the sacredness and binding force of the Constitution in all its parts, hurling the thunder-bolts of his indignant eloquence against all men who trampled upon the least of its provisions, and pleading as of yore in burning words for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable ;" or that Jackson could again appear, the man of iron will, whose resolves were accepted as the decrees of fate, who with the simple declaration, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," rolled back the tide of incipient revolution.

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Man can hardly realize the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator in filling the earth with the means, not only for gratifying every animal want, but of ministering to his highest tastes and aspirations. Every morning we witness the same wonder that was in the beginning, when God said, "Let there be light and there was light." The seasons pass before us in perpetual procession, each burdened with its peculiar beauty and glory ; spring with its swelling buds and robes of green, summer with its luxuriance of blossoms, autumn with the sere and yellow leaf, the mellowed fruit and golden grain, winter with its wreath of snow. In every spot the human vision takes in a range of magnificence on the earth and in the heavens that puts to shame all that art can paint upon the canvas. No tyrant can veil the heavens or the earth—their splendors are for all.

What wonderful variety there is in nature, and how all forms multiply into new varieties under man's fostering care until he can almost feel that he is endowed with creative power. The wild rose of the forest has grown into more than a thousand distinct varieties. All apples upon the earth have come from the crab-apple. The potato, which is now so important an article of food, sprung from a root which was discovered in the sixteenth century in the forests of South America. We should now spurn the root, as it was then, from our tables, unless we spared it out of regard to the noble race of which it the progenitor. Indian corn, the great staple of the West, is a native of this country. While cotton was produced in the earliest ages, it had no important part in commerce or manufactures until within the last century. Corn and cotton are now called kings, but their throne is of modern construction. Flax in the main clothed the ancient world, and the inventive genius of the mechanic may yet enable it to dispute with its younger rival, cotton, for supremacy.

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#### WEALTH IN PINE.

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EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE WARREN COUNTY FAIR AT  
YOUNGSVILLE, PA., ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1870.

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The first great crop here was your pine forests. Their germs fell from no human hand ; no mortal was present when they were scattered by the breath of the tempest in the solitude of nature. To gather this great harvest has been the task of two generations. This work has colored your social life, it has brought wealth, it has built up the villages and cities which smile upon the banks of the great rivers with which the waters of the Allegheny mingle. Before the for-

ests are gone in this region of your State, new sources of wealth appear; minerals are found stored away in the everlasting hills; oil gushes forth from the bosom of the earth, not for you alone, but to supply the wants of all the nations. The oil that is borne past you from day to day in a few weeks is making light around the hearth-stones of Europe; it is in the hovel of the peasant and the palace of the king. You have the great storehouse to which all generations must come for heat and light. All of the materials for manufacturing are at your doors. Here for all time will be employed in mining the labor which will make you the best of all markets—a home market. But aside from this, you are upon the great arteries of commerce. Railways connect you with the North, the South, the East and the West. A new road, the Dunkirk, Warren & Pittsburgh, is being rapidly constructed, which will carry the products of your soil and your mines, by easy grades, to a connection with the lakes and the great chain of railroads which traverse the State of New York. The merry song of the raftsmen floating down the Allegheny with the wealth of your forests will soon be heard no more, but the voice of the engine by day and by night will echo in this valley forever. Aside from these extraneous advantages you have a fruitful soil which will ever reward intelligent toil with ample harvests.

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#### RECALLING THE PAST.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CHENANGO FAIR AT NORWICH ON  
OCTOBER 8TH, 1869.

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#### *Fellow Citizens :*

It is with pleasure that I have come at your call to greet old friends, and to behold once more the beauties of this valley. Twenty-five years ago, a boy, I came to this place, and

here passed seven years of my life, at a time when nature and friends leave the most durable impress upon memory. To-day I can but think of the marvellous changes a quarter of a century has wrought. Nature meets me in her old familiar forms ; the everlasting hills are here ; the valley smiles with its ancient beauty ; the river greets me with its old murmur ; familiar trees wave their welcome—but the change is in men. Of those I remember as being old all have gone to the grave. The middle-aged have become the venerable fathers, of whom but a few now linger upon the shores of being. The children of that day have become the men and women who are now meeting the responsibilities and duties of life. Strange voices come from your pulpits, new faces are at your windows, vacant chairs are at many of your hearth-stones ; most of the old familiar faces are gone from your streets forever. I realize how noiselessly a generation one by one go down to the dead, and how quietly their successors take their places, until all life is changed. To me the changes of twenty-five years seem as the work of a moment ; to you they have been scattered through the years. I can but allude for a moment to some of your dead : Doctor Mitchell, inseparably and honorably connected with the early history of this valley ; Abial Cook, from whom I have heard as inspiring eloquence as ever fell from mortal lips ; John Wait, with whom I studied my profession, who took me by the hand and helped me when I needed help—a model of true and generous manhood ; Doctor Daniel Bellows, whose house was my home—a saint who was ready and ripe for Heaven long before he was summoned, and who bore his cross and has received his crown ; Elisha B. Smith, whose genial face comes back to me as it was before it was darkened by the shadow of battle ; Henry M. Hyde, who for years struggled heroically for life and for professional eminence, and who yielded only to the great conqueror ; Nelson Pellet, the genial, generous friend, who carried sunshine to every circle ; Harvey Hubbard, whose intellect and attainment made him the pride of the valley,

and who wove its beauty and its music into romance and song ; well may we say :

"The warmest of hearts is frozen,  
The freest of hands is still,  
And the gap in our picked and chosen  
The long years may not fill ;"

Sherwood S. Merritt, so recently called away in the prime of life ; I have a hundred times stood with him on the summit of the West Hill and seen the mists of the morning disappear, revealing the beauty of the valley and of the eastern hills, and we may hope that he now stands upon a loftier height, and looks upon a diviner beauty, which no mists shall ever dim.

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If a boy has in him that which will give him success in the city, it will do it in the country, for the country has always been the nurse of greatness.

"Who so wisely wills and acts may dwell  
As king and law-giver in broad-acred state,  
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make  
His hours of leisure richer than a life  
Of four-score to the barons of old time.  
Our yeoman should be equal to his home ;  
Sit in the fair green valleys, purple walled,  
A man to match his mountains, not to creep,  
Dwarfed and abused, below them."

Citizens of Chenango, you have a goodly inheritance. Your lines are cast in pleasant places. While honest toil has within the present century subdued the wilderness, and made fertile fields, beautiful villages and happy homes, all the inventions and improvements of this marvellous age have come to your aid. The whistle of the engine hastening from the North will soon be answered by those coming from the South, the East, the West. A long-cherished hope is realized, and you are now upon one of the great highways of commerce. There are aged men here who have heard in this valley the shrill whoop of the savage, the voice that represented the

past, and who have been spared to hear the voice of the engine, which represents civilization and the glory and promise of the future. Men will change, generations come and go, but still that voice will be heard in this valley, by day and by night, forever. Amid your prosperity do not forget your duties as citizens and men, for you are kings and lawmakers. By precept and example sustain morality, for that is the foundation of social order, of individual happiness, and of national greatness. Above all things cherish and sustain your schools, for in them the web and woof of national destiny are being woven. Develop intelligence in your children, give all the sunshine you can to the spring of life, lay broad and deep the foundations of manhood and womanhood, and there will be light in the home, skill in the shop, and fruitfulness upon the farm. I have loved this valley since it was my early home. I have heard with pleasure of your material prosperity, but, when I have read of the heroism of your sons in the terrible ordeal of battle, I have felt a higher joy.

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THE ANNUAL FAIR.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CHAUTAUQUA FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' UNION ON SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1859.

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I know that in this Republic, as elsewhere, corruption will grow rife in the crowded marts of commerce ; that enervation will follow vast accumulations of wealth ; that we will have a large class of drones living upon unearned bread, of restless intriguers against the peace of society ; but I believe that the millions who fill our workshops and cultivate our fields will be a great conservative, controlling body of the American people ; that they will be intelligent because here intelligence is rewarded ; patriotic from instinct and from a grateful sense of daily blessings such as are nowhere else vouch-

safed to man, and that they will, against all assaults, defend and preserve free institutions through the vicissitudes of ages ; for as now so forever the sceptre of power and the destinies of empire will be in the heads that think and the hands that toil.

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We do not envy the lands where winter bears no sway, where a spontaneous vegetation has perpetual bloom, where no necessity demands toil ; for there the soul languishes, and life is but a gorgeous dream ; while energy, achievement, genius, aspiration, belong to temperate climes. In preference to the lands of golden sands, sunshine and flowers, give me the bleak granite hills of New England, and the cold, invigorating atmosphere above them, for from them mighty men come forth to act upon the world's destinies.

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With a few remarks to the members of this Association, I will relieve your patience. This is your first annual fair. These beautiful grounds, this venerable forest, your public spirit and liberality have made your own. What nature has done for this lovely spot, every eye can see and every heart must feel ; and it is for you, as opportunity will allow, to add the decorations of art and taste, and the works of utility, until you shall all feel pride in its perfection and beauty. Bring here each year the useful and ornamental creations of your workshops ; bring here from hill and valley the pride of your flocks and herds ; bring the life-sustaining treasures of your fields and the blooming flowers of your gardens ; bring the fruits of the tree and the vine ; bring the tasteful handiwork which your wives and daughters prepare to decorate your homes ; bring your children, that they may enjoy this festival, and that we may all be cheered by their happy faces, and see the future men and women of Chautauqua. Meet on this common ground, not as envious competitors for a trifling premium, but as brothers, to compare your products, to learn from each other, to enjoy together a

glorious spectacle of animate and inanimate beauty, and to cultivate the social sympathies which are the charm of life.

Let not your annual fairs be your only meetings. Make arrangements to meet at other times, to discuss among yourselves matters of common interest in your pursuits and to communicate to each other the benefits of your reading and experience. If your enterprise is properly conducted, if energy and harmony shall direct your efforts, an influence will emanate from this association that will make your harvests more bountiful, your houses more beautiful, and burden with more and better fruits your orchards and your vineyards. It will bring such joy to your hearts as pure selfishness never finds in its solitary ways.

Fairs are to be a permanent institution in this county. They are for all the future to be the great holidays of a free and a happy people. There is nothing else which so blends instruction with every form of innocent amusement. They are intended to promote interests durable as the earth. When all who are here assembled, when even the children whose eyes are just opening to the glory and mystery of life shall have lived their appointed time and shall sleep with their fathers, when others who know you not shall cultivate your fields and fill your workshops and live in your homes, the earth will as now be cultivated by men eager for improvement, and Chautauqua will have more than its ten thousand farmers and mechanics.

Here on this autumn day, amid the evidences of our innumerable blessings, let us not forget the dead, nor the toil and sacrifice and suffering which have been endured in the past to elevate humanity. Let us feel the importance of the sacred social trusts that we hold for future generations, and, above all, let our hearts rise in gratitude to the great Author of our being, who has cast our lot in pleasant places, given us this lovely and fruitful earth, the capacity to toil and enjoy and improve, and who has promised us the succession of the seasons and seed time and harvest forever.

## FOURTH OF JULY ORATIONS.

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PARTS OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT FREDONIA AT THE  
CELEBRATION IN 1851.

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*Fellow Citizens :*

We have assembled as free men, grateful in the enjoyment of national liberty, to celebrate the anniversary of the proudest day in its annals. We have not met stealthily in some cavern, or in darkness, lest tyranny should interrupt our devotions by the gleam of bayonets, but in the cheerful light of day, on a soil over which no despot ever waved a sceptre, but which the strong arm of freedom has reclaimed from original solitude, and made fruitful and beautiful. We have assembled to attest our gratitude for innumerable blessings, and our veneration for the noble men who, seventy-five years ago this day, perilled their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, that we might be happy and free. We would by calling up the sacred associations of the past cultivate in our own souls some of the holy spirit that animated to resolves so sublime and action so God-like. Now, and in the future, too much honor cannot be paid to the memory of those who, in darkness and gloom, sowed with bleeding hands the germs of universal liberty, well knowing that they would be sleeping in their graves while posterity was enjoying the fruition of the harvest. This is hardly an occasion for speech. So many hallowed remembrances of the past, so

many emotions of gratitude for the present, so many fond visions for the future crowd upon every mind, that it is difficult to reduce its varied feelings to any formula of words. In no other age, in no other country, was such a draft ever made upon the warmest and purest emotions of the human heart. No other nation has a day that is voluntarily commemorated by all ranks and conditions, because it has blessed all alike in all the relations of life.

It was declared in the solemn appeal to the civilized world, which we have just heard, that all men are created equal. This was not the discovery of some master mind in Congress, but it was the authorized expression of a conviction that animated a people,—a conviction so firm and universal that it could call the farmer from his plough, the mechanic from his workshop, the student from his quiet retreat, and even the divine from the sacred desk, to meet death on the tented field or on the scaffold. It had already stained Bunker Hill with patriots' blood. This declaration gave the Revolution form and object. It changed a rebellion into an organized effort for national independence. Then, for the first time, the patriot's heart expanded with visions of a country. The fourth of July, 1776, was one of the eras in which the destinies of the world are, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, suspended on the action of a few men—on the deliberations of a day. Over three grand divisions of the globe tyranny had held triumphant, if not undisputed, sway for ages. Devoted men had crossed the deep, and sought the wilderness of a new world, hoping for civil and religious freedom in its solitudes. Hand to hand they had engaged in the death struggle with the savages around their firesides and altars, and had been victorious. The colonies were left to work out their destiny, until prosperity made them wealthy, and England sought by arbitrary laws to make their substance bear the burden of her efforts to rule and oppress the world. Tyranny, secure elsewhere, made a gigantic effort to overturn the last altar to which freemen clung with devotion,

to extinguish the last hope of humanity, to have the vast expanse, yet unsettled, peopled by men marching under her banner, obeying her will and breathing her spirit. Was this to be ? The hour for decision had come ; and the decision was, that liberty should be defended with life, fortune and honor. The danger was passed. Much was to be suffered, but independence was now a moral certainty.

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It is not my design to dwell in detail upon the character of the worthies of the Revolution. They are not like the mighty men of remote times, that we see dimly through the mists of ages, but we learn to lisp their names in childhood ; art has snatched their features from the common decay ; they are interwoven with all the scenes, associations and hopes of life. Let us judge of them by the fruits of their labors while on the earth. Let us find their eulogy in the everlasting monuments they have bequeathed to us by their sufferings and their genius. They formed the glorious inheritance that is now blessing millions, and that is growing more rich and ample for coming generations.

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The doctrine that all men are endowed by the Creator with certain natural and inalienable rights, which was first proclaimed on this continent within the remembrance of the living, when carried into practical life has worked a radical change in the whole social spirit of society. It invests man with a dignity derived from the Author of his being, and makes him the arbiter of his own destiny. All previous governments were based on the theory that kings had a divine right to rule and to oppress ; that they were the source of all legitimate authority, and that the masses were created to subserve their purposes and ambition as they could best do it, whether by life or by death. The effort of every government was to degrade men, and to perpetuate the superstition and mental darkness in which their infamous libels on humanity could live. Our forefathers established a government based

on faith in humanity, and they hoped to preserve and strengthen it by the elevation of humanity. It recognized the universal equality and sacredness of the rights of individuals, and, securing to all the highest pleasure of life, it sought protection from both their gratitude and their selfishness. Elsewhere a part are removed from the necessity of exertion, the rest toil without reward or hope in others' fields, to create the wealth that is taken by strange hands, while they are perishing with famine; they sow in despair and famish amid the plenty of the harvest. In a democratic government all are free to struggle for the place they desire in the scale of social being, all are invited to effort and energy, and the efforts of all go to increase the aggregate power of society. The men of generous sympathies and iron wills are crowding into the wilderness to prepare an inheritance for the future, a home for the happy. The energies nourished by freedom enabled a mere handful of Americans to plant the stars and stripes above the halls of the Montezumas. Where the earth or deep has a treasure, wherever a ray of glory may fall, wherever fortune has a smile, patient American enterprise is watching and toiling.

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We should all cherish a filial affection for the Union and the Constitution, which are the foundations of all our blessings and our hopes. The Union has been cemented together with blood. The foundations of the Constitution were laid in a liberal and conceding spirit, by men who had opposite views, but who felt the awful necessity there was for union. Most of them had been on the tented field; they had seen what liberty had cost, and they knew how much blood each portion had freely given for it, and they knew how well all were entitled to share in its blessings. Until it is changed in the manner prescribed by itself, good faith and common honor require that it be religiously observed even if it requires some sacrifice of feeling. Within the limits of the Constitution and the powers it gives each State there is the means of opposing

all possible barriers to social evils. Such evils will exist under every form of institutions that can be sustained in the present imperfect state of humanity. A change in form of institutions will not reach that which has its foundations deep in the prejudices and selfishness of human nature. That government does most and all that can be done that protects all, and that by fostering intelligence and morality strives to eradicate the prejudices and the selfishness of the human heart, and that waits patiently for the fruits of its policy. Social evils can be opposed in this way successfully, but never by force. When we consider what the Union has cost, when we call to mind all that is sacred and glorious in its history, when we reflect how much the children of every portion of it have done for its glory and prosperity, when we know how powerful, and commanding, and salutary its position now is among nations and how insignificant its fragments would be, when we see the vortex of anarchy and bloodshed into which its dissolution would plunge us, when we realize the blessings that it is now conferring upon us all and upon every one of its citizens and that it promises to millions yet to live, when the patriot of every clime is looking to it as the last hope of humanity, when art and science are uniting the different portions by bands of iron, when nature herself by her majestic rivers and by the natural channels of commerce running our whole length and breadth pleads for union, how can we have patience with the American who would assail it to gratify his petty passions ? To what can we compare the infatuation of such a man better than to that of which we might accuse Noah, if, when he was the chosen of Deity to preserve life, when the inheritance of a purified world was awaiting him and his posterity, he had endeavored to sink the ark that was to preserve them from the common destruction ? Although the Almighty spoke to Noah and pointed out his duty and destiny, yet does not the Deity speak to every American in the whole spirit of inspiration, in the emotions and aspirations which he has made a part of every soul, in that reason

which he has given to guard him against calamity, in those controlling instincts that turn our thoughts and affections to the destiny of posterity, to preserve inviolate the foundation of all our national blessings and hopes ?

How can that man ask mercy of the Author of his being who forgets his ancestors and has no mercy on his own posterity ? Arnold, who sold liberty when its existence was precarious, when he did not know its blessings, would lose his position as the chief of traitors, if the Union were destroyed by those who have lived under its protection. The word treason will have a more terrible significance, it will be a thousand times more suggestive of infamy if it shall ever have to be applied to Americans. But we will cherish no fears. Were the issue to be directly presented, whether our banner should be mournfully furled and laid aside forever, or continue to wave over a united people, more strong arms and brave hearts, more moral and physical power would gather around it than was ever before enlisted in any cause. What earthly power could resist them ? We have a sure bulwark in the millions who till the soil, the class of men that were never false to liberty. Let its foes come from what source they may or in whatever guise, from the strong arm of the yeomanry they will meet their doom.

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With what pride and gratitude we may contemplate our country. Law stretches over us her protecting arm ; our path is radiant with light and strown with innumerable blessings ; the tree of liberty whose roots were early watered with blood, and which sprung up under an inclement sky, now waves in the sunshine and shakes down blessings upon grateful millions. The price of freedom was paid in the blood of the noblest hearts that ever beat. Shall we want faith in liberty ? Leonidas and Wallace, Hampden and Sidney died for it, when it might well seem that fate had decreed that it should never bless the world ; but they had a sublime faith. It has had devoted champions every where ; its spirit has

ever had an indwelling in great souls. They have seen with a prophetic vision that it was to be the ultimate inheritance of man, but of the lovely land that was to be its first home and from which it was to go forth in robes of purity and light and regenerate the world they had never heard. We cannot realize the value of blessings we have received without a price. In ease and safety, we can form no adequate idea of the sufferings of a brave army in an eight years' struggle with an enemy that set aside the humanizing rules of war and paid the savage for the murder of women and of children. The names of some are preserved, immortality is theirs ; but their bosom companions, who met death by their sides, who expected not to be mentioned in the morrow's account of the battle, who only left a blank around some lonely fireside, have left no name among men, but they sleep just as sweetly in their graves. The inscription upon their tombs, "Here lies a Revolutionary soldier," is the most honorable ever written. When the hour of peril comes, the patriot will repair to their resting place to catch some of the spirit that once animated the dust beneath his feet.

How ample is the realm of rejoicing this day ! The gold-digger on the banks of the Sacramento pauses in sight of the glittering treasure to think of liberty. Our banner floats gaily in the breezes that sweep across the bosom of every sea, and our wandering sons think of those who stained it with their blood. The sailor in the frozen North thinks of the sunny skies and pleasant vales of his native land ; a voice of gladness comes from the sunny South ; a voice of joy is heard far away in the Western wilderness. The sons of other lands who are struggling for liberty are to-day thinking of our forefathers and blessing their memory. Their praises are spoken in languages that would sound strange to our ears. All nations have those who would, like our ancestors, welcome the grave if freedom could rear her altars above it.

I do not know that we should pity the dying patriot. His vision of liberty is as cheering, bright and consoling as the

martyr's vision of Heaven. The power of a nation is in the examples of patriotism and high devotion its annals furnish ; its wealth is the sum of its splendid deeds. Are we not rich ? The pure spirits of the old world look to us for models. Happy will it be for them if they can imitate. Indeed, they have a real right in our inheritance ; for in our day of peril from many nations came the great-souled men, who cheerfully met for strangers the death which we can only ask the patriot to suffer in defence of his own home and fireside. We cannot directly aid oppressed humanity abroad, but a sense of gratitude should impel us to waft across the ocean on every breeze the generous sympathy that will nerve each arm, and take the sting from suffering and the bitterness from death.

Jefferson wrote the great charter of modern liberty. It will be the political guide of nations when despotism has perished in the last retreats in which it sought in vain to hide itself in darkness. Washington will be the first figure in the temple of freedom in which a happy world shall worship. Yet he is but one star in the glorious galaxy that smiles upon and lights the mental world. Some now present will live to celebrate the anniversary of our nation's birth when one hundred millions of freemen will offer to the heroes of the Revolution the tribute of grateful hearts.

Of our national resources I will not speak. No eye has seen them ; they are undeveloped and sleep with nature. A vast domain invites freemen to gather wasting riches from its bosom. Here reason shall be developed and the capacities of man be tested. Here the human heart shall be warm with gratitude from age to age, and its purest sympathies and charities embellish social life. Here the circle of human knowledge shall be enlarged, and nature yield up her long cherished secrets, and here the great problem of man's social destiny shall be first worked out. We do not see the rapidity of social advancement. Reform is the silent work of legislation here ; elsewhere each advance step is taken in blood.

Elsewhere reform springs up as the lava is cast from the volcano ; here silently and naturally as verdure in our forests, or vegetation on our eternal hills.

In conclusion, I would say that we cannot pay the debt of gratitude we owe to those who have died for us. They have crossed the dark stream over which no earthly voice is borne; but in life and in death they gave evidence that they loved liberty. Heaven is rewarding their virtues with more bright and enduring than earthly crowns. We may cherish the great inheritance they bequeathed us. Jefferson has told us that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. In the quiet walks of life we can be the champions of freedom. Its spirit is benevolence and good will to men. A century from to-day we shall all be in our graves, but we may fondly hope even then that those in whom our names may live will rejoice in national prosperity, and that the clouds which now enshroud Europe will have passed away, that the glorious Fourth will be celebrated in the halls of the Vatican, and that the venerable forests of Germany will be vocal with the glad voices of men assembled, as we are here to-day, to honor the memory of those whose sufferings and blood have made clear and radiant the path of universal liberty.

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#### THE GROWTH OF FREEDOM.

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EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION IN FREDONIA  
ON JULY 4TH, 1854.

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The Fourth of July, 1776, was not a day in which some great truth first dawned upon the human mind, but it was a day in which a great principle, the right of man to self-government, was proclaimed by the authoritative voice of a nation and in which it began on a grand theatre its practical life in society. It may be interesting to look for a moment upon the history of liberty, to account for the complete possession

it had of the hearts of the men of that era. Was it accidental, or was it a spirit that had descended and gathered strength from generation to generation, a giant power that slumbered when unmolested and that only needed to be aroused by oppression to commence the political renovation of the world?

The love of liberty has been inherent in the masses of the Anglo-Saxon race. English history is but a recapitulation of its terrible struggles against arbitrary power. The firm network of British despotism, fortified at every point, strengthened by every art and every possible alliance, has had to modify and yield up its pretensions from age to age. Statutes, dungeons and gibbets, the skeletons of thousands of the friends of liberty suspended in every part of England by the judicial sentences of Jeffries, never frightened Englishmen into yielding up the rights secured to them by Magna Charta. In this long struggle one King is beheaded, another is driven into exile. A new King is placed upon the throne with powers limited and defined. In this struggle freedom was but partially successful. The right of trial by jury, the right of habeas corpus, the right of petition and many other valuable rights were engrafted upon the British Constitution, and principles to which it was not possible then to give a practical life were proclaimed in words of deathless eloquence in the House of Commons, and were lodged deep in the national heart.

We may safely conclude that an era in which men for principle voluntarily braved imprisonment, exile and death, not only in the field but on the scaffold, was one of the most intense mental activity, of searching investigation, of clear and irresistible convictions. It was in this period that our ancestors learned the great principles of freedom, that they felt the iron of oppression enter their souls. Despairing of success at home, they turned their thoughts to the wilderness of the West, determined to lay the foundations of an empire where freedom should ultimately reign. In the colonies from

the first the love of liberty is breathed forth in every act of colonial legislation.

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What a debt of gratitude we owe to the great-souled, iron-willed men who first reared the altars of freedom on this continent. Who can tell the agony of despair and doubt which they suffered lest their experiment should fail, and the only place where man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience pass again to the dominion of the red man, or have to yield to the despotism of the mother country. Before 1776 the principles of freedom were understood by the whole people. To the generation then on the stage of action they had been the first lessons of childhood. In an age of religious enthusiasm religion had imparted to them its divine sanctions. The Declaration of Independence only embodied a sentiment which was more universal than any sentiment ever entertained by any people. It was the unanimous voice of a nation determined to be free.

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The truth is, all the European powers dread to engage in earnest in a contest the end of which no man can foresee, because each has a sullen and dreaded enemy in the background that commences its campaign without any signals, that keeps its secrets with more than diplomatic art as revelation is death. This enemy is composed of the masses, the countless millions whose souls are filled with despair, and who sigh for revenge or death. This fear controls the policy of governments. The existence of our Republic haunts despots continually. The deep between us and them is too narrow for their peace. The spirit of freedom is contagious. "It travels upon the viewless winds."

loyal hearts still beat in States where that flag does not wave, where lone stars and strange devices unknown to the fathers are reared over the bones of heroes, which are restless in the grave as the loved banner, under which they marched to victory and glory, is torn down by traitorous hands.

We have our theory of the cause of our troubles, and the reflection that history will deal justly with all who have been directly or indirectly concerned in producing or averting this greatest catastrophe of the age. The prominent actors of the times have made their records, and the calm verdict of posterity will distinguish infallibly between demagogues and statesmen; it will decide who has raised the storm, which Americans must extinguish in blood; it will give glory where glory is due, and infamy where infamy is due. Occasional social convulsions have been the fate of all nations, and we must meet the demands of inexorable social laws. Let no foreign nation reproach us or our theory of government. Let them learn humility from their own history. Some good will come of present convulsions. Blood seems to be the great purifier, the price of blessings. A generation can never appreciate institutions or privileges which cost them nothing, and, if the sacrifice now required of a new consecration of the Constitution by blood and fire shall teach all Americans its inestimable value, and to regard it as the fathers did as binding, vital and sacred in every part, it will not be in vain. The American people want to feel the force of the truth uttered by Jefferson, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We should not give the care of our great social interests to men void of character, to professional caterers to the worst prejudices and passions of the masses, but jealously confide them only to tried integrity and patriotism, and watch over them in prosperity, if we would have them strong and pure enough to resist the convulsions which sometimes shock the most favored nations.

In this contest which is upon us, we shall see a united North against an almost united South. Most of those at the

South who have battled heroically for the Union, discomfited at home, will accept the destiny of their States for weal or woe. This contest, if it continues, is to be no holiday one. It is to be waged with terrible, unrelentless fury. But in the end victory will be with the party of the Union and the Constitution. The North has nearly treble the population of the South, without being weakened and menaced by a servile element in her midst. She has unbounded wealth. She can annually manufacture the arms and raise the food for a million of soldiers. The navy and the credit of the Union are hers. Justice and the sympathy of the world are with her. The pecuniary sacrifices required of the North to sustain constitutional government are a trifle compared with the waste of anarchy for a single month. The hand-to-hand struggle of brave men upon the battle field is better than the violence which reigns when law loses its sway. It was a happy day for France when Napoleon closed the gulf of revolution and anarchy by military despotism and the inauguration of universal war.

Never in the whole range of human history has there been a crisis like this. Other nations have perished after they have completed their careers, after time has wasted their energies. We have been great among nations by present power, still greater in the promise of a mighty destiny. It depends upon the North now, whether the countless millions of age after age who are to occupy this great inheritance from ocean to ocean are to have constitutional liberty and to live and die under the stars and stripes, or whether this great continent is to be the home of anarchy and the battle ground of factions, until liberty and self-government shall be regarded as a splendid but delusive vision. The South has deliberately hauled down the flag which represents the Union and the Constitution. To-day she menaces the capital which bears the great name of Washington. She appeals to the sword and must be met by the sword, or the Union is at an end. The North is bound now to act with one head, one heart and

one arm to preserve the government and and to vindicate herself before posterity. If the South is now irretrievably alienated, if there can never more be harmony in the Union, if she is to go out, let her go properly and by constitutional consent of the North, not by successful revolution. Let the North do no unnecessary act which shall alienate from her the loyal men of the South. Let us do what we do in the same spirit in which the Almighty executes his judgments upon men and nations, not from malignity or for a base revenge, but to answer the eternal principles of justice. Even the fiery courage of the South may be appalled by the energy and zeal of the mighty hosts of the North, rushing as one man to uphold the Constitution and the Union, and the vigor and promptness of preparation may save the horrors of protracted war. The conservative men of the country have still a mission to perform in acting upon and controlling the malignity of extremes, and in giving this contest a higher and holier character than a wasting war of factions, and of bringing it to a close when it can be honorably done, whether by peace or by war. Let us hope and pray that the God of our fathers will not desert us in this trying hour. We still believe that great material interests, that the ties of blood and language, that the hallowed associations and glories of the past, all plead for a common Union, that loyalty is stronger here than treason, and that, while the reasons that favor Union are lasting as society, those which can sustain the madness of treason are only temporary.

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#### HEROISM.

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PARTS OF AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF  
DUNKIRK, IN 1867.

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My subject this evening is heroism. If I had the skill to select and properly present to you from the fullness of history the best and most inspiring part of our common nature,

I should hope that for forty minutes I might not weary you. I do not know how to define heroism better than to say that it is that element in character that makes a man do and suffer and endure even unto death to achieve a purpose. It often exists in bad men and throws a seductive splendor around lives prostituted to unholy ends. But with the good, the laborers for human advancement, it vitalizes energy and changes passive virtues into the aggressive action that moves the world onward. It is necessary for beings born to toil and struggle, for self-development and susceptible of immeasurable joy or sorrow. Great as may be its effect upon the soul of its possessors, that is no measure of its powers, for in burning words, in mighty deeds it stimulates the life of all humanity, and as a cheering spirit fills the ages. All generations have their unrealized visions of what man and society should be, and through all obstacles heroic men and women are moving patiently forward to the promised land, and, no matter how dark and cheerless may be the wilderness in which they wander and see no escape, a better land for posterity is ever in their dreams.

Perhaps if that record kept on high where the deeds of all lives are written was open to us, we might see an unenviable record of many whose fame fills the earth and an innumerable host of names overlooked by history written in pencils of light and familiar to the hosts of Heaven. We have somewhere read that a man who had spent his life in doing good for others, forgetful of his own wants, died at the poor-house and a procession of beggars followed his remains to the grave, but that a mighty procession met him joyfully on the other shore and welcomed him to his Father's house.

The popular delusion with regard to heroism is that it is solely the attribute of the soldier and associated only with the pomp and circumstance of war, while we believe that religion, literature, statesmanship, science and art each have their roll of heroes and that we may daily look into the faces of humble men and women who exhibit a heroism, in bearing the

burdens life imposes and cheerfully performing every duty, of which many a warrior with his nodding plumes is incapable. We must remember that the heroism that will meet the vicissitudes of battle in a good and bad cause when one's country calls has in all ages been the most common of virtues. The good and the bad, the aged and the young, as if by a common impulse, move forth at the call of the fife and the drum to the dread work of war and but few falter on any field. But soon the war ends, and men who did not shrink from battle are unequal to the duties of life. They have not heroism enough to resist temptation in its thousand forms or even to be good citizens.

We do not need warriors; they always come forth at the call of the trumpet, but we do sadly need statesmen like Burke, with hearts open to all the wants and sufferings of humanity, with minds great enough to grasp all the problems of our national destiny and to square our policy in all things great and small with the principles of eternal justice, with an eloquence that shall appeal in burning words to the heroism and the best elements of human nature and make men more anxious to be loyal to truth. Impress a boy with the idea that strict honesty is fatal to success, and you have poisoned his soul. Better have a thousand bad laws that only affect material interests than one notoriously successful villain to dazzle and lead astray the thousands entering upon the threshold of manhood.

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THE PRESS.

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REMARKS AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL BANQUET OF THE FREDONIA "CENSOR"  
ON FEBRUARY 13TH, 1871.

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*Mr. President :*

The sentiment to which I am called upon to respond, "A free press, the tyrant's foe, the people's friend", comprises the words which stood out in iron letters upon the front of

the press on which the *Censor* was originally printed. This press was the first great light set up in the wilderness of Chautauqua. But three such lights then burned in the wide expanse between it and the Pacific. The wilderness has gone; all but one of the original subscribers of the *Censor* sleep in the grave; the log-cabins where it was read exist only in the memory of the aged, who hallow them as childhood's home; yet the paper continues to give its light, and will record the struggles, the joys and sorrows of generations to come, as it has of those which have passed away. No more sublime and comprehensive expression of the mission of the press was ever made than in those iron letters. It is the press more than all other human agencies that has in the last half century changed the slow and measured tread with which humanity was moving forward into a joyous quick-step. It belongs to the world, for in all nations, in all languages, it spreads and gives endurance to human thought. Its diffusion of light makes it possible that the time will come when all of the children of men may have liberty, and a fair share of the joys, hopes and opportunities of life. It is the medium by which the dead speak to us—it embodies the voice of all the buried generations—and by it the living hope for influence upon the future, and for immortality. It binds the ages together in a holy sympathy, and, to the last, man will carry a picture of the Paradise in which the first was placed. In the end it will embody the hopes, the struggles, the triumphs, the green and the ripened fruits of humanity. The human voice can reach but few; it dies out upon the air; but the press makes a thought that touches the great heart of humanity the common inheritance of all generations. Twenty centuries ago the voice of John the Baptist was heard in the wilderness of Judea, and to-day in three hundred languages the press carries his utterances to the souls of men.

While the press has great power it has proportionate responsibilities; but when it is left free truth will, from its inherent power, ultimately triumph over error. Grappling

with the events that make the life of the age, burning with all of its aspirations, its passions, and its impulses, infusing them daily into millions of souls, there is no measure of its power. The lightnings bring its material; each night it has the world's history of the day, and the iron horse, outspeeding the tempest, carries it to the homes of men. The time is coming when from all the diverse points that restless man has wandered, he can send his daily greetings back to those who sit around the cradle of the race. The press is mightier than thrones. No despot dares allow it to be free. All the temples and ships and homes of the earth are not worth as much as the truth, the wisdom, the words of inspiration and of cheer, the lessons of heroism and self-sacrifice which the press has embalmed and made the common treasure of humanity. Perhaps at the close of another half-century, when most of us have gone to the grave, the centennial of the *Censor* will be celebrated by our successors, and we may fondly hope that with all the active agencies for human progress, human life will then have a beauty, a fullness and a glory of which we can only dream.

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#### WOMAN'S SPHERE.

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EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED AT A TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IN  
LOCKPORT, N. Y., IN 1869.

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Everywhere the proportion of ladies engaged in teaching is rapidly increasing. Men have their places in large schools, and, we believe, have greater strength and organizing ability, but for primary instruction, in patience and tact, in the sympathies that open and expand the heart of childhood as the sun does the flowers, woman excels. She alone has sympathy and patience equal to the task of educating the deaf and the blind. We hear a great deal in these days about woman's

mission, but can she desire any higher or holier mission than to teach the young, to see faces grow more beautiful as the hope and intelligence she kindles are written upon them in colors brighter than the sun, and eyes sparkle as she unseals them to the beauty of holiness, and the visions of immortal life? As I have read history I do not give my admiration to the women who have wielded sceptres and governed empires, but to those whose sympathies have animated them in humbler fields to toil and suffer to alleviate human sorrows. I look to the daughter of Pharaoh, who at the hazard of her life rescued the infant Moses from his bulrush cradle upon the bosom of the treacherous river, to receive the commandments and stand face to face with the living God, with an admiration that I cannot feel for Cleopatra with all her jewelled beauty. Esther, saying, "If I perish, I perish," yet seeking the King unbidden, and pleading for her kindred and her race, and by the charm of her beauty and purity saving them from destruction, was acting in the true sphere of woman. Mary, carrying the infant Saviour in her weary arms from Palestine to Egypt to shield him from danger, was performing her mission as well as some modern women who leave their children to the mercy of servants and wander about the country to instruct men in the science of government. Florence Nightingale in the hospital, ministering to the sick, whispering words of hope and cheer to the dying, catching the last faint accents of closing lips to bear to distant kindred, was filling a place angels might envy.

Is there any higher honor than belongs to the woman whom God permits to be the mother and instructor of the heroes of the world? Those who stand around the cradle of the race, those who write the first lessons upon all hearts, those who give beauty or deformity to all homes, those who may shed around them everywhere an atmosphere of purity and holiness, those to whom all schools are open where they may sow seed to ripen into life and joy in human lives, have enough to do.

We may say to all women who are not employed by the duties of home, and who seek a field for usefulness, that ten millions of children in the cities of the East, upon the prairies of the West, scattered over the fields of the sunny South, call upon you for light. National destiny is in the heads and hearts and hands of those children. It is for you to lead them around the flowery borders of the field of truth, and to give them an inspiring and proper start for their long journey through the vicissitudes of time and eternity.

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#### THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS THAT WAS DELIVERED AT LYONS, N. Y., IN  
OCTOBER, 1869.

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I have chosen for my subject "The Struggle of Life." Human life from the cradle to the grave is made a struggle by the conditions the Creator has imposed upon it and by the restless desires of the soul he has given us. It is a struggle against death, a struggle for our daily bread, a mental struggle for light, a struggle against temptation, for the forbidden tree still waves inviting fruit to the vision of every mortal. Surrounded by good and evil, susceptible to joy and sorrow, subject to inexorable laws, we are left to work out our destiny, to fail or triumph, to win or lose an imperishable crown. The first we read of human life was in Paradise, which was soon lost, but celestial visitants whispered in the ears of the fallen promises of a paradise regained through toil and suffering. Then commenced the weary struggle of men for self-development, for happiness on earth and for an assured entrance into the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Standing as we do above the graves of two hundred generations of men who had our common humanity, lived under the same physical and moral laws, bearing the fruits of their toil and suffering in the very texture of our souls, having the

benefits of an experience as varied as humanity can have upon the earth, we ought to be able to comprehend something of our destiny and of life. We are no longer sailors upon an unknown sea. The history of the nations has only been the result of individual struggles. When individuals have been stimulated to struggle for self-development, nations have advanced. When individuals have from any cause ceased to struggle, nations have perished. When we look to the beginning and see a stricken pair "with wandering step and slow" leaving Eden to take possession of the wild, uncultivated world, to lay the foundation of society, and we realize to-day what has been accomplished, not only in acquiring dominion over nature but in the higher work of humanizing and developing man's mental and moral faculties from age to age until the descendants of restless, wandering savages have been organized into nations yielding to the mild sway of law, we are encouraged. We have at least grounds for a reasonable hope that the time may come in the remote future when the cultivation, the rights and enjoyments that belong to every life shall be assured to it.

The light may now exist in some minds, but the great task is to diffuse it to all as God does the sunlight. The struggle of life will never cease, but it may be more in the sunshine and result in higher triumphs. Looking at the condition of the whole human family to-day, we can see that, if man is to attain the highest development, the most absolute control over nature of which his reason is capable, he must have a long future. While the past of man seems long compared to the term of human life, it is but a moment compared with the time creative power took to prepare the earth for man's home. It is probable that from all who have lived and died fifty lives could be selected which together would extend over the whole period of man's existence upon the earth. Eighty-five men who had each lived to three-score and ten would carry us from the living to those who lived in the infancy of time and witnessed the pri-

mal bloom of the world. Engraved upon the souls of these would be the grandest events in human history. There would be among them those who looked upon the celestial visitants when the gates from heaven to earth were open; that looked upon the brow of the wandering Cain marked with the wrath of God; that saw the clouds of fire gathering over the doomed cities of the plain; that saw the Ark floating with the germs of the new life and promises of the world; that beheld the toilers upon the Tower of Babel confounded by Heaven in their impious work; that beheld the laying of the corner-stone of the Pyramids, which have mocked at decay like the mountains; that beheld Moses, who stood face to face with the living God and received the commandments amid the mutterings of the thunders; that beheld the hosts of Xerxes hurled back at Thermopylæ by the immortal three hundred, who first taught the world the worth and inspiration of liberty; that beheld the mighty Hannibal as he swept down like a torrent from the Alps for a death grapple with Rome around her own firesides and altars for the sceptre of the world; that beheld the grandest and most solemn of earthly scenes when the Saviour died upon the cross and when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain and the earth did quake and the rocks were rent and the graves were opened and the saints that slept arose and came out of their resting places; that witnessed the scenes amid the glories of Athens when Paul stretched forth his hand and spoke truths Grecian philosophy had never learned; that beheld the gorgeous triumphs of Roman conquerors, the gods of the Pantheon, the Coliseum when the Cæsars stood beneath its marble arches and when three hundred thousand spectators from it witnessed the barbaric sports of the amphitheatre; that saw Attila and his hordes from the forests of the north watering their steeds in the Tiber, while the Eternal-City with all the treasures it had accumulated by centuries of universal sovereignty was given to the destroying hands of barbarians whose descendants were under the humanizing influences of time and

Christianity to build up a nobler and more enduring civilization than they were blotting out ; that beheld the marshalling of the hosts that from the East and the West ranged under the crescent and the cross met like the waves of the sea around the tomb of the Redeemer to struggle for its possession ; that beheld William the Conqueror when he landed with his hardy warriors upon the shores of England to lay the foundations of that empire "upon which the sun never sets" and that was to give birth to Newton, Bacon, Milton and Shakespeare and from her convulsive struggles against despotism to drive the noblest of her children across the deep to take possession of a continent in the name of liberty and to lay the foundations of a nationality grander than anything history reveals to us ; that beheld the restless life of extinct races that once peopled this continent but that have left no record in history, no monument but ruins and graves in the vast solitudes into which we are pressing and again hopefully laying the foundations of empire.

The picture I have given only touches a few scenes and changes in the great struggle of humanity. A full picture would be all the joys and sorrows of all who have tasted life. No earthly record preserves it. Science will tell us that all the scenes that time has witnessed are preserved in wandering rays of light, and we are certain that they are engraved upon the souls of the departed, that each preserves the images written upon it in its earthly struggles. The beauty of all crumbled structures, the light of all the ancient civilizations, the graces of all the lost arts live in the souls from whom they sprung. They were only the material representation of deathless thoughts. So are preserved the images of all that have lived and died in all the generations. The mummies have reposed four thousand years beneath the Pyramids, sad, withered images of the life and art that was, yet in form and feature as when animated by a soul. They now people the memory of the generations among which they lived. Upon a subject as comprehensive as I have chosen I

can only speak of a few of the great lessons which the struggle of humanity proclaims.

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Instead of feeling humility at the brevity of life, at our helplessness in controlling its sweeping currents, let us rejoice that we are links in the great chain of life, partakers in all its blessings and its glory, arbiters of our own destiny, that neither in the fields of space nor in the myriads of being can our identity be lost, and that in common with the great concourse of all the generations we are heirs of immortality. Each individual has to do for himself to gain the highest ends of life. His reward is guaranteed to him by his Creator, and if he is true to his own soul the whole universe can not rob him of it. We honor the grim old warriors who with fire and sword laid the foundations of society as much as those who at a later day proclaim peace on earth, good will to men.

Every child in the most favored lands now inherits costly treasures. Aside from the beauty of the world, which is common to all generations, it has the inspiring lessons of history, the accumulated treasures of literature, a part in the social life with all its refinements and far-reaching sympathies. For this inheritance the martyr has died at the stake, the soldier has bled upon the battle field, and good men and women in all ages, in the humble walks of life, have resisted temptation, have toiled in weariness and sorrow, and have patiently endured persecution for truth's sake. The world has never been indebted any more to the prominent actors who write their names in history than to the myriads who keep virtue alive in the humble homes from which the currents of life go forth.

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Every child should have as much as possible of general culture and thorough preparation for some field of practical usefulness. We have not intended to speak of life as a cheerless struggle or as one in which there is more of sorrow than

of joy. Man must labor but can rejoice in his labors and its rewards. He has the ties of kindred. An affection almost divine watches over his infancy. He is connected by sympathy with the social spirits of his race. The vision of a better life never deserts him. He may feast upon the beauty, melody and glory of the world just as he cultivates his own soul.

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The freedom with which the modern mind has assumed to reason agitates society with theories and speculations. Everything human and divine is rudely assailed, but truth has never been gaining so rapidly and she always holds her conquests. "The eternal years of God are hers." One stone after another as its fitness is demonstrated goes into her great temple to remain forever. The first effect of mental freedom is social anarchy, the clamor of sects and factions. The last will be social unity upon an imperishable foundation.

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#### CHAUTAUQUA'S HISTORY.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE FREDONIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON APRIL 4TH, 1866.

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*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The custom of this Association, as well as its constitution, makes it my duty at this time to present to you an annual address. In our own doings there is little in the past year to review. Another organization, the Young Men's Association, has weekly or oftener during the lecture season presented its intellectual entertainments to the public and has so well satisfied it that we have yielded our usual meetings. The world and its history have furnished grander themes than gleaners could find in our home fields ; yet I have felt that in the range of subjects presented in lectures and essays, in which nations and remote ages have been explored for materials,

it would sometimes have been appropriate to have heard something of the pioneers in this western wilderness, who laid the foundations of our prosperity, who reared with strong hands the very temple in which we are assembled, or of our more recent dead upon scores of battle fields, who for the sacrifice of life can only receive from the world the tribute of remembrance and gratitude. My subject is the material which Chautauqua County furnishes for history, and the duty we owe to the memory of our own dead. The history of Chautauqua County, and, in fact, of the whole of Western New York, does not go far back. The term allotted to human life nearly covers it.

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There is general history which endeavors to reveal the grand movements and revolutions of nations, and which is of common interest to all. Then there is local history which is more minute in details, which may have only a local interest, but which carries us to the hearths and hearts of the people. It represents our common humanity. General history excites our interest, but events and actors and places to which we are allied by association appeal to our sympathies and affections. It is only from faithful local histories that a great and true picture of national life, manners and development can ever be prepared. If we could raise the veil from the past, it would not be to know more of the pomp of kings, or of the grand campaigns in which fields were lost and won, but more of the common people, how they lived, what were their hopes, joys and sorrows, what aspect life bore to them.

Let it not be supposed that a county like this is barren of material for history. In the first place it has been a part of the nation, sharing its aspirations, its pride, its spirit of nationality, its literature, and all the social agitations over the great problems which have divided political parties. Here in the wilderness has been organized and developed a great and intelligent community by the same social causes and the same steps that such communities have grown up over a

whole continent. Their aggregate is the great American people. These communities, in the language of another, are, "Distinct as the waves, yet one as the sea." Whoever could write a philosophical history of one has revealed the sources of the greatness of the Republic, for the same reason that when Newton had found the cause of the fall of a single apple he had grasped the law that regulates the universe of matter and the march of worlds. This county has shared in all the improvements of the century; and here has appeared all the progress in art, science and invention which marks this age of wonders. Here have been felt all the emotions that ever cheer or sadden human hearts. Here has been revealed as fully as elsewhere every type of human character and the whole problem of our common humanity.

Already, under the auspices of this Association, some valuable work has been done. The lives of Judges Cushing and Mullett and of Doctor White have been prepared; but there are others whose careers are just as deserving of a memorial, who have died here and in other parts of the county. The six Prendergast brothers have filled a wide and honorable space in the history of the county. So did General Leverett Barker, Judge Crane and Judge Houghton. The fame of Madison Burnell, recently deceased, should not be left to live in tradition alone. There are now a great many whose careers are almost finished, whose suns haste to their setting. Of such men as General Risley, Doctor Walworth, Judge Hazeltine and William Peacock, any county could be justly proud. The children of Chautauqua have partaken of the spirit of her pioneers.

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There is another element for history in the part which Chautauqua had in the late war. Major-Generals Scofield and Stoneman, whose fame is a part of our national history, were born here. From here went two youthful heroes, the Cushing boys, grandsons of Judge Cushing, one of the first pioneers. Five Chautauqua Colonels leading her sons to bat-

tle have died upon the field—Brown at Fair Oaks, Stephens at Chancellorville, Drake at Cold Harbor, Smith at Wilmington, and Holt in the final struggle around Richmond. Of Colonel Holt, who was long a member of my own household, and who had in his character that element of faithfulness to a friend and to a cause even unto death, I intend to prepare a memorial for this Association. The lists of Captains, Lieutenants, and other minor officers and privates is too long for me even to mention. Our dead are upon the banks of the Potomac and the York and the James and the Cumberland and upon the sunset side of the Father of Waters; the sands of the Carolinas have drunk their precious blood; the prison of Andersonville has witnessed their last agony. They are scattered over a wider field than Napoleon traversed with his imperial armies. The remains of hundreds have been brought back, and they now sleep upon our hillsides and in our valleys. It is meet for such associations as this to preserve the fullest records, that our heroes, those who have shared our joys and sorrows and walked among us in the flesh, shall have their places in the galaxy of American heroes. Let us preserve their names not only upon the historic page, but in enduring marble. Let each town thus honor its own dead, and let this Association take the initiative in behalf of Pomfret, and not rest from its labors until a monument is reared which shall promise to be as durable as any work of human hands.

It is wonderful to contemplate what changes such men as Judge Peacock and General Risley have witnessed in this county and in all Western New York, changes such as elsewhere have been the work of centuries. They have passed through the wilderness, and been permitted, as it were, to enter the promised land, and to find it more beautiful than the vision of hope. A few weeks ago as I was passing in a car through the Allegany Reservation, a stalwart Indian raised a window and gave a series of shrill whoops, as a signal to some of his tribe standing in the distance. While he was doing this

the whistle of the engine gave forth its strong notes and soon drowned the voice of this child of the forest. I could but think that these sounds represented barbarism and civilization, the past and the future; that, when the voice of the red man has been heard for the last time here on the earth, across the highway of continents, through forests and cities, over mountains, in tropical and temperate climes, the voice of the engine will still represent the march and energy of civilization. Not only are there themes here for the historian but for the poet. If Goldsmith could, from the desolation and departing glory of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," find material for his immortal song, how could some kindred genius, commencing with the solitude and grandeur of nature, sing of life and development, and of the hope and energy that in a single life have made the desolate places blossom as the rose, and villages and cities, and thousands of happy homes spring up from the forest as if by magic; for the human heart responds as readily to the life and bloom of spring and summer as to the decay and waste of winter.

There is much in the effect of association. It is human achievement and suffering that make the sacred places of the earth, and carry us back through the ages. The spirits of the dead seem to hover around the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. To the weary pilgrim the land consecrated by the footsteps and the sufferings of the Saviour seems the very gate of Heaven. Men go to Athens and Rome, not to gaze upon deserted temples and broken arches as such, but to come into communion with the master spirits who once ruled the world. Shadowy legions still crowd the Appian Way. No assemblage of living greatness would so impress and overawe us as to stand in Westminster Abbey, where the great of ages are sleeping their last sleep. The land with its fountains and its rivers, its fields and its temples, that has no history, no root in the past, no place marked by heroic achievement, or made sacred by the graves of the dead, lacks one of the main elements in the development of human character. It is on account of

these mysterious sympathies that every county should perpetuate the memory of events and places which will ever appeal to the purest emotions of the human heart. A generation is but a link in the great chain of life commencing in Eden, and to end, we know not when. We are only enjoying the accumulated treasures of the past, and everything that keeps alive our sense of obligation to it teaches us our great responsibilities to the future.

## MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

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TRIBUTES PRINTED AT THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.—COLONEL  
J. CONDIT SMITH.

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Colonel John Condit Smith died unexpectedly at the New York Hotel in the city of New York on November 9th, 1883, at the age of fifty-four years. He was born in Morris County, New Jersey, and was one of a family of nine children. On both sides his ancestry have long been honorably identified with the history of the State. He was by profession a civil engineer, but soon became on a large scale a constructor of railroads. At the commencement of the war for the Union he entered the army as a Lieutenant, and at its close left as a Brigadier-General by brevet. He was Chief Quartermaster of General Sherman's army, and by his executive ability and the splendid organization of his branch of the service contributed largely to the success of the grandest military movement in history. One of his first enterprises after the war was the construction of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh Railroad, by which he became well-known in Chautauqua County, and thoroughly identified with its interests. He was twice married. His first marriage was to Miss Mary Day of Fredonia, who died in 1881, leaving six children. In June of the present year he was married to Miss Swearingen of Washington, a sister of the wife of Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Colonel Smith was a giant intellectually as well as physically. He organized and carried out great enterprises by inspiring others with his confidence and enthusiasm, and combining and directing their energies. He never faltered at any obstacle, and success always vindicated his foresight and wisdom. He constructed railroads not as the ordinary contractor, but generally as the proprietor, the corporate organization being only the legal machinery through which he was compelled to act. He was one of the men who by foresight and energy aid on a large scale in developing the resources of nations. He exhibited in great enterprises the foresight, the fertility of invention and the wise adaptation of means to ends which mark the successful statesman. All who came in contact with him felt that he was greater than his work. While generations come and go, more than a thousand miles of iron highway will remain as an enduring monument to his memory.

Without the aid of a liberal education, he commenced his business career at the age of nineteen, in a humble position upon the engineering corps of the Illinois Central Railroad, and became almost at once prominent as an engineer and contractor. From that beginning he never laid aside the heavy burden of care and responsibility, only for the rest the grave gives to the weary. His life was about equally divided between the East and the West. If he gained strength from the hills, he gained inspiration and a broader life from the prairies. He associated with men in all grades of social life in peace and in war, and he had learned well the stern and varied lessons of life, and they had not hardened his nature but rather developed charity and sympathy for all humanity. We may say that in his business career he found a place for hundreds of young men, watched over them as a father over his children, aided them in misfortune, sympathized with them in sorrow, and took an honest pride in their success. Not one of them ever went into his presence without being strengthened in his manhood and stimulated to honorable

endeavor. His strong, cheerful, kindly, sympathetic nature was to them as an inspiration. They will cherish his memory with that gratitude and respect which no words can express.

Mr. Smith was a gentleman in the true sense of the term, and just to all. He listened to the grievance or want of the humblest employee, and treated him with as much courtesy as if he had been a king. As a consequence, all under him gave him their best energies. This was one of the secrets of his success. He was generous to a fault. No day passed in which he did not do something to make others happier. In this he found the highest reward for his toil. It was his fortune to have an intimate association with many of the marked men of this generation and to enjoy the confidence and the warm friendship of such men as Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, Sherman, Vanderbilt and Jewett. In genuine manhood he was the peer of such men. To his family and kindred the loss is irreparable. The strong protecting arm is withdrawn forever.

"The warmest of hearts is frozen,  
The freest of hands is still."

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#### HON. SAMUEL B. SMITH.

Samuel B. Smith was born in Troy, Morris County, New Jersey, in 1827, and died suddenly at his home in Fredonia, New York, on June 16th, 1886. He prepared for college under the Reverend John Ford and entered the Sophomore class of Yale in his sixteenth year. He remained there one year and then entered Princeton College, from which he was graduated. After teaching an academy at Peekskill for one year, he commenced the study of law with Mr. Scofield at Morristown. In 1849 he removed to California, his voyage around Cape Horn taking one hundred and sixty-seven days. He was soon admitted to the bar in California. He was elected Sheriff of Yuba County, and accepted the office, notwithstanding that his two predecessors had been murdered while discharging

their official duty. In 1850 he settled in Sutter County, and in the fall of 1852 was elected State Senator from that County. In 1855 he was appointed by the State of California Joint Commissioner with General Denver to obtain for the State from Congress the payment of moneys expended in suppressing the hostility of Indians within her borders. This purpose was successfully accomplished, the State recovering several million dollars. This event showed his skill as a negotiator, and led to great and varied interests and claims being confided to his management. From 1854 to 1857 he was a law partner of Hon. Stephen J. Field, who soon became Chief Justice of California and who has long been one of the ablest and most respected of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1856 he was married in the city of New York to Maria D. Cisco, a daughter of the late John J. Cisco. She died in 1869, leaving four children, all of whom survive their father. The two oldest sons were in Europe at his decease. In 1874 he was married to Mrs. Alice D. Goff, a daughter of J. B. McClenathan of Fredonia. In 1861 Mr. Smith returned from California to New York. He was for a time President and Manager of the Clifton Iron Company in St. Lawrence County. He was for several years President of the Chicago & Atlantic Railway Company, aiding his brother, J. Condit Smith, in its construction.

This sketch of some of the events of his life is an easy task, but justly to portray the character of the man, noble by nature, developed by education, by a varied experience of life at home and abroad, and by intimate association with many of the greatest and best men of his generation, is more difficult. No scenes recorded in history are more stirring than those of the early settlement of California, when almost without law the best and worst elements of a continent met in a mad struggle for gold. In those scenes Mr. Smith had his full share, as he never shrank from any duty or danger. He was never challenged, his fearlessness and preparation for

any emergency protecting him, but he acted as second in several duels. Mr. Fairfax, a Virginian and his most intimate friend, was stabbed by his side and fell bleeding into his arms.

Judge Field in his book upon early days in California says : "Mr. Smith passed through some stirring scenes. Having become more intimately acquainted with him after he was elected Senator I requested him to introduce a bill into the Legislature, revising and amending one which I had originally drawn concerning the courts and judicial officers of the State, and he cheerfully consented to do so and took great interest in its passage. Indeed, it was through his influence that the bill became a law. Many circumstances threw us together after that and I learned to appreciate his manly character, his generous disposition and his devotion to his friends." This friendship between Judge Field and Mr. Smith continued and grew stronger and warmer as time revealed more fully to each the worth and nobility of the other. Mr. Smith took his last journey to New York to see his old friend embark for Europe on the seventh of June. On that day they parted, neither foreseeing what was to intervene before they should meet again. Mr. Smith knew almost all of the men who figured prominently in State or national politics for the last thirty years, and had a wonderful insight into their characters and motives. In national Democratic conventions, of which he was usually a member, his organizing power was always recognized and respected. He was ever true and loyal to his principles and his friends. He was just and magnanimous even to his enemies. His commanding presence, his varied culture, his courtesy, and his genial disposition made him a marked man and a favorite in whatever circle he was thrown.

As a result of exposure in his career in California his constitution was shattered, and for more than thirty years he was a great sufferer, often going to Europe for temporary relief. The pain most men would have sunk under he endured

without a murmur and with cheerfulness. Suffering seemed to teach him charity, patience, sympathy and love for others. It removed the dross from his character and left it pure gold. It was at his hospitable home, where he was blessed with the companionship and affection of a woman worthy of him and in the association of his intimate friends, that the full beauty and sweetness of his life and character were revealed.

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MRS. ALICE D. SMITH.

Died in Fredonia, May 9th, 1888, Mrs. Alice D. Smith,  
aged fifty years.

Most of her life from childhood had been spent in this community. In 1858 she was united in marriage to George M. Goff. Three children were born to them, all of whom were taken away in childhood. Mr. Goff died in 1866. In each of four successive years there was a death in the family until she was left alone. She then spent several years in foreign travel. In 1875 she was united in marriage to Hon. Samuel B. Smith, who died about two years ago. She left an only sister, Mrs. Doctor Ralph of Dakota, and an aged mother.

We hardly know how to speak fittingly of the qualities of head and heart which won for her the admiration and affection of every circle, at home and abroad, in which she was thrown. She was a leader upon whom others leaned for support and sympathy. They gathered around her as naturally as the ivy seeks the oak. A nature in which strength and affection were happily blended had been developed by education, by all that was choice and elevating in literature and beautiful in art, by seeing at home and abroad the beauty and glory of the world, by mingling in the highest social circles, by the light of joy and the discipline of sorrow, and, above all, by the hallowing influence of religion. She was an active member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, enlightening the doubting, cheering the sorrowing, aiding the needy.

With her graceful and commanding presence, her genial and sympathetic nature, she was an example of the highest type of womanhood. None was so humble as not to feel at home in her presence. She was the first President of the Fredonia Shakespeare Club, and, as one of its members said to the writer, she was "its life." A few days before her death, at the annual entertainment of the Club she sent a bouquet of flowers, with a Shakespearean motto which she had selected, to each guest. This was her farewell.

The funeral was largely attended. Friends and kindred from New York and New Jersey, Rochester, Buffalo and Chicago were present. Hon. Stephen J. and Mrs. Field, and Mrs. Condit Smith of Washington being unable to attend, sent baskets and wreaths of beautiful flowers to attest their sympathy. The Reverend Doctor Landers paid a most eloquent and feeling tribute to the worth of the departed. The Shakespeare Club as a labor of love decorated her last resting place with such a profusion of roses, carnations and evergreens that it seemed as if they did not leave their companion in the grave, but sleeping amid the flowers and awaiting the resurrection.

In the sunshine and beauty of a May morning she went cheerfully and hopefully from the burdens and sorrows and associations of life, not into the darkness, but into the dawn. No more will Mr. and Mrs. Smith welcome their friends to the hospitality of their earthly home. For them the light has gone out, the doors are closed forever; but let us hope that there will be a reunion in the light of Heaven, in the house of many mansions.

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DOCTOR M. S. MOORE.

Died, at Cleveland, January 6th, 1887, of heart disease,  
Dr. Matthew S. Moore of Fredonia, N. Y., aged fifty-six years.

Doctor Moore was born in Aiken, South Carolina. He received his literary education at the University of Virginia,

and his professional education at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Soon after he graduated he was united in marriage to Martha Murray, who with ten children survives him. He was an only child and his father died in his infancy. He inherited about seven thousand acres of cotton-bearing lands, which gave him an income beyond his wants or desires, but this did not prevent the practice of his profession, which he loved as a means of alleviating human suffering. At the commencement of the civil war he was appointed surgeon of the First South Carolina Artillery, and was stationed at Fort Sumter from the surrender of Anderson to the close of the war. When the war closed, his wealth had vanished; his plantations were a barren waste; his associates and friends had been scattered like leaves in the tempest; the tax gatherer made demands he could not meet; a large family demanded protection and support. He resolved to come North and prepare a new home for them. The advice of Doctor Strong of Westfield, an early friend, led him to visit Fredonia in 1867. He called upon many of our citizens and with a characteristic frankness told them the part he had taken in the war; of his desire, if they would welcome him as a man and physician regardless of the past, to cast his lot among them. He asked no charity that he did not give. From the hour of this meeting all were his friends. They recognized a brave and magnanimous man, struggling against adversity. If they thought that he had erred, they knew that he had never sinned against his own convictions. In about two years he moved his family here. The example of such a family, reared in luxury, unused to toil or care, bearing so cheerfully the burdens and privations of a changed position, excited universal admiration and respect. They conquered adversity and came out of the struggle, not wounded, but strengthened and glorified.

The incidents in the life of Doctor Moore are easily written, but when we attempt to describe the man, as he seemed to us, we feel inadequate to the task. In head and heart he was an exemplification of true manhood. He was a man of

broad and liberal culture, whose thoughts and studies were not bounded by the limits of professional investigation. His mind was enriched by books and by a close observation of life in many forms. The Northern and the Southern heart had been opened to him ; he had been tried by prosperity and adversity. He was distinguished for his courtesy, not the courtesy that is prescribed by rules, but that which comes from the eye that is quick to see, and the heart overflowing with kindness and generous impulses toward all humanity. As a physician he was the acknowledged peer of the ablest in Western New York. His cheerful nature and genial sympathy endeared him to every family he visited. His cheerfulness was wonderful, and it did not desert him when he was conscious that disease was upon him and that he was walking "in the valley of the shadow of death." He said to the writer that he did not fear to die, that he had been face to face with death until it had lost all terrors, but that he shrank from the long suffering and helplessness which sometimes attended his disease, and which no human skill could alleviate. All this was mercifully spared to him, as in the twinkling of an eye death affixed its seal upon the features where his accustomed smile still lingered.

Doctor Moore had a heart large enough for the North and the South and he loved them both, and after the whirlwind of war had passed would have given his life that they should remain "one and inseparable" forever. He chose to sleep his last sleep among his Northern friends, not forgetting, however, his childhood's home in the sunny South, or the graves of generations of his kindred with whom he had once hoped to rest. He had as much of his practice and as many friends in Dunkirk as in Fredonia. At his funeral, which was attended at the Protestant Episcopal Church, hundreds of families from both places were represented, and the exhibition of sorrow was as if death had smitten one in every household. As his affections and sympathies and charities were broader than any school or class or sect, so from all

sources alike came the tributes of respect to his true and loyal nature. Surely in his earlier home friends with tender hands or warmer hearts could not have borne him to his last resting place, or felt a more assured hope that it will be well with him hereafter.

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DOCTOR BENJAMIN WALWORTH.

Died, August 3d, 1879, Dr. Benjamin Walworth, in the 87th year of his age.

Doctor Walworth was born in Bozrah, Connecticut, on October 13th, 1792. He was married in 1817 at Hoosick, New York, to Charlotte Eddy, who survives him. In 1824 he removed to Fredonia and at once took a high position in his profession. As a surgeon he ranked among the foremost in Western New York. In 1828 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Chautauqua County and held the position for thirteen years. He had not only taste but high capacity for judicial position. In legal lore he made himself the peer of men who had devoted their lives to the profession. In 1838 he was the Democratic candidate for State Senator, and the canvass showed his great popularity, as he almost overcame the strong adverse majority in the Eighth Senatorial District, and was defeated by less than a hundred votes. He drafted the act of incorporation for the village of Fredonia in 1829, and was a member that year of its first Board of Trustees and was at various times Trustee or President of the corporation for fourteen terms. In 1837 he was elected one of the Trustees of the Fredonia Academy, and held that position for thirty-one years. From 1858 to 1869, when the Academy was merged into the Normal School, he was President of the Board of Trustees. He was for a long time President of the Chautauqua County Mutual Insurance Company. The official positions or public trusts he

held do not represent his ability or the usefulness of his life. Politically he was, from the formation of the party to his last breath, a Democrat. It mattered not who faltered or turned aside, he followed the standard of Democracy, with equal cheerfulness whether it led to defeat or victory.

Doctor Walworth's ambition was not for the accumulation of wealth but for the promotion of great public interests. Thousands of students of the Academy will remember the personal interest he took in their welfare and progress, his words of encouragement and cheer, his sympathy in their joys and sorrows. In every position of trust he was always at his post, shrinking neither labor nor responsibility. He was earnest in his convictions, fearless in their expression, strong, almost bitter, in his prejudices, but always aiming to be just. With him all prejudice ended at the grave. He never spoke of the errors or faults of the dead. His sympathies were as broad as human wants and sufferings. He had a fund of humor and anecdote adapted to every emergency. Respected and revered by all, tenderly cared for in his old age by his only surviving child, Mrs. Elias Forbes, and her family, he found every ray of sunshine in his downward path and never heeded the shadows. He met every duty and enjoyed a long life in its fulness. He was one of a family of ten, five brothers and five sisters. Chancellor Walworth was one of the brothers, and all of the family had marked ability and influence. Doctor Walworth was the last of the brothers, and only one sister, Eliza Ann, widow of Commodore Platt, survives.

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CHARLES EDWIN BENTON.\*

Charles Edwin Benton was born at Gowanda, on January 4th, 1841, and died at Middletown on February 11th, at the age of thirty-six years. He was an only child, and his father

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\*Printed in the *Fredonia Advertiser and Union* of February 16th, 1877.

dying in his boyhood, his early life was a hard, unaided struggle. He learned the printers' trade, and at the age of twenty-one became one of the proprietors of the *Gowanda Gazette*. In 1864 he sold his interest in that paper and purchased a part of the *Fredonia Advertiser*, and became its sole editor and proprietor in the spring of 1865. In 1869 the *Fredonia Advertiser* and *Dunkirk Union* were consolidated into the *Advertiser and Union*, which he managed and edited until last December. He was the life and head of that paper as much as Horace Greeley was of the *Tribune*. He made it one of the leading Democratic papers of the State, and through it exerted a wide influence. He not only gave it all his strength and energy, but, we may say, his life. He did not seek to make it merely a partisan political paper, but the organ and voice of all the organizations and means of doing good among men. Kind and indulgent to others, he never spared himself. He shrank from no toil or personal sacrifice necessary for success. He gave no pledge that he did not redeem. He accepted no trust that he did not conscientiously fulfill. Wherever he was placed he was a tireless worker, and when his convictions and sympathies were aroused his friends endeavored in vain to have him proportion his labors to his strength. He had in his nature that element of faithfulness that makes a man stand by a friend or a cause even until death. He was a forcible, vigorous, fearless writer. He loved his chosen profession; he felt pride in it, and its labors, associations and friendships brought him unmeasured joy.

Mr. Benton felt a great interest in popular education. In 1871 at the earnest solicitation of the Hon. A. B. Weaver, Superintendent of Public Instruction, he accepted the position of Superintendent of the Indian Schools, and labored for them with a zeal and energy which will bear fruits forever. After an exhausting day's work in his office he would drive over to the Reservation in the night, visit the schools through the coming day and drive home the next night. The

writer remonstrated with him for this overwork, but he replied that, having accepted the place, he should discharge to the utmost every duty connected with it, and the moment he could not do this he should resign. He was up to death a member of the Local Board of the Normal School, and all of his associates will testify to the industry and faithfulness with which he discharged his duties. Last year Mr. Benton was an efficient member of the executive committee of the State Editorial Association.

In his valedictory, published in the *Advertiser and Union* of December 1st, he said: "With this number our connection with this paper ceases for the present and perhaps forever." As his friends then feared, it proved forever. He stopped at Middletown on his way to the sunny South, to visit his old friend, Professor H. R. Sanford, where the sickness of his daughter detained him a few days, and when she recovered health he had so far failed as to be unable to continue his journey or to return to his home. His physician assured him that at most he had but a few weeks to live. He received the announcement with the fortitude of a man and the faith of a Christian. He thought no more of the balm or beauties of the sunny South, where he had hoped for health and strength, but of the higher joy, the diviner beauty upon the "other shore." God's precious promises bathed his soul in light and shone undimmed through the valley of the shadow of death. Mr. Benton during his whole residence in Fredonia had been a member of the Presbyterian Church.

While he missed the familiar faces of many of his old friends, still he found friends and sympathy among strangers. Professor Sanford and his family were unremitting in their kindness. The Masonic fraternity, of which he was an honored member, ministered to him. His physician gave him both attention and sympathy. The clergy gathered around his bedside to invoke a divine blessing upon him. His brothers of the Middletown press kindly remembered him, and the sweet singers of Israel day or night were ready at his call to

sing to him the hymns which were his greatest consolation. On the Sabbath before his death he expressed a wish in the presence of the writer that he might pass away upon the Sabbath. His wish was gratified. Upon the next bright Sabbath morning at half past eight a great heart ceased to beat, a pure and redeemed spirit passed forth through suffering into everlasting sunshine and joy. The cross was exchanged for the crown.

Mr. Benton was married on October 12th, 1864, to Miss M. A. Wells of Perrysburgh, who stood by his side faithfully, adding to his joys, lightening his labors and relieving, so far as human power could, his sorrows and sufferings. They have had three children, one, a little girl of eight years, survives, and the others welcomed the father upon the other shore. The remains of Mr. Benton were brought to the residence of his friend, O. W. Johnson, and upon Wednesday, the fourth day after his death, as he had requested, were after a brief prayer at the house removed to the Presbyterian Church, where after the affecting religious services by the Reverend Mr. Benton, the pastor, assisted by the Reverend Doctor Armstrong, the Masonic fraternity, in the usual and impressive form, buried him and paid their last honors to his memory.

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THOMAS P. GROSVENOR.\*

The Bar of Chautauqua County has assembled to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of our departed friend and brother, Judge Thomas P. Grosvenor. It is meet upon this occasion that we adopt and put upon record a brief memorial of his life and of the qualities of head and heart which endeared him to us and to the whole community.

Thomas P. Grosvenor was born at Bangor, Maine, on Au-

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\*This memorial was adopted at a meeting of the Chautauqua County Bar, held in September, 1881, being reported by Mr. Johnson as chairman of the committee.

gust 24th, 1817, and there received a thorough academic education. In 1836 he removed to Fredonia and commenced the study of the law in the office of Chauncey Tucker. In 1840 he removed to Buffalo and as a partner of Judge Mullett took a prominent position at the bar. About 1850 he came to Dunkirk and became a partner of his brothers-in-law, the Hon. Hanson A. Risley and C. F. Matteson. In 1877 he was elected County Judge, and discharged the duties of his office with distinguished ability up to the time of his death. In 1843 he was married to Delia Risley, daughter of the late General Elijah Risley, who with a son and daughter survives him.

Judge Grosvenor's mind was of the order that grasped and comprehended general principles and applied them in all emergencies with marvellous skill to the case in hand. His expression was always clear from accurate perception, and elegant from literary culture. His marked strength was in calm, logical presentation of truth to the understanding, rather than in appeals to prejudice or passion. His knowledge of elementary principles of law was so comprehensive, his judgment so reliable, his patience in investigation so great, as to make him an oracle in the profession.

Aside from the law Mr. Grosvenor was a man of varied reading and attainments and had considered more fully than most men all of the great social problems which have agitated this generation. There was no topic upon which his conversation was not interesting and instructive. Aside from his intellectual pre-eminence, his genial social qualities carried sunshine to every social circle. There was no element of bitterness in his nature. No unkind word of his ever rankled in memory. His dignified courtesy protected him from all assaults from others. In all the relations of life he was beloved.

In common with us all he had his frailties, but they were of a kind that came not from selfishness, but from a great heart and the abundance of human sympathy. From this temple

where he sat as Judge he will go in and out no more forever.

"The warmest of hearts is frozen,  
The freest of hands is still.  
And the gap in our picked and chosen  
The long years may not fill."

This occasion can but remind us of Mullett, Greene, Ward, Burnell, Tucker, Barden, Cottle, Smith, Hazeltine and other honored members of the Chautauqua bar, who have gone before. The profession has to do with all of the great interests of society and with all the exciting contests which in some form mark every generation. It is a high distinction to obtain an honorable place in its ranks. From these walls as art has preserved them the faces of the first two Judges of this county look down upon the honors paid to the latest.

In the three-score years in which Chautauqua has had a legal profession, there was no clearer head or warmer heart or more cultured intellect ever graced it, than that of our friend and brother, who was so recently laid to rest in the same beautiful cemetery with his old associates, Mullett and Greene, with them to sleep until the resurrection. May the example of those who have preceded teach us all professional courtesy and love for justice and humanity.

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JUDGE JAMES MULLETT.

The great abilities of the Hon. James Mullett, this close identification with the history of Western New York from its earliest settlement, the important positions he has honorably filled, have caused his death, which occurred on September 15th, 1858, to make a deep impression upon the public mind.

Judge Mullett was born in the State of Vermont in 1781, and he removed to Fredonia in 1810. He was for a time employed as clerk in a store, but soon abandoned that business to commence the study of the law with the Hon. Jacob Houghton, who now survives him. In 1823 and 1824

he represented Chautauqua County in the Legislature, and Judge Hammond, in his political history of the State, speaks of him as one of the ablest members of that body. He was later District Attorney for Chautauqua County for three years. He filled no other official position except President of the corporation of the village of Fredonia, until he was elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court for the Eighth Judicial District, which position he held until the infirmities of age induced him to resign it.

Judge Mullett was not made for a politician in these degenerate times. He was a man of strong, earnest convictions, which were never repressed or concealed from any motive of policy. The petty arts and deceits by which small men elevate themselves to place his noble nature abhorred and scorned. You might as well have attempted to stay the thunder-bolt, as to repress his emphatic utterance of what he felt to be just and true. He was a man for great occasions, and, when the place-seekers and demagogues who would gain position by intrigue and corruption would be overwhelmed and lost, he was of the stamp of men to whom communities and States would have turned for a leader and a guide. He had the bold, constructive, philosophical mind that makes the statesman, but he possessed none of the grovelling qualities necessary for a successful politician. He loved truth for its own sake, and was never willing to veil it or make it hideous in his own sight to gain the applause of others.

As a lawyer he had for more than thirty years stood in the front ranks of his profession in Western New York, perhaps unsurpassed in his attainments and eloquence by any of the great men who have adorned its history. He commenced the study of the law at the age of thirty years, without any previous advantages, save a common school education. There are those now living who were then his associates and who remember the energy, patience and enthusiasm with which he pursued the study of that noble science, with which he was to be so honorably identified in after life. To understand the

secret of his success at the bar, we must look to the constitution of his mind. He had a taste for close, logical investigation, and a determination for his own gratification to arrive at truth, no matter through what mazes of gloom and darkness the investigation led him. He reasoned for himself and from first principles. No man ever felt less reverence for decisions of the most august tribunals unless he could see that they were founded on the eternal principles of truth and justice. Like all men of his exalted intellect, he had mental independence, and was a positive, original, self-reliant man, not an imitator or compiler. He recognized and loved truth wherever he found it, and he combatted error wherever he encountered it, no matter if wise men had uttered it and ages sanctioned and approved it. But it was not to his head alone that he owed his eminence. His brain was stimulated and inspired by as warm and generous a heart as ever beat. In his heart, as much as in his head, lay the secret of his commanding power. His sympathies were easily aroused, and, when they swayed and fired his great intellect, his appeals to a jury were almost irresistible. He sought no triumphs by art, or by pandering to men's worst passions, but he boldly appealed to reason and to the noblest sympathies and impulses of the human heart. His best efforts were in behalf of those upon whom courts and juries and by-standers frowned, and for whose blood they thirsted; but Judge Mullett always seemed inspired with power and sympathy just in proportion to the extent of the misfortune which hung around his client. His efforts in the defense of Joseph Damon, who was tried for murder at the Chautauqua circuit in 1834, will compare favorably with any effort at the bar in any age or country. He was distinguished for the strength and bitterness of his invective, but it was always aimed at what he deemed corruption. His words fell with the force of blows and with the warmth of fire, but not upon the weak or the unoffending. His powers were never employed to sustain any gigantic wrong, or to oppress for gain, for he was eminently unselfish.

Through life he loved justice, humanity and truth better than gold, and with rare opportunities for accumulation never acquired even a competence.

The maturity and vigor of his unclouded intellect was given to his profession before his elevation to the bench, still as a jurist he will rank favorably among the great men who have honored this State. Many of his opinions will stand for ages as monuments of his learning, logic, high sense of justice, and strength and felicity of expression.

I do not deny that Judge Mullett had many of the faults inseparable from strong passions and an impulsive nature. But into whatever errors and excesses he may have been led by impulse or passion, he was emphatically the noblest work of God, a great, sincere and honest man. I will add, for the gratification of all who knew the Judge, that after his retirement from the bench, he gave his attention to the truths of revelation with the same earnestness and sincerity that had always distinguished his investigations for truth, and that he died in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with the Christian's hope, and now, having at a ripe old age thrown off life's burdens and sorrows, he sleeps in the cemetery of the beautiful village in which he had lived for half a century, and awaits the Judgment.

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#### EDWARD STEVENS.

Edward Stevens, who died in Fredonia on July 30th, 1868, aged thirty-five years, was born in Fredonia on January 17th, 1833. He was a son of the late Philo H. Stevens, and his mother was a daughter of Judge Cushing, well-known as one of the pioneers of this region. He pursued his preparatory course of study at the Fredonia Academy, and was graduated at Union College with a high reputation for scholarship. After pursuing his legal studies for a time under the late

Judge Ward, he removed to Buffalo and completed them in the office of William H. Green, Esq., with whom he became a partner as soon as he was admitted to the bar. After a few years this connection was dissolved and he commenced practice on his own account, and worked in his profession with an industry and patience almost without a parallel until, worn out and prostrated by disease, he came back to the scenes of his childhood, to the sympathies of his kindred and early friends, to the shelter of the paternal roof, to die.

Edward Stevens was no ordinary character. His eminent success at the bar in a city justly celebrated for its legal ability fully attests this. We may safely say that there was not at the Buffalo bar anyone of his age who had a more substantial reputation, or who had laid more broad and deep the foundation for attaining the highest professional honors had his life been spared. His success was legitimate and not accidental. The common voice of the wise and good awarded him his fame. In addition to a mind naturally strong, well balanced and carefully cultivated, attentive to the smaller details and capable of comprehending the grandest principles, he had an enthusiastic love for his profession. Upon it were consecrated all the energies of his being. Success in it was the early dream of his childhood and the inspiration of his last years. He had a pertinacity of will that never yielded, a patience in investigation which never wearied, a thorough system and order in business which added greatly to his efficiency. To crown all, he had integrity that was never questioned. He was faithful to every trust, and has left a record without a stain. He was plain and unostentatious in his habits and bearing. He despised display and the miserable arts by which fictitious reputation is suddenly acquired, to be as suddenly lost. His was the order of mind that triumphs by the force of truth, by appeals to reason and conscience, rather than to the imagination or passions of men. Only those who knew him could appreciate the kindly humor, the warmth of heart and the generous sympathies that made his

society so attractive to his friends. Never has a death occurred in the midst of us that has been more universally regretted.

Childhood according to the promise goes to the arm of the Redeemer all unstained, and we know not what record, if spared, it might have made in this uncertain world. Age for good or evil has completed its life work, and those like Mr. Stevens, whose characters are formed, who are in the prime of life, with disciplined powers, with a certainty of honorable achievement, seem the greatest loss to society. Mr. Stevens left for the consolation of his widowed mother, who has followed her third son to the grave, of his bereaved widow, whose earthly hopes are blighted and whose happiness has become a memory of the past, of his children, who with years will learn to appreciate and prize it, of his brothers, one half of the old circle that used to sit around the hearthstone, of his brethren in the profession, and of all his friends, the evidence that he died a Christian and his testimony that the Christian hope sustained him in his last bitter agony, and illumined the valley of the shadow of death. Having done his life work well, in our beautiful cemetery beneath the shadow of the trees where he had sported in childhood he sleeps and awaits the resurrection.

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FRANK CUSHING.\*

Never has a deeper gloom been cast over our whole community than by the death of Frank Cushing, Esq. He was the youngest son of Judge Cushing, late of Fredonia, and spent his whole life in his native village, with the exception of a few years in which he resided in Gallipolis, Ohio. He had not only a clear and vigorous intellect, but a brilliant imagination, and a memory of almost marvellous accuracy

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\*Published on September 15th, 1858.

and power. I think that those who knew him best will bear me out in saying that if the best orations of Cicero, Webster or Burke had been lost, he could have reproduced them entire from memory. He was an indiscriminate reader, but the great models of poetry and eloquence, both in our own language and in the classics, he had loved and studied from boyhood. His acquirements in the legal profession were of a high order for a young man, and he had that clear, logical, analytical mind, and that high sense of justice, which would have fitted him eminently for the bench ; but he had not given to his profession his best powers, he had not found in it his highest joy. Gifted to appreciate, he had found unalloyed delight in the highest walks of literature, and it is probable that his highly cultivated taste, his familiarity with that serene atmosphere in which great and pure spirits have seen and embodied truth and beauty for ages, gave him a distaste for the noisy conflicts of the forum, where the lowest passions and the worst impulses of our nature are revealed. His polished wit, his nice appreciation of all the peculiarities of others, and his happy dramatic talent of representing them, his rare and varied acquirements, his frankness, his generous and sympathetic heart, made him emphatically the beloved of the circle in which he moved. He was able to instruct or amuse. While he was firm in his convictions, and zealous in their utterance, his genial nature and the happy combination of his faculties enabled him to live and die without an enemy. Constitutionally modest and retiring, he was appreciated fully only by those who knew him intimately ; but he had the genuine merit that would, if he had lived, have secured him fame and fortune, and attached thousands to him by the strongest ties of confidence and love. The crowning virtue of his character was his strict, unyielding integrity, which consecrated his powers to noble ends.

It may seem inscrutable to us, that one so young, so gifted, so beloved, should be called away ; but he left to his associates and relations by his departure a more sublime, impres-

sive and useful lesson than even a long and holy life affords, for he died a hopeful, triumphant and Christian death. His reason and intellect unclouded were spared him to the last, and on the very verge of eternity he was able to take all his relatives and friends by the hand, to give them his parting counsel and blessing, and to commend to each the religion which was lighting for him the dark valley of the shadow of death, through which he was then passing to his eternal home. He was calm and even cheerful in a scene in which strong men were bowed down in agony.

“Fare thee well, fare thee well, oh, beloved of my soul,  
Our yearnings shall hallow the loss we deplore ;  
Slumber soft in the grave till we win to thy goal,  
Slumber soft, slumber soft, till we see thee once more.”





[REDACTED]



